

LIFE

ROMANTIC SURPRISE
RASMUSSEN-ROCKEFELLER
NIXON WOWS WARSAW

MAY BRITT:
STAR WITH A
NEW STYLE

AUGUST 17, 1959

Sally Cunningham, Junior, Birmingham High School, Birmingham, Mich.: "By carrying Skrip cartridges in your pocket or purse, you can fill your Skripsert pen right during a class or exam! And quickly!"



Jeff Fort, Sophomore, University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois: "Sheaffer's Skripsert fountain pen loads like a rifle with cartridges of famous Skrip writing fluid. Take it from me—it's the cleanest!"



John Tomlinson, Freshman, Stanford University, Palo Alto, California: "To fill your Skripsert pen, just drop a Skrip cartridge into the barrel! No mess this semester for me!"



Adeline Chase Kamke, Sophomore, Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Virginia: "This is the fountain pen that does away with the ink bottle. And what a wonderful idea for a gift!"

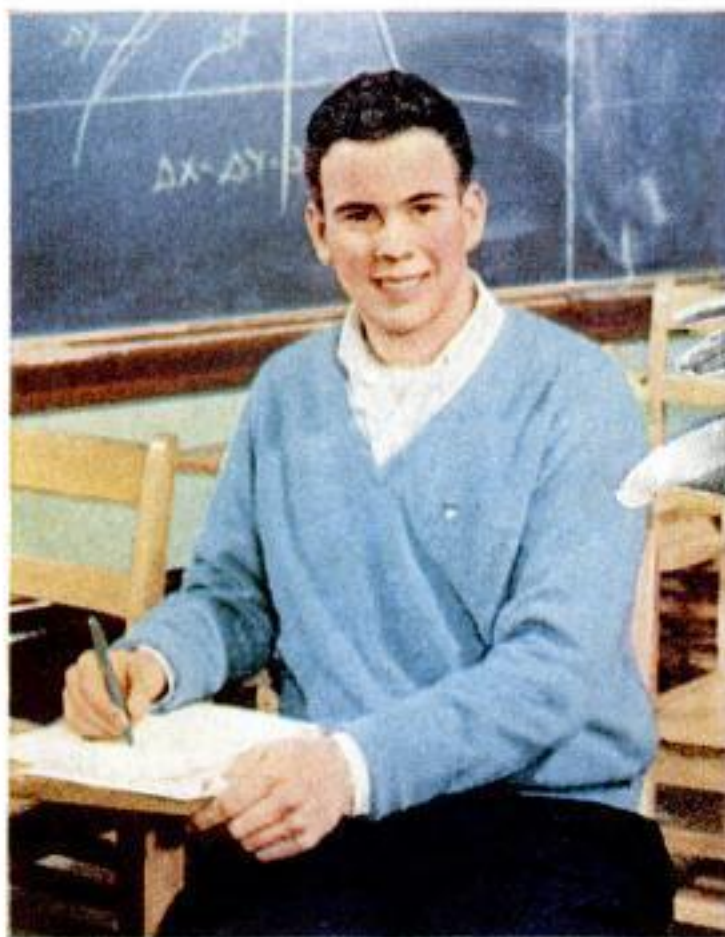


Ricky Morey, Senior, St. Clair High School, Upper St. Clair Township, Pa.: "The only kind of cartridges you can insert by either end are those bearing the name of Skrip! You could fill the pen with your eyes closed!"

Student leaders tell why they're taking Sheaffer's new cartridge pens back to school!



Mike Hegan, Senior, St. Ignatius High School, Cleveland, Ohio: "Here, so help me, is a fountain pen whose new compact length fits a shirt pocket. And the chrome of the cap makes it a rich-looking pen for my money!"



Mike Redman, Freshman, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut: "In addition to my Skripsert cartridge pen, I'm taking a matching pencil back to school! After all, whoever heard of going through a year of solid trigonometry without an eraser?"



Ann Margret Olson, Freshman, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois: "The modern point of this Skripsert cartridge fountain pen brings out the character in handwriting—as only a real fountain pen can!"



Five-pack of Skrip cartridges...49¢
Economy-pack of 12 cartridges...98¢
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Skripsert
CARTRIDGE FOUNTAIN PEN

\$2.95

with two free cartridges of Skrip writing fluid
(Other models at \$5.00 and \$8.75.)
With matching Fineline pencil and four Skrip cartridges,
from \$4.95 to \$13.95 for the set.



Gail Thurman, Freshman, Hollins College, Roanoke, Virginia: "My pen is the prettiest one ever, with a medium point to suit my writing style—personalized from five colors and seven point gradations!"

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for an upset stomach?

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1

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2

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3

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with *incredible speed*. For headaches, muscular aches and pains and neuralgia, take Bufferin, another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

This One



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Background of a romance that charmed the world is shown in our story of Steven Rockefeller and fiancée. We see the fairy-tale betrothal giving a real-life boost to Steven's father.



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JUMBO IN ALP CLOTHES

COVER

Swedish actress May Britt stands before set at 20th Century-Fox watching a scene from *The Blue Angel*, in which she co-stars with Curt Jurgens (see pp. 68-71)

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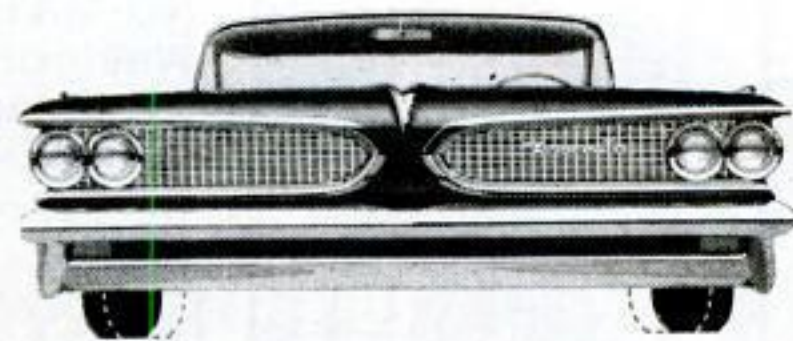
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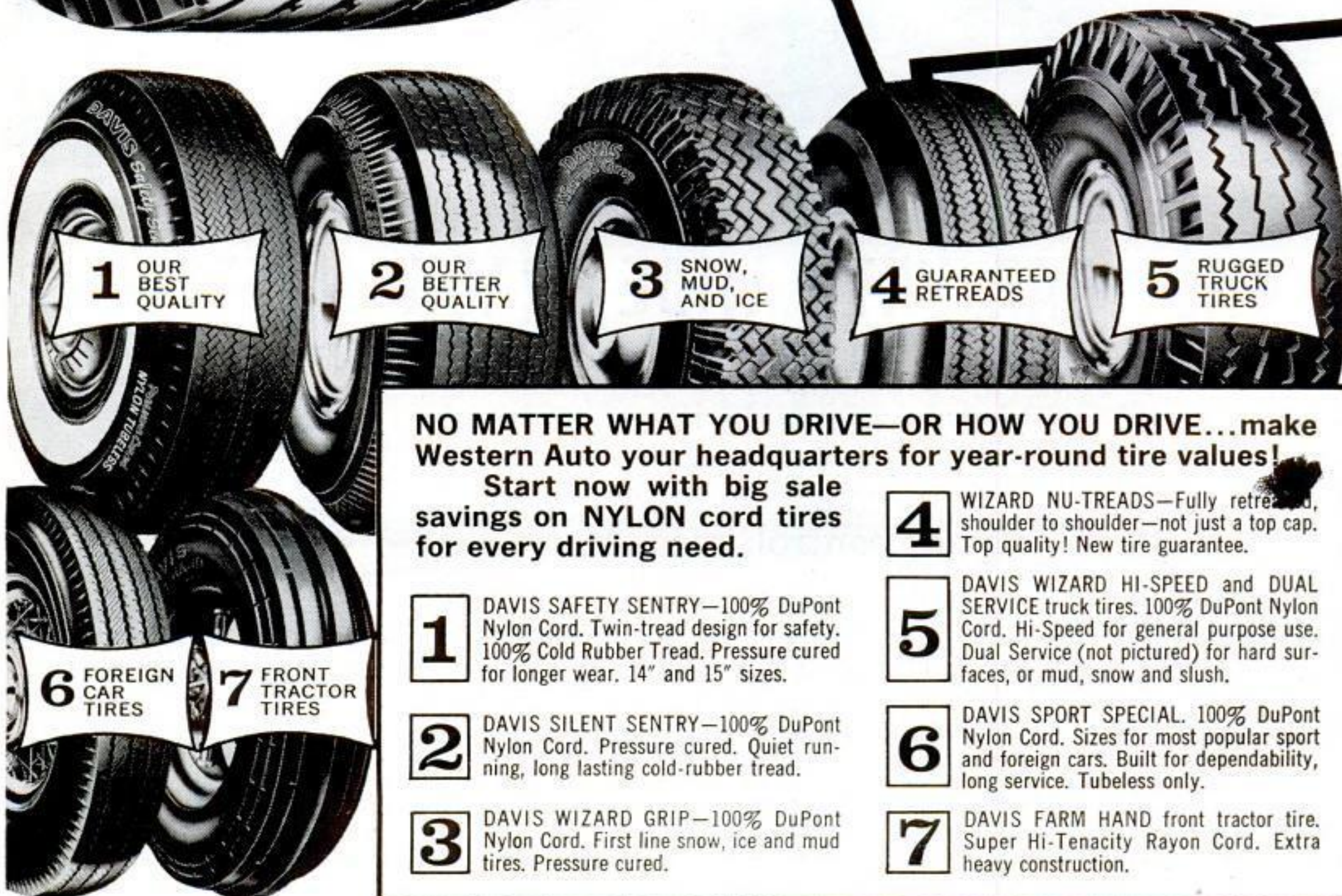
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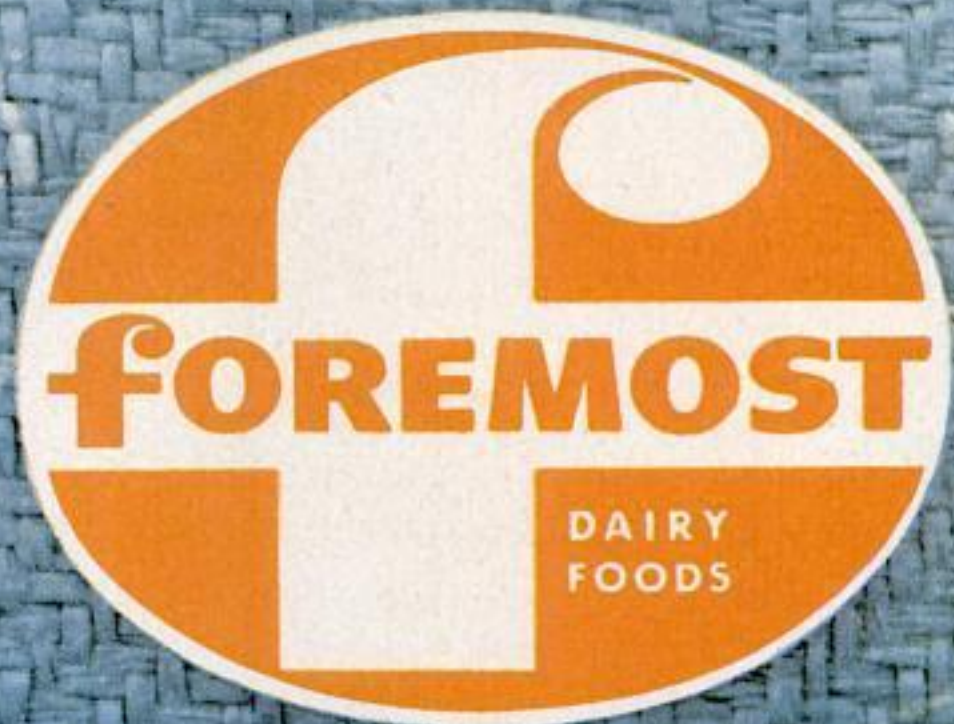


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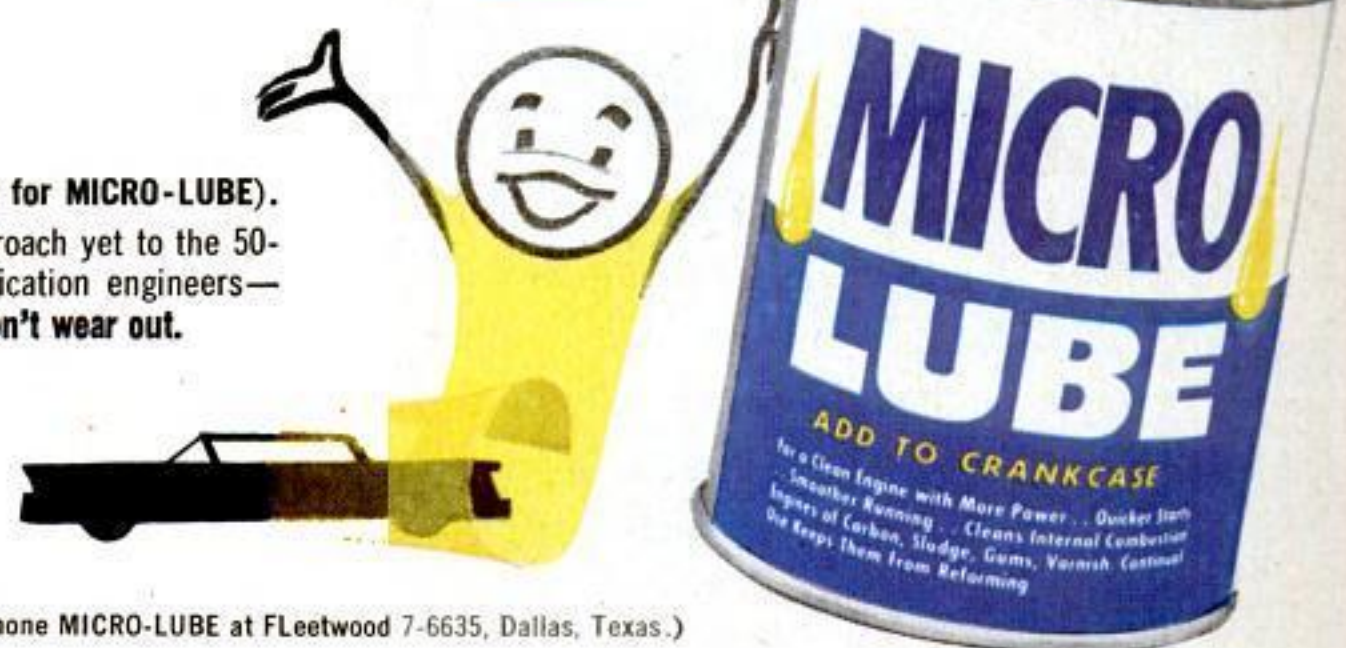
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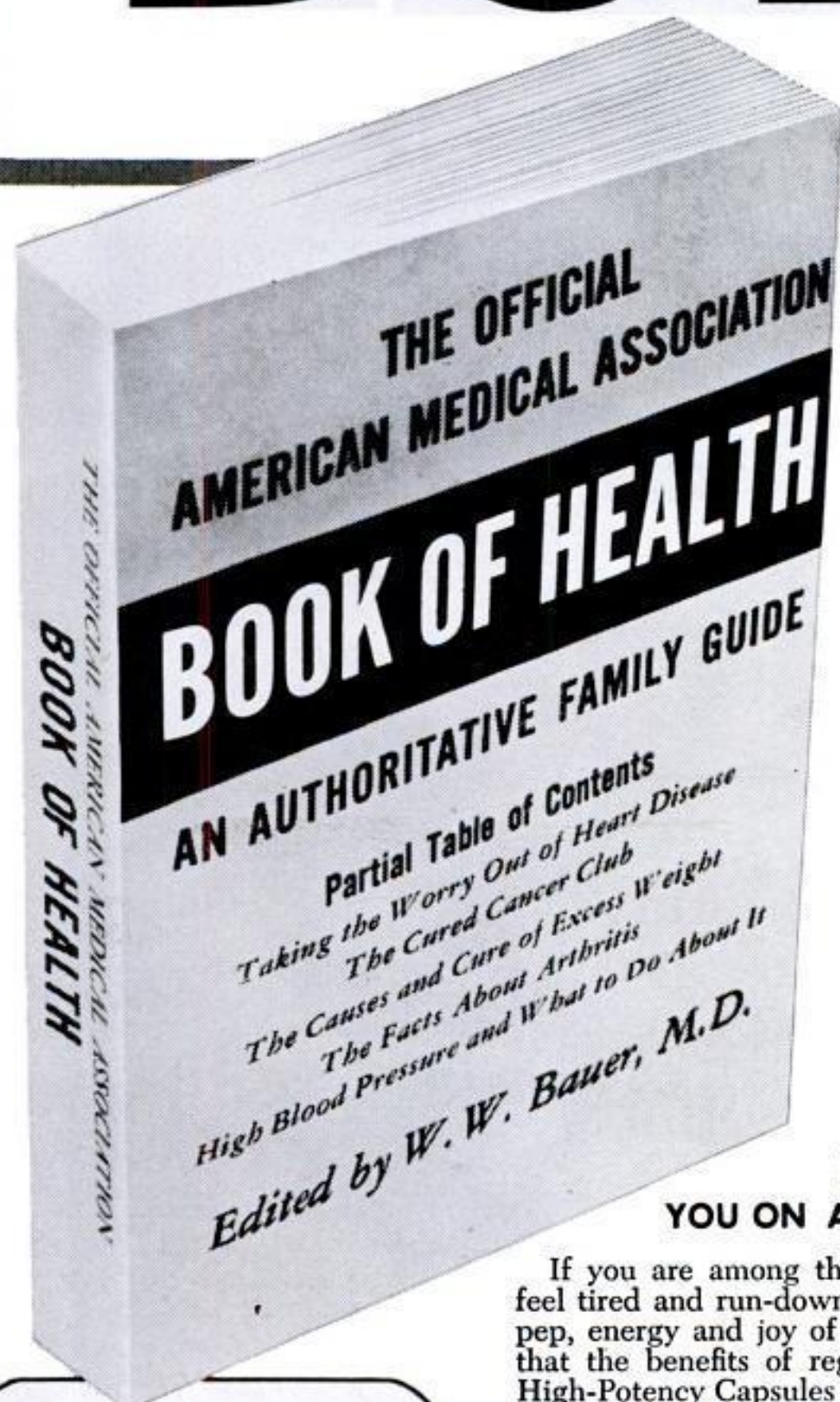


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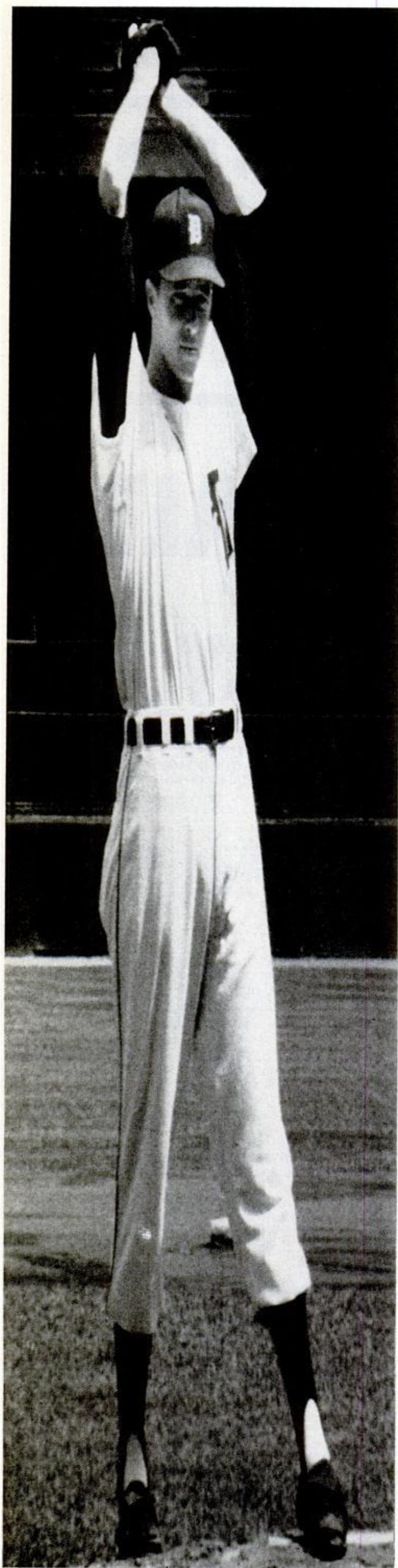
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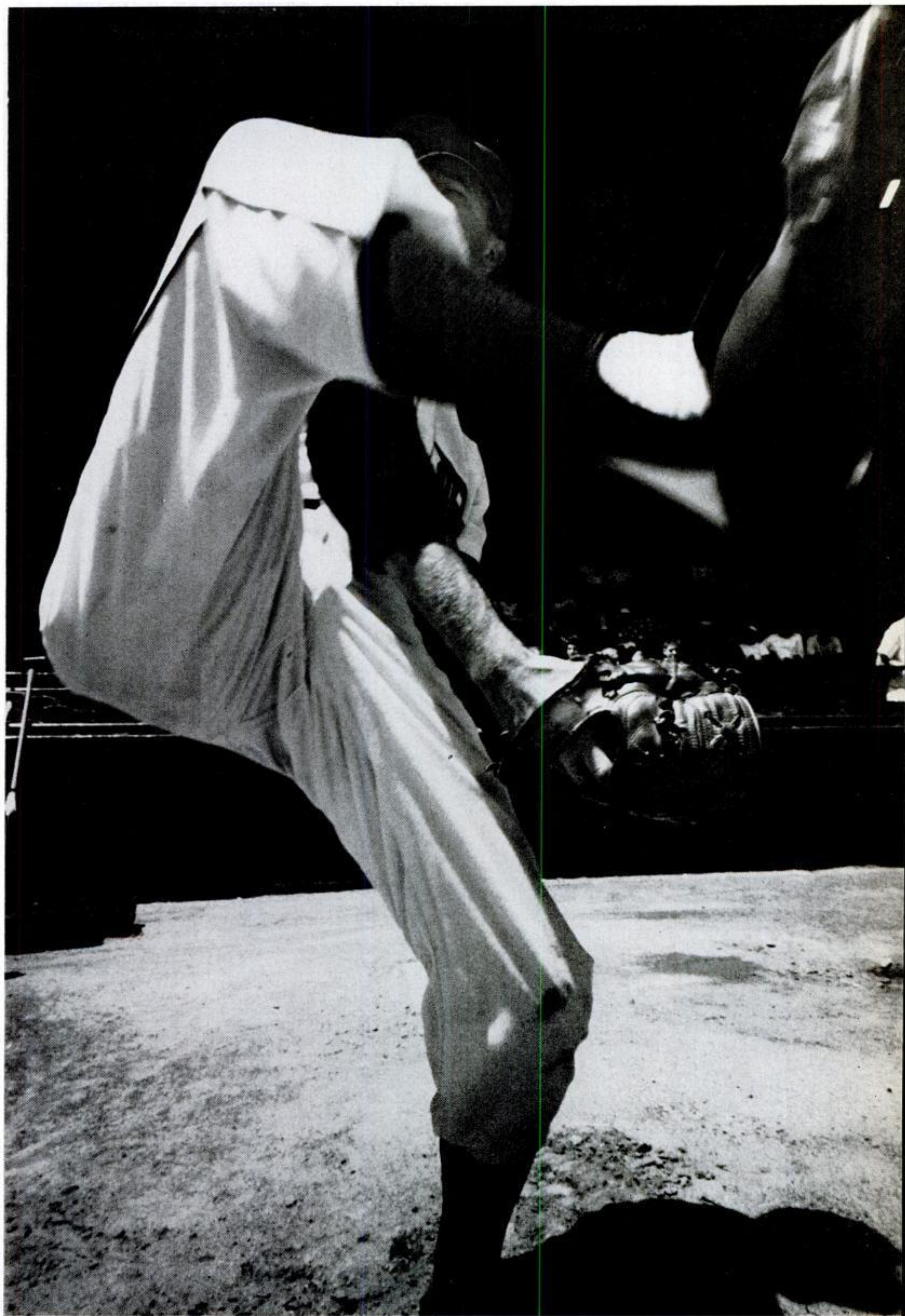
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES



PITCHER PETE BURNSIDE GOES INTO A STRETCH





LIFTING FOOT HIGH, BURNSIDE USES AN EXAGGERATED WINDUP TO PUT FULL WEIGHT BEHIND PITCH

High and Outsize

The huge finger tips shooting out of the picture at left loom larger than their owner's head, but to Photographer Joe Clark they were in good sporting perspective. Ever since his 10-year-old son dragged him off to watch the Detroit Tigers, Clark set out to capture his own, bug-eyed impressions of pitchers at work. Starting with the stretch (*far left*), Clark idealized a

pitcher's tallest moment, elongating it with a Cinemascope lens. For the windup (*above*), Clark moved in low to frame the pitcher in the crazy angles of his own jackknifed legs. At the pitch (*left*), the throwing hand exploded into Clark's super wide-angle lens, which not only enlarged the fingers but also captured the steely aiming eye in the background.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ON THE WHITE FLEET

Sirs:

The Committee of American Steamship Lines is prepared to appoint a committee of line presidents to meet with you and other sponsors of the New White Fleet project to discuss ways and means of lending our shipping know-how to this inspired project. Our efforts would be directed to establishing an experienced shipping organization on a nonprofit basis. We appreciate the complicated details to be worked out but we are ready, willing and able to cooperate.

GEORGE KILLION
Chairman

Committee of American Steamship Lines
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

I am only 16 years old but I would give anything to be on one of those ships. Anything!

TATE KEMPER

Roslyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am impressed by this project as you outlined it and will recommend its endorsement to our General Executive Board.

DAVID DUBINSKY
President

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

This plan is America—sharing generously our know-how and the fruits of our ingenuity and labor. Not guns—but food, medical supplies and technicians.

When do we start?

MRS. JAMES H. YOUNG

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

We will do everything in our power to help promote this program, which, in my opinion, should be a must.

LEO I. PORETT

Navy League of the United States
Waukegan, Ill.

Sirs:

The New White Fleet is excellent, timely and providential. The United States needs to demonstrate the American way of life in a practical, tangible and compassionate way and this is the finest idea that has thus far been presented.

BILLY GRAHAM

Montreat, N.C.

Sirs:

I read somewhere that the tragedy of peace is that it is not as exciting as war—the New White Fleet could take care of that. Here's praying that it materializes.

WILLIE MAE JOHNS

San Antonio, Texas

Sirs:

I have been asked by President Kenneth Loheed of Kiwanis International to speak for him and for all Kiwanians in commending you sincerely on your support of the New White Fleet.

O. E. PETERSON
Secretary

Kiwanis International
Chicago, Ill.

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Sirs:

I am impressed with the proposal but I would be more jubilant if it were concerned with the underprivileged here in our own U.S. Our most effective propaganda is to prove our nation strong enough to solve its internal problems.

E. VIRGINIA ELLIS

Carmel, Ind.

Sirs:

As a Marine in Korea, I spent some time aboard the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia*. I have pleasant memories of being helped by the Danish people. The same thing could be true of citizens of another country, who would be helped by the New White Fleet.

JOE HOLT

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Why not a Great White Flight instead of a Great White Fleet? Aircraft could reach many inland cities with speed, economy and flexibility and would produce a profound impact on recipients.

DAVID B. MAUTNER

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

The White Fleet of Mercy would be a dramatic way of reversing America's steadily declining influence in Asia—and I can assure you from personal experience in China the work of medical and technical missionaries is welcomed and readily understood by the rank and file of Asians. Keep up the crusade!

FRANK WALLICK

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

When the New White Fleet has entered, say, a Chinese port and bedded all the natives who have good claim to "clean white sheets," how do you ever get rid of them to answer a disaster call in Africa?

As to the whiteness of the fleet, I would like to point out that most steamship operators shun white paint because it is costly and difficult to maintain.

E. B. PERRY
Captain U.S.N. (Ret.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Perhaps readers will recall the mercy mission of the carrier *Princeton* to Ceylon following an appeal from that government after the disastrous floods of December 1957. As any citizen of Ceylon will testify, the *Princeton's* performance showed the true spirit of this country's foreign aid and set a magnificent precedent for Commander Frank Manson's New White Fleet.

PAUL SADLER JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

● With many of Ceylon's population homeless, stranded and facing starvation, helicopters from the U.S.S. *Princeton* dropped food, rescued marooned villagers and saved hundreds of lives. Relations between the U.S. and Ceylon were much improved by the *Princeton* episode and have remained warmer ever since.—ED.

Sirs:

A mobile statue of liberty! Hurray for Commander Manson and LIFE magazine!

PAUL A. DAVIS

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

Fantastic! It would be an absurdity for a few dozen doctors and nurses to handle "thousands" of casualties from a devastated, burning city where all existing medical facilities had vanished. As for those "serious ailments which the local doctors cannot cure," there are millions of people in the U.S. in exactly that same category. And it is quite probable that even before the floating museum had come to anchor, the natives would have learned enough about "American culture" from observing the antics of the crews' liberty parties ashore.

A. W. SQUIRES, M.D.

Augusta, Maine

Sirs:

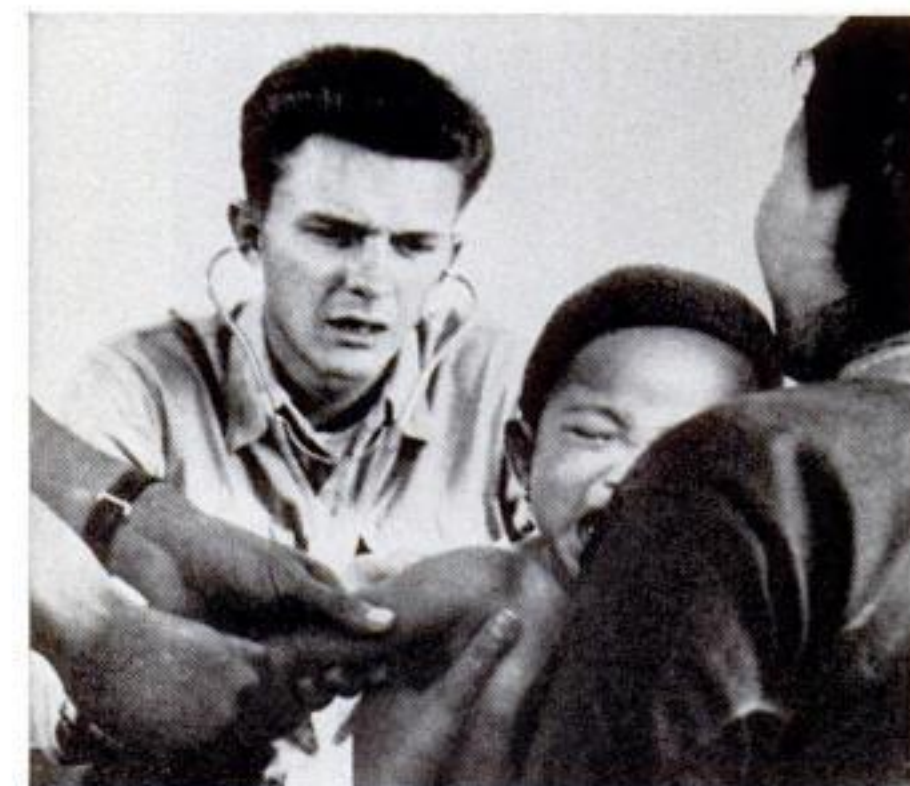
The most exciting and stimulating venture proposed in years. As one who worked two years in Vietnam for

the U.S. Information Service, I witnessed the success of similar mercy missions: e.g., the contribution of the U.S. Navy during the exodus of 800,000 refugees from Communist North Vietnam; the heroism of Dr. Tom Dooley and his staff in a remote region in northern Laos ("Do-It-Yourself Samaritan," LIFE, March 17, 1958); and "Operation Brotherhood," endorsed by the late President Magsaysay, whereby Filipino doctors and nurses went to Vietnam and established village medical aid and training centers. These ventures have been not only more potent but considerably cheaper than many grandiose assistance programs recently undertaken.

I pray our country will not delay in launching the New White Fleet and that we Americans will give our enthusiastic support to Commander Manson's "fleet of mercy ships."

MARY RATEGAN

Chicago, Ill.



DR. TOM DOOLEY AT WORK IN LAOS

Sirs:

The New White Fleet ought to fly the flag of the U.N., that organization to which we all belong. If I in Ohio suffer catastrophe I am not sure I would welcome aid coming under the flag of any foreign nation.

Talk your idea over with Romulo or Macmillan, with Castro and De Gaulle. They may want to contribute too.

RICHARD MACCUTCHEON

Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations. I was on the U.S.S. *Vermont* on the famous Great White Fleet cruise around the world in 1907-09. I am sure Frank Manson will have the support of thousands of us veterans of the old White Fleet.

E. G. RICHARD

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

While I am in agreement with the philosophical approach of your over-all proposal, I believe Project Hope which is well under way and which has been established in such a practical manner should be given opportunity to receive the full support of public opinion.

GEORGE MEANY
President

A.F.L.-C.I.O.
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We are grateful indeed to LIFE for broadening the base of Project Hope, and we will be happy and proud to send out our first hospital ship as the vanguard and prototype of the White Fleet. We plan to sail in January for Asian waters. Already we have enough invitations from countries in need of medical assistance to keep us busy for two years. The lessons we learn will be useful to the White Fleet, and we look forward eagerly to a joint partnership in this great project.

DR. WILLIAM WALSH
President

Project Hope
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

A thousand "Bravos!" Not only do I endorse the idea but—like many other readers, I'm sure—would like to contribute toward its support. Please tell us to whom and where to send our contributions.

MARK NEVIN

Maplewood, N.J.

FOR WHAT TO DO AND WHAT IS BEING DONE SEE PAGE 93

Refreshes

while

you smoke!

NEWPORT

FILTER CIGARETTES



POPULAR FILTER PRICE
KING SIZE OR CRUSH PROOF BOX

ONLY NEWPORT gives you
the soothing coolness of menthol
with a refreshing hint of mint

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New Sofa-Styled Sections and Cushioned Coffee Table from the "Variations" Group

To fit every wall, curve, and corner in your home!

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and back
treatment
do you like
best?
There's a
complete
selection of
pieces in each
of these*

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For a world
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"VARIATIONS" PRICES (INCLUDING FREE SLIPCOVERS!) START FROM: Left and Right Arm Sections, \$119.50 each; Corner Section, \$119.50; Regular Sofa, \$189.50; Oversize Sofa, \$199.50; Armless Chair, \$69.50; Armless Love Seat, \$89.50; Lounge Chair, \$89.50; Left and Right Bumper Sections, \$139.50 each; Cushioned Coffee Table, \$89.50. The sofa-styled sections, featured at top, provide a new abundance of seating space, come in left and right arm versions with regular or bumper end, from \$179.50 each. Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies. For the name of your nearest dealer write: International Furniture, Division of Schnadig Corporation, 4820 West Belmont Avenue, Chicago 41, Illinois

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ARMSTRONG TIRES'

"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life

See how Armstrong patented
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Over 1,000 Safety Discs, molded between the tread ribs, keep the tread edges apart, always ready to grip, prevent skids. Like the fingers of the fist above, the tread can't squeeze shut, even under heaviest braking pressure.

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Like the fist above, ordinary tires can squeeze shut under braking pressure. Tread's gripping edges are pushed together, can't "bite" the road. Even brand new tires can squeeze smooth and slippery this way—and suddenly you skid.

EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST! Armstrong "Miracle" Tires give you unmatched protection against today's commonest hazard, skids. They keep you safer on any road, at any speed, in any weather — yet cost no more. And compare the guarantee you get on these rugged tires! Look in the Yellow Pages for your nearest Armstrong Tire dealer. See him soon. Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven, Conn.

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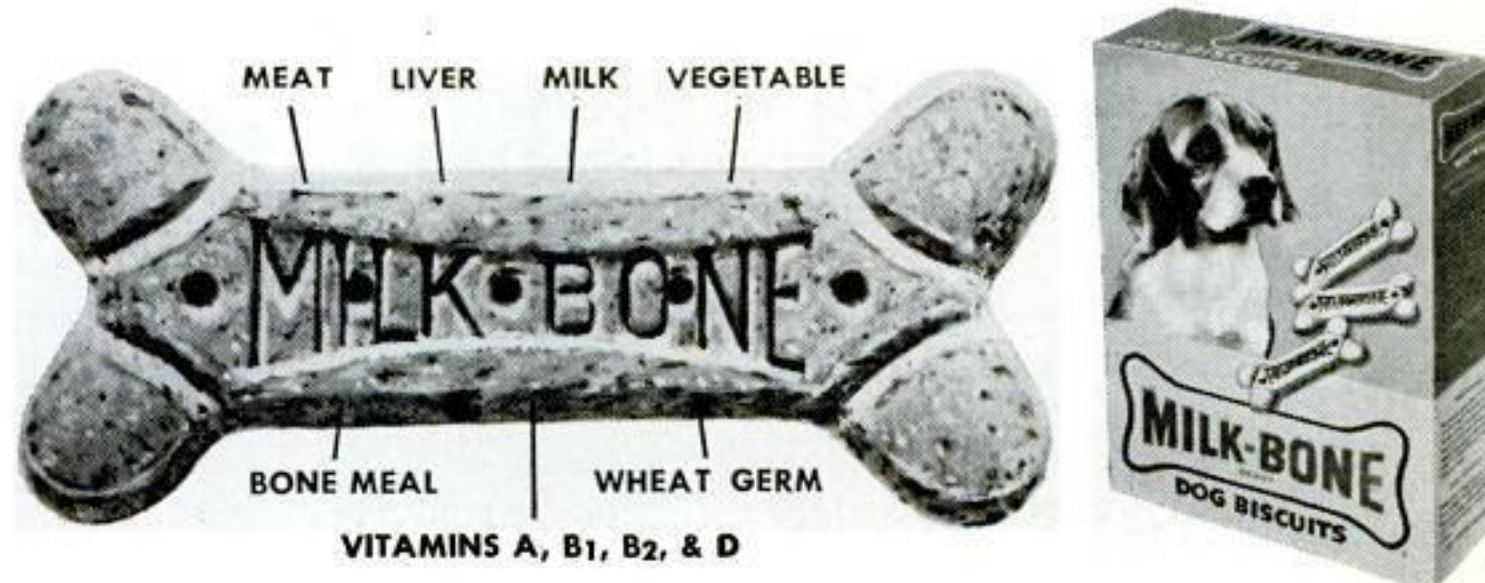
Milk-Bone satisfies the bone hunger of your dog

Milk-Bone Dog Biscuit looks like a bone, chews like a bone — provides chewing exercise plus vital nutrition.

Bones are few in today's kitchens, and most that are available can actually be harmful to your dog. Therefore, the modern dog is bone-hungry.

The answer is Milk-Bone, the biscuit that looks and chews like a bone—but provides far more nourishment, including milk, meat, bone meal and vegetables. Unlike other biscuits, Milk-Bone contains only the flavors and colors that nature put in the ingredients. Nothing artificial is added.

Satisfy the bone hunger of your dog. Get Milk-Bone in the size biscuit that suits him best—small, medium, or large.





UNDER TREES IN SOEGNE, STEVE AND ANNE MARIE GREET PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER ANNOUNCING WEDDING DAY

FOR ANNE MARIE AND STEVEN ... BIKE IS AS ROMANTIC AS A BLACK CHARGER

The picture at right shows a boy and a girl speeding along to the grocery store on a secondhand motor bike. Its significance is that fairy-tale romances can happen in life, that the golden dreams of little girls sleeping with bits of wedding cake under their pillows are not necessarily without foundation. This is no ordinary boy on an errand; it is a young American with endowments behind him and a future ahead that no storybook prince could comprehend—and riding a jaunty black charger. This is no ordinary daughter of Norway along for the ride; it is a lovely heroine being carried off to a wonderful life as a princess.

In front is Steven Rockefeller, 23, honors graduate of Princeton, heir to one of the world's great fortunes

and son of a man who may well be next President of the United States. With him rides Anne Marie Rasmussen, 21, daughter of a small-town grocer and fish merchant in the Soegne district of southern Norway and, in fairy-tale tradition, once a maid in the home of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Steven's father.

Over them both someone's magic wand had wiggled. Anne Marie worked for the Rockefellers only long enough to perfect her English, then moved on to better jobs. But she was there long enough for Steven to see her and begin dating her. This summer, after completing his Army tour of duty in Germany, he followed her home to Norway. There, blessed by Rasmussens and Rockefellers, they prepared to wed.





SCHOOLGIRL PORTRAIT of Anne Marie was taken when she was 11 years old. She presented it to Ingeborg Birkeland, her teacher on Boroya island.

ROMANCE CONTINUED

THE SERENE AND SETTLED WORLD OF

In Soegne LIFE Correspondent Robert Morse found the people happy over Anne Marie's romance but testy over endless comparisons between the fabulous wealth of the Rockefellers and the modest circumstances of the Rasmussens. "After all," snapped one, "she is no Cinderella. She comes from a substantial family that has been living around here for nearly 400 years." Another argued, "It does not mean anything that she was working in the Rockefeller house. It is common for middle-class Norwegian families to send their daughters abroad to work as maids to learn languages."

For centuries, Soegne said, the Rasmussens have been noted for "sound health and stern wills." They were farmer folk mostly, but over the years they have produced one bishop, two ministers, scores of vicars, village politicians and teachers. On Anne Marie's mother's side there have been a large number of sheriffs and distant kinship to Peder Clausson (1545-1614), a humanist vicar and author of a number of books on history.

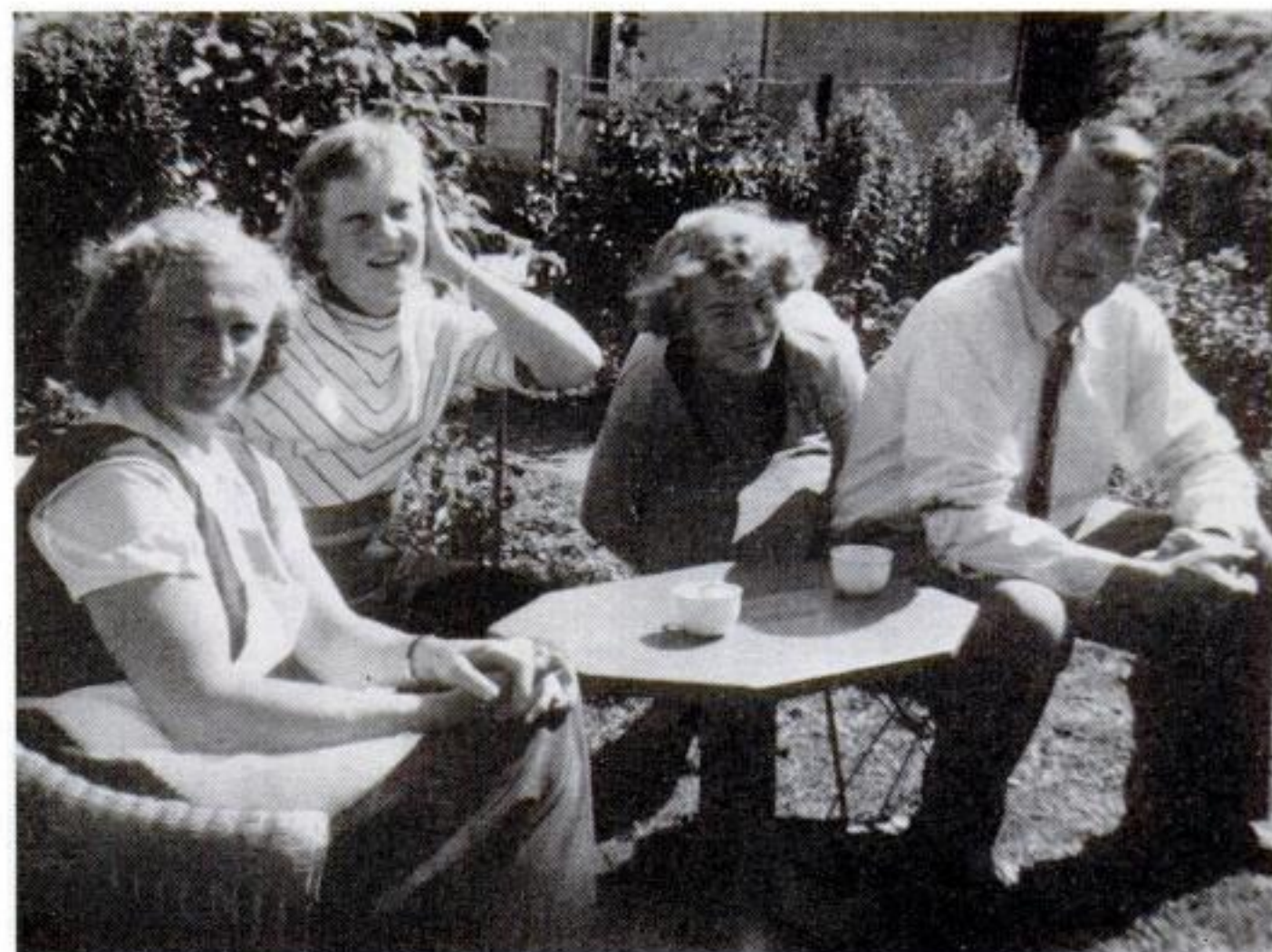
But most colorful of Anne Marie's ancestors

was Rasmus Bisterskjegg, called "Rasmus the Fierce," who died in 1702. He was a stern man with an enormous beard which he habitually tucked beneath his belt. He founded the first sawmill in Soegne and when he died, he left each of his heirs "three skins and the feed for 26 cows," which was rather a lot. Ever since, the family has been fairly well off by Soegne's standards. One uncle, Andrew, went to America. He is now a mounted patrolman on the New York police force.

Anne Marie's grandfather on her father's side was a fisherman living on the rocky island of Boroya near Soegne. Until recently her father ran a small fish export business and general store on the island and there, on June 10, 1938, Anne Marie was born. She went to school with 11 other island children. Their teacher, Ingeborg Birkeland, who now lives in Soegne, remembers that "she was always a fine student, especially in the Norwegian language." She finished school with a rating called *saerdeles*, which is the highest possible mark. She later attended school at Soegne, where the teachers



FAMILY HOME during the years when Anne Marie was growing up was this white house on Boroya island where some 25 fishing families live. While she was away in America her father retired and moved to a new house on the mainland.



RASMUSSEN FAMILY gather around a table just before Anne Marie sailed for America. They are Anne Marie's mother Louise, her sister Torhild, 16, and her father, then still active in running his fish-packing business and a general store.



GRANDFATHER, Rudolf Svendsen, 84, suns himself in garden. He lives with a son in nearby village of Lohne.



TEACHER Ingeborg Birkeland has fond memories of Anne Marie. She recalls her as kind with other pupils.



AN UNCLE, long-legged Ejner Svendsen, who is also Anne Marie's godfather, is joyous about the marriage.



SECOND UNCLE, Magne Svendsen, runs thriving trucking business near Soegne and nearby Kristiansand city.

A GIRL IN SOEGNE

remember her skill at cooking, but she continued to live on Boroya until 1955 when she went to work in a Kristiansand shop and, in 1956, to the U.S.

Now Anne Marie is back in Soegne, where her parents moved after selling the business on Boroya. There Steven came to ask her father for her hand, then, during a fishing trip, he presented her with her engagement ring (they also caught nine trout). A neighbor, Tordis Nygaard, is making the wedding dress of Duchess satin sprinkled with small painted roses and star dust. The 70-year-old Lunde Kirke organist who played for the wedding of Anne Marie's mother and father has announced, "If I have my way, I will play the Norwegian march by Oscar Borg when the couple leave the church. I think Anne Marie must have a Norwegian goodbye from her old church."

Soon the Rockefellers (*see next page*) will arrive to meet their Rasmussen relatives-in-law and a vast new world will open up for the island girl from southern Norway. Said she, "My life will change, but I will remain the one I am."



WELCOMING EMBRACE was given Anne Marie by her father when she returned after 28 months in U.S. At that time Steven was on duty in the Army.



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE is Louise Rasmussen. Through her is traced Anne Marie's descent from Anne Kristina, who ran inn five generations back.

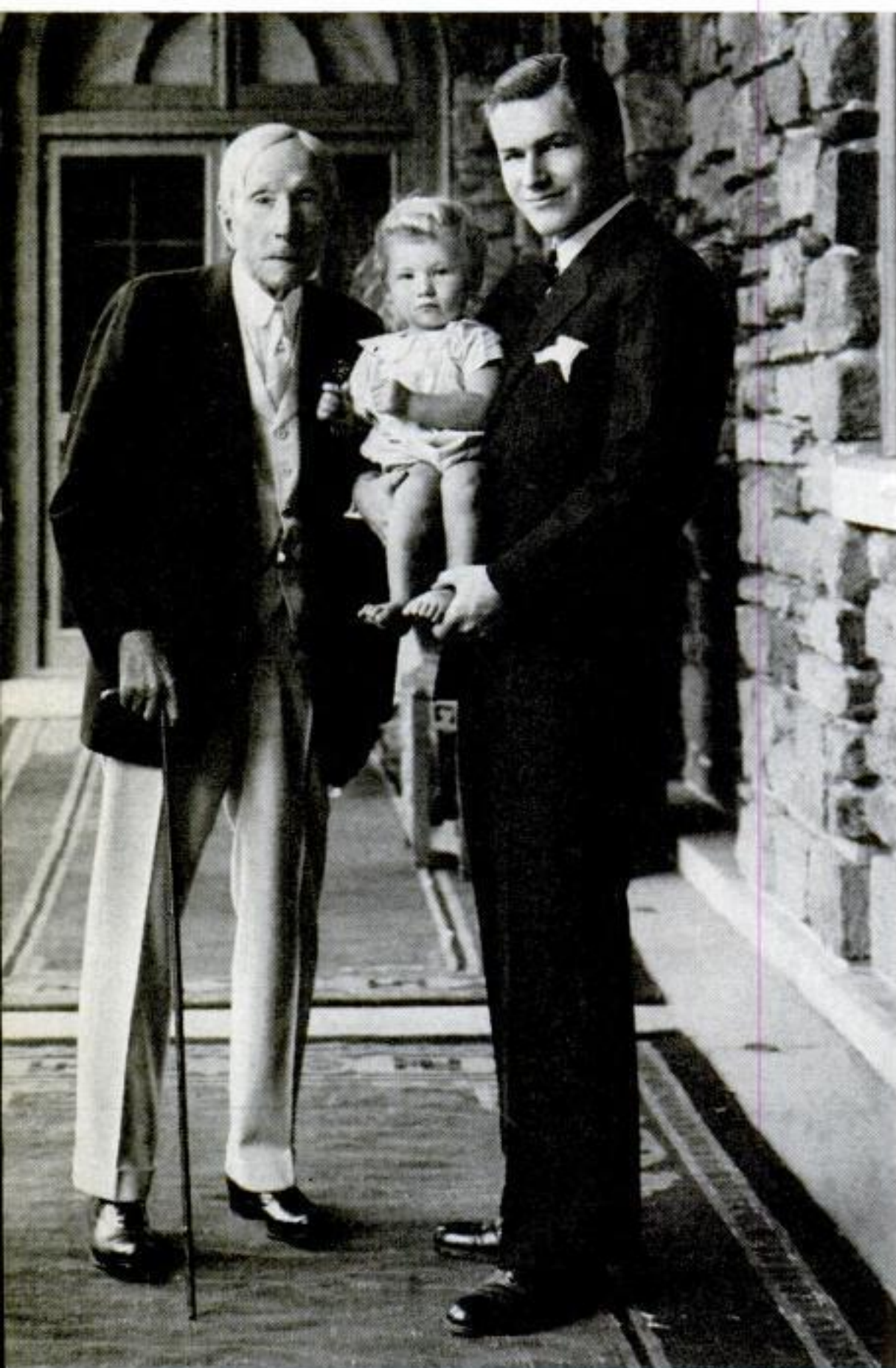


AT THE ALTAR RAIL in the Lunde Kirke where Anne Marie and Steven will kneel to take their vows stands Pastor Olav Gautestad, an old friend of the

Rasmussen family. Both Anne Marie and Steven consulted with him and his jovial hints first alerted reporters to the fact that the wedding would be soon.

ROMANCE CONTINUED

RASMUSSEN FAMILY'S FUTURE IN-LAWS: DIVERSE BUT UNIFIED AMERICAN CLAN



FOUNDING FATHER of the fortune in oil was the great John D. Sr. Here in his nineties he got a look at new great-grandson, Steven's older brother Rodman, from his grandson, future Governor Nelson.



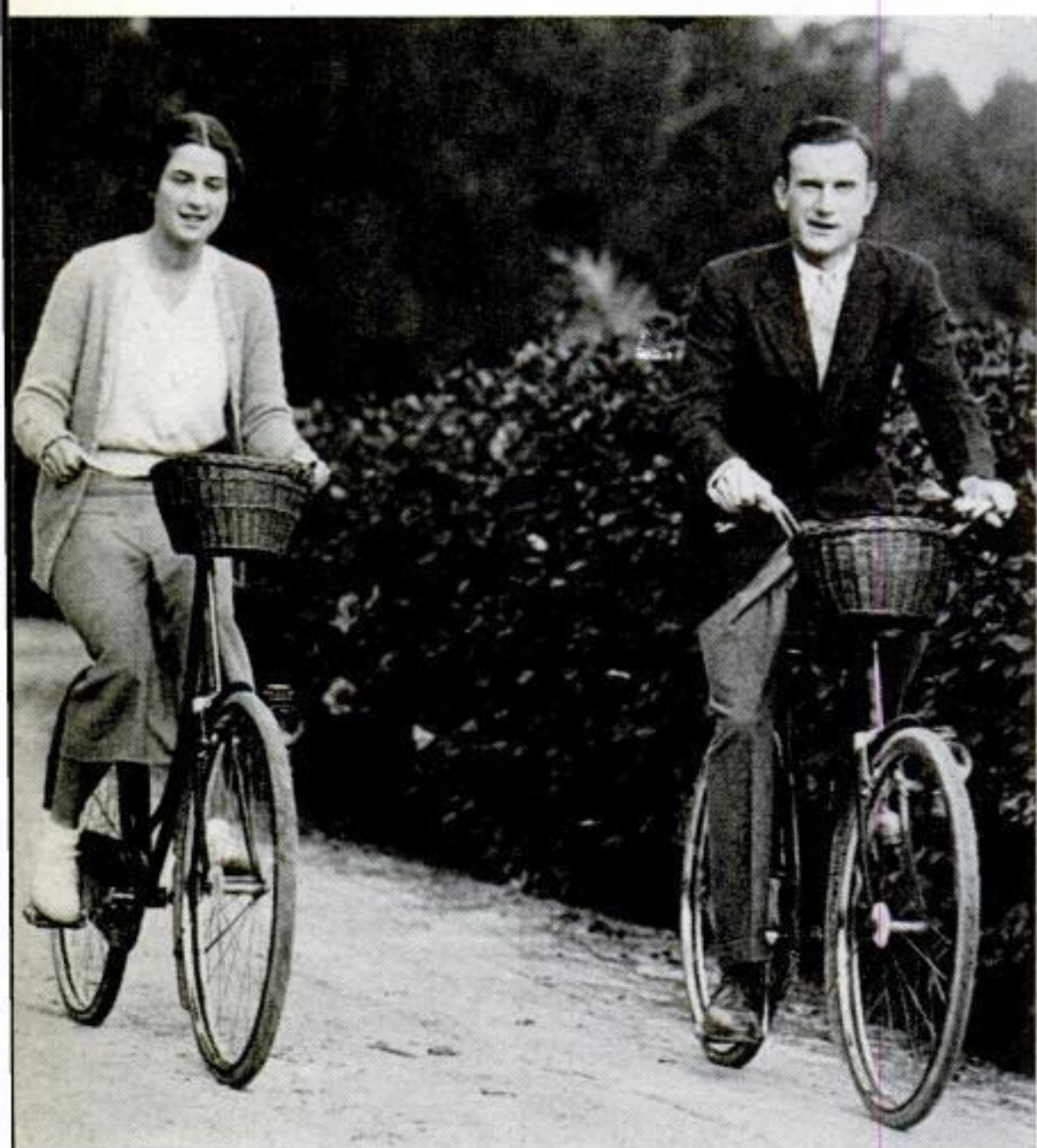
FAMOUS SON, John D. Jr. stands in 1951 before Prometheus Fountain in Rockefeller Center with second wife, Martha. He built Center but his great work was billion-dollar war on disease and poverty.



SPECIALIST IN FINANCE, and now vice chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, David Rockefeller married Margaret McGrath, daughter of a prominent New York attorney, in 1940. Here the wedding party



GATHERING OF CLAN took place in 1930 when Nelson married Mary Clark. In front row from left: Genevieve Bell, Alice Lippincott (deceased), Abby Rockefeller (Mrs. Jean Mauzé), Laura Wayne (Mrs.



RETIRING AND SCHOLARLY, John D. III is now head of Rockefeller Foundation and active in U.S.-Japanese cultural relations. He is shown in 1932 honeymooning with his bride, Blanchette Hooker.



A SHREWD PLUNGER, grandson Laurance Rockefeller is the family specialist in small companies destined to grow great. He is shown here at his marriage in 1934 to Mary French. They have four children.



WEDDING PROCESSIONS for Governor Nelson Rockefeller's children start with Rodman (the baby at upper left) who in 1953 was photographed at Reformed Church in Bronxville with bride, Barbara.



gathers about parents of the couple with the Rockefellers (this is the first Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., mother of all the clan, who died in 1948) seated on the left and the McGraths seated on the right.



PUBLICITY SHY, granddaughter Abby Rockefeller (now Mrs. Jean Mauzé) is seldom photographed—this picture dates back to 1936. Now 55 years old, she is active in New York museums and hospitals.



AN ARKANSAN, gregarious grandson Winthrop, a World War II combat veteran, is shown here in 1956 with his second wife, Jeannette. He raises cattle on 3,000 acres in the central part of the state.



G. W. Pepper), P. H. Clark, Mrs. P. H. Clark (deceased), Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. (deceased), Miriam Clark (Mrs. Philip Wallis), Mary Lea (Mrs. R. H. Page Jr.), Gwendolyn Roberts (Mrs. John

Randall), Eleanor Snyder (Mrs. Beverly Coleman). Rear: Eleanor Clark (Mrs. John French), Thatcher Brown Jr., William Cochrane Jr. (deceased), Lawrence Dickey (deceased), Stacey Lloyd Jr., Percy

Clark Jr., bridegroom, bride. John D. Rockefeller III, John French, John D. Rockefeller Jr., Winthrop Rockefeller, George Clark, William Alton, Catherine Clothier (Mrs. Lee Rumsey), Laurance Rockefeller.



CLERGYMAN IN THE FAMILY came in 1955 when Nelson's daughter, Ann, married the Rev. Robert Laughlin Pierson at St. Paul's Episcopal church, the Bronx. He is now stationed in Evanston, Ill.



HARVARD STUDENT, Steven's younger brother Michael has job at Rockefeller Center this summer in the office of Harrison and Abramovitz, architects. In the fall he will return to school for senior year.



VASSAR STUDENT Mary Rockefeller, Michael's twin, plays with her dog Sonny at the family's Pocantico Hills, N.Y. home. Back after a vacation in Arizona, she will accompany her family to Norway.

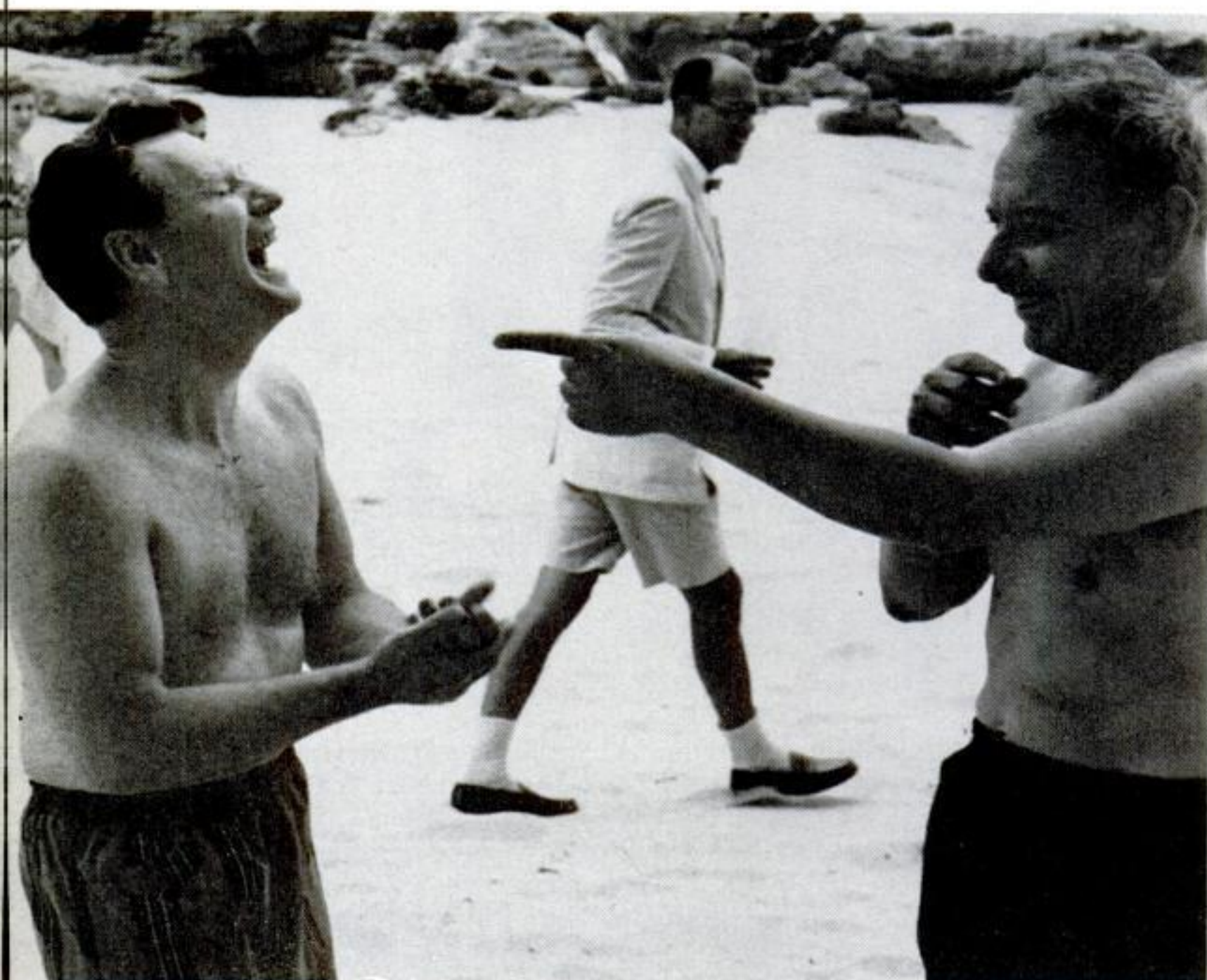


SHOPPING for postcards, Governor Rockefeller makes selection in drugstore of hotel in San Juan.



SELLING his ideas, Rockefeller, chairman of governors' civil defense committee, meets with Gov-

ernors (from left) G. Mennen Williams, Michigan, J. Hugo Aronson, Montana, Pat Brown, California.



JOKING with Governor Luis Muñoz-Marín of Puerto Rico, Rockefeller howls at story told during swimming and luncheon party at the Dorado Beach Hotel.

GOOD NEWS FOR A FATHER, KICKOFF FOR A CANDIDATE

The romantic announcement in Norway gave an unexpected fillip to the already soaring political career of the future bridegroom's father, who was himself very much on public display some 4,700 miles away in Puerto Rico. Governor Nelson Rockefeller was attending his first governors' conference and dominating it, from the meetings and politicking to the personality parades on the heavy social schedule. He had come to the conference as the man to watch, the only likely challenger to Dick Nixon's candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination. A few hours after he had expressed his and Mrs. Rockefeller's delight with their son's marriage plans, he made a guarded but unmistakable declaration of his own political intentions: he is considering a hard run for the Republican nomination. He will make his announcement by mid-fall after a careful look at the public opinion polls to see how he stacks up with the Vice President against potential Democratic nominees.

Governor Rockefeller looked every inch the presidential candidate in Puerto Rico. He worked hard pushing his civil defense program, one of the most significant items on the governors' agenda. He was the host at a lavish outing at a Rockefeller-owned hotel (pp. 105, 106). His voice and wide smile dominated gatherings in the hotel lobby. With virtual unanimity other governors called it "the Rockefeller-for-President kickoff."

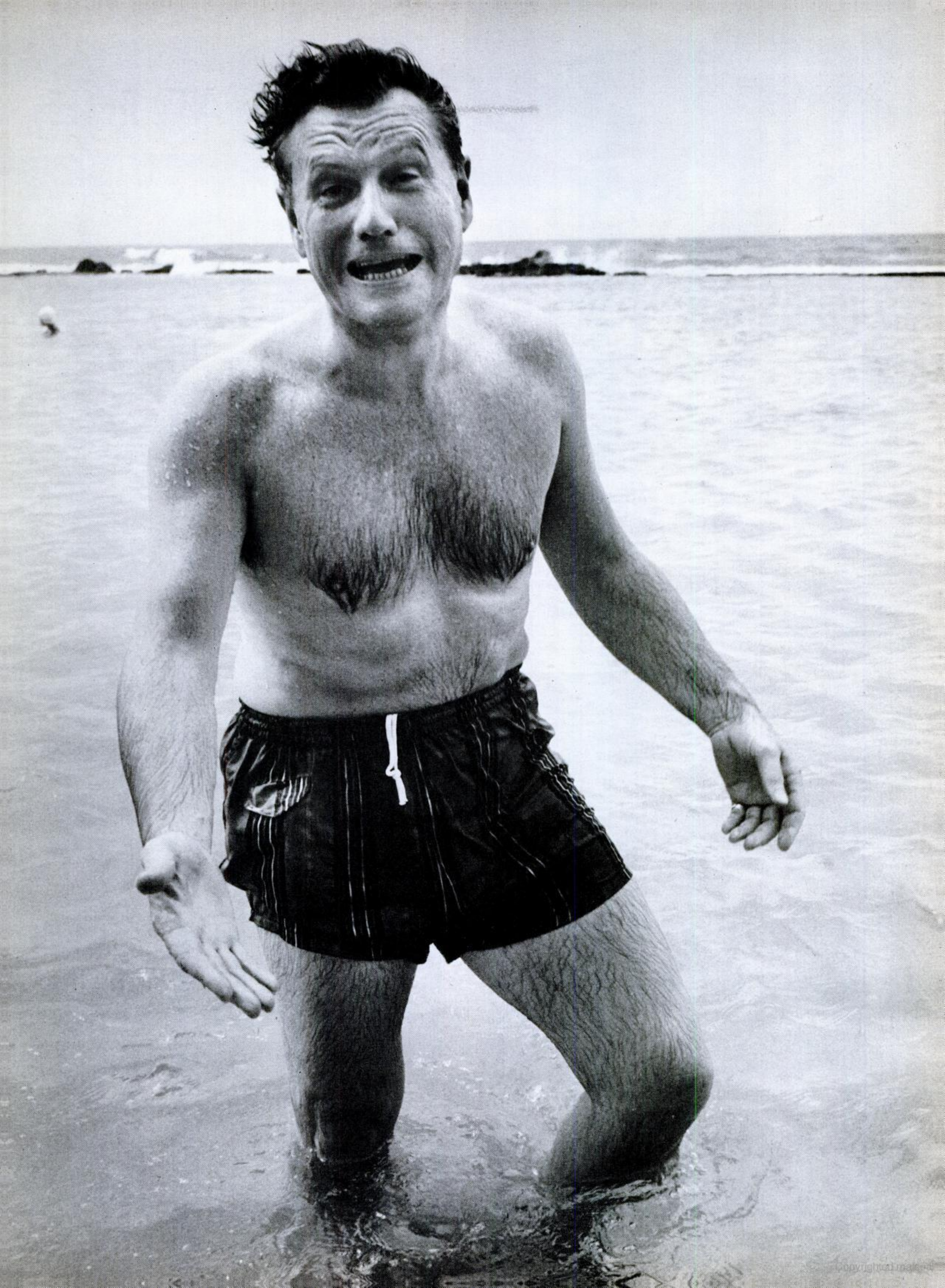


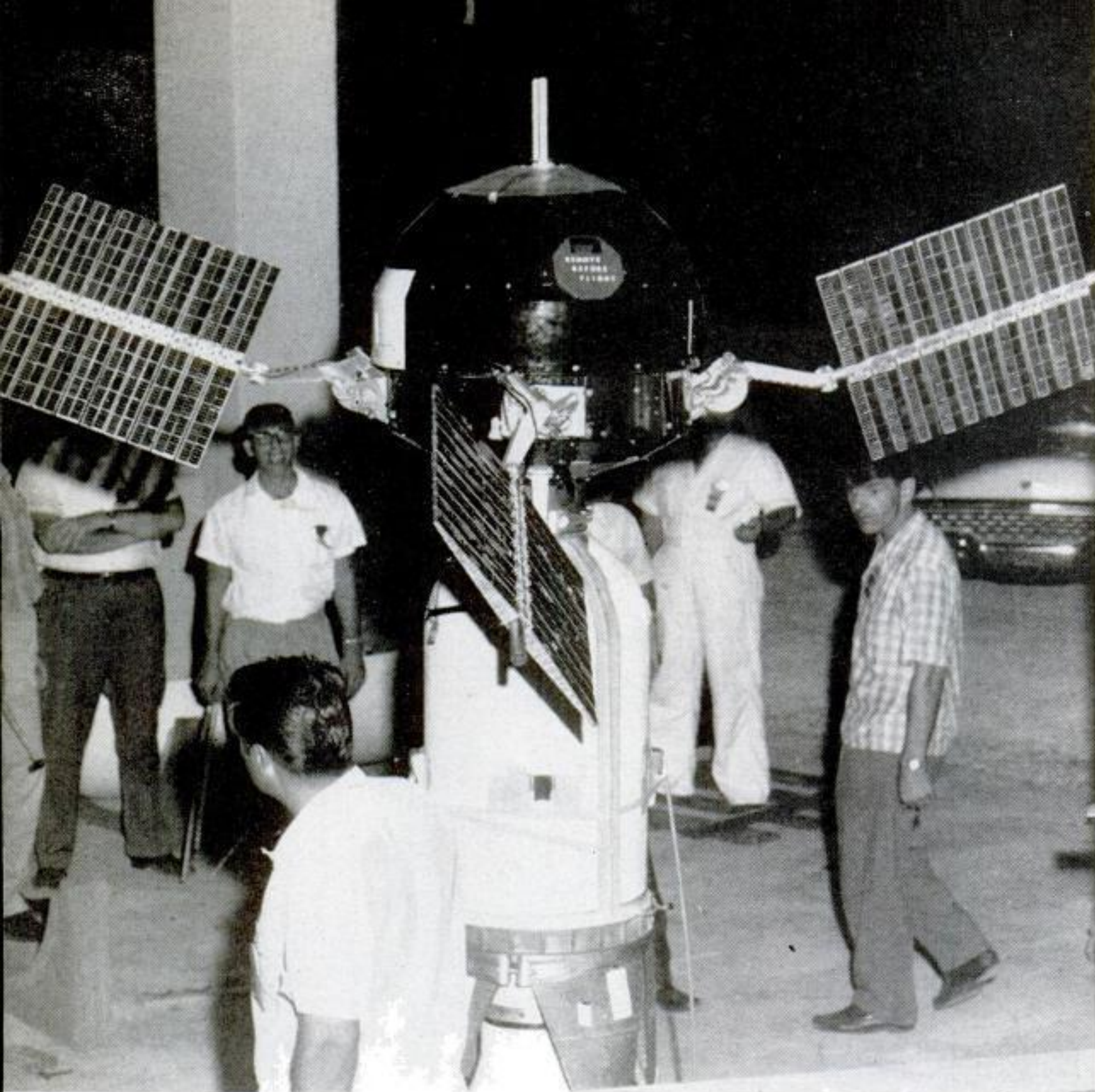
NEWS FROM NORWAY is read by Mrs. Rockefeller in a cable given to her by a reporter. Although

the Rockefellers expected Steven and Anne Marie's announcement, they were surprised it came so soon.



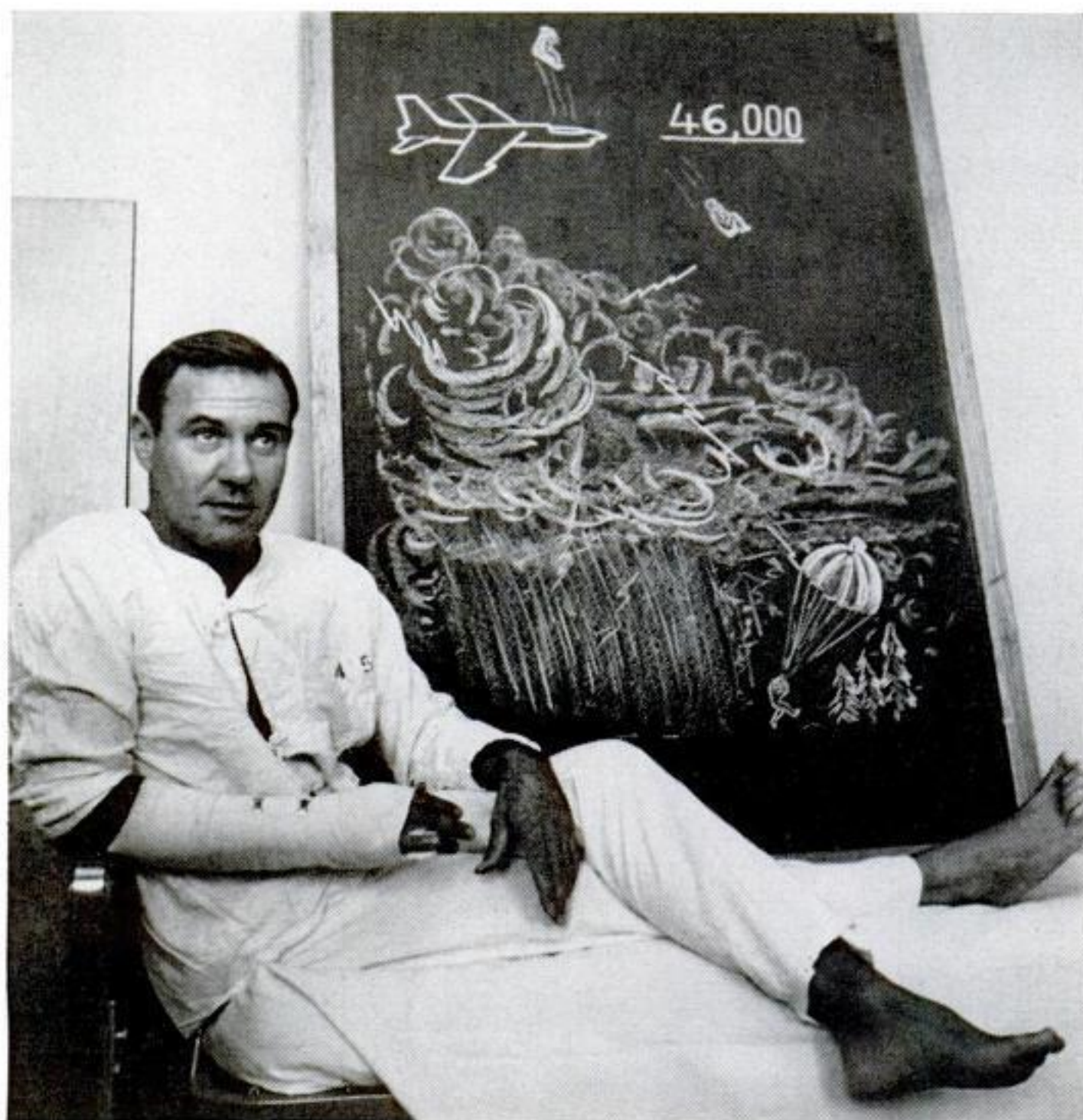
PLEASED PARENTS smile over report. "It is very exciting and couldn't be better news," he said.





WORLD'S NEWEST PADDLE-WHEELER

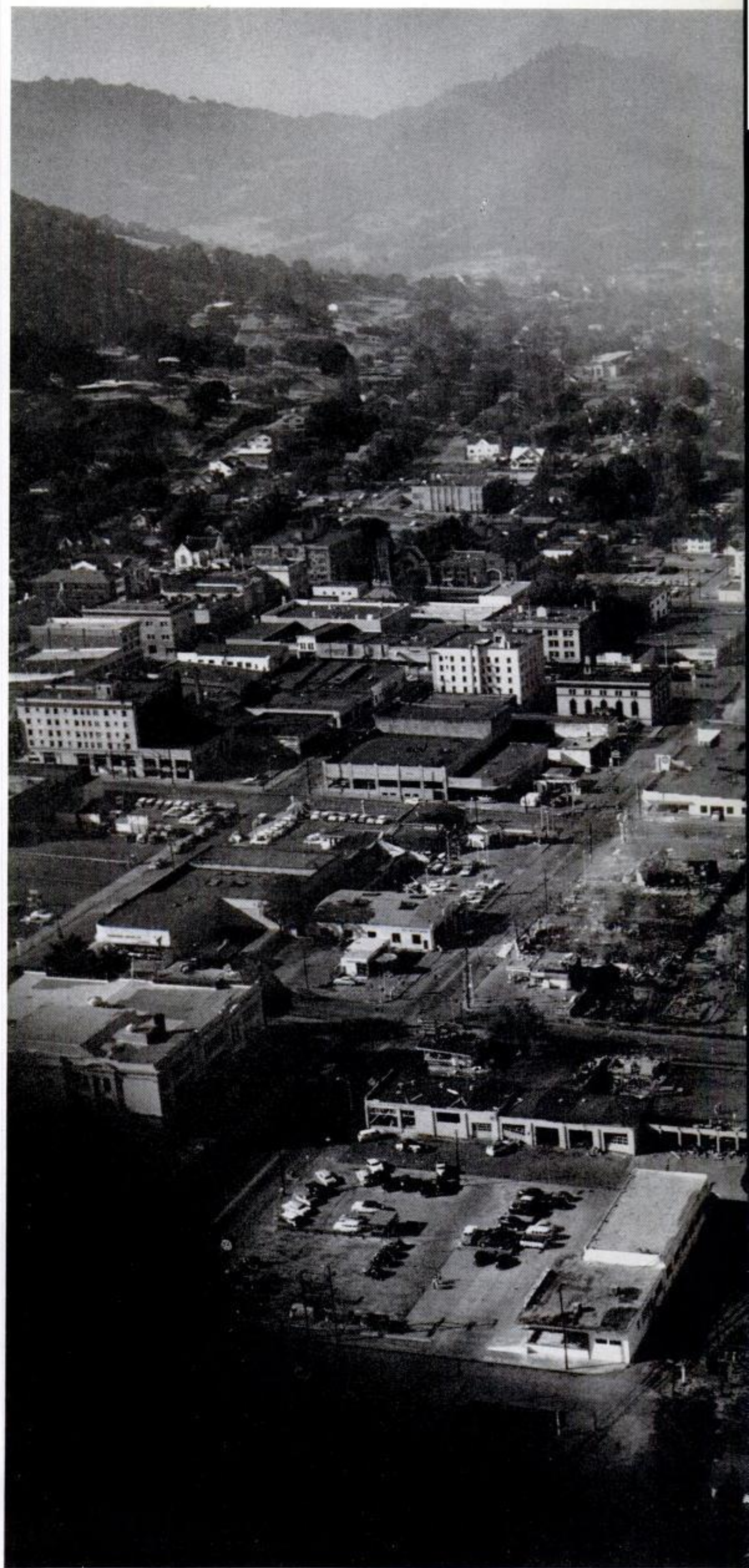
At Cape Canaveral the National Aeronautics and Space Administration launched Explorer VI, the U.S.'s most complex satellite. Here, before launching, NASA technicians inspect its unique feature—four paddle-wheel vanes mounted with 8,000 solar cells to convert the sun's heat into electrical energy. As the Explorer orbits up to 26,400 miles from the earth, the energy will be used to send back data on radiation, radio wave behavior in space, meteorites, and the earth's magnetic field. The satellite can also broadcast a crude TV picture of the earth's cloud cover.



MARINE'S TRIAL BY THUNDERSTORM

In a South Carolina hospital, Marine Lieut. Colonel William H. Rankin, 39, rests on his bed and exhibits his broken hand, injured in the grueling, freakish experience explained on the blackboard behind him. His jet fighter engine flamed out at 47,000 feet and he ejected himself. But he parachuted into a thunderstorm whose updrafts kept him aloft for 40 minutes, pelted by hail and heavy rain and nauseated by air turbulence.

A LOOK AT THE



DYNAMITE TRUCK'S EFFECT ON TOWN

At 1:15 a.m. in Roseburg, Ore. (pop. 12,200), as firemen fought a blaze at a building supply store, truckdriver George Rutherford ran frantically toward his truck. Parked near the fiercely hot fire, it was filled with six and a half tons of volatile high explosives. Suddenly the truck disappeared in a 2,000-foot-high fireball. Six city blocks disintegrated with at least 13 residents dead or missing. Crater is designated by arrow.

WORLD'S WEEK



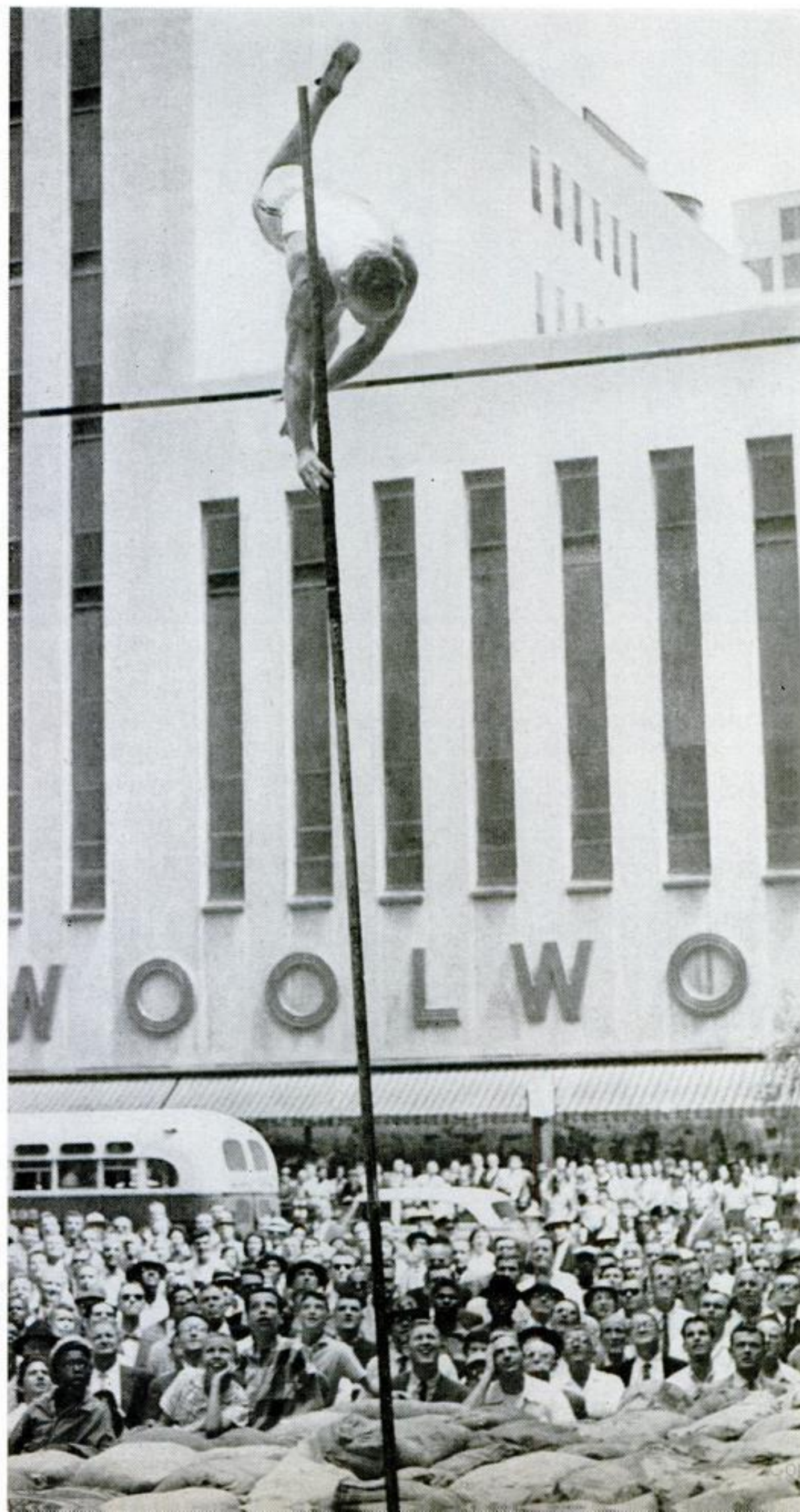
DOWNTOWN VAULT TO AID TRACK MEET

As part of a show put on by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to promote the Pan American games beginning in Chicago Aug. 27, the Reverend Bob Richards gave a pole vaulting exhibition in a crowd-jammed downtown street. Under these strange, makeshift conditions and with bags of sawdust to land on, he cleared 15 feet 5 inches. This is only $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches short of the world's outdoor record, only one inch less than his personal mark.



RADAR GENIUS IN THE NURSERY

The U.S. scientific hero of the week, Dr. William Thaler of Washington, D.C., uses nursery paints to show his children, Mark, Alice and Paul, how radar can spot missile launchings 5,000 miles away. The new Navy technique utilizes radar beams (*black lines*) sent out from Earth. They normally echo back to their source from the ionosphere, a layer of electrically charged particles high up in space. But they will also bounce back from the hot exhaust trail of a missile or a nuclear explosion, enabling U.S. scientists to keep track of anybody's space experiments.





ARRIVING IN WARSAW, NIXON RESPONDS TO CHEERS OF CROWD, RIDES IN SOVIET LIMOUSINE WITH POLISH OFFICIAL OSCAR LANGE WHO ONCE LIVED IN U.S.

MEETING GOMULKA (left), Nixon heads into conference at which he told of Khrushchev's U.S.

visit, which Gomulka found encouraging. Man with billiard ball head is Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz.



THE POLES'

Never before had a representative of the West received such an open demonstration behind the Iron Curtain. That thousands of wildly cheering Poles could greet Vice President Nixon without fear in itself showed the unique measure of freedom which Communist Poland allows its citizens. For that very reason Nixon had to take care not to endanger the precarious semi-independence which Poland's rulers have won from Khrushchev.

At the airport the Polish officials met Nixon politely but without any enthusiasm that might offend Khrushchev, who himself had received a cool reception from the Polish people two weeks earlier. But once Nixon's limousine



POLES TOSSED SO MANY BOUQUETS INTO CAR THAT IT HAD TO STOP AND BE CLEARED EIGHT TIMES

WELCOME: ALL HEART

entered the city of Warsaw, the fervor of the Polish people's feelings for the U.S. broke through. Two hundred thousand Poles lined the streets chanting "Long live Nixon." Wherever he went during his three-day visit, the Poles cried, "Bravo, Bravo." Some wept.

Nixon became the first high-ranking Western official to talk with the tough and aloof Polish boss Wladyslaw Gomulka—an old-fashioned nationalist Communist who has never been outside of Eastern Europe. Nixon gave Gomulka his first top-level confrontation with Western views. Nixon also wanted to recognize the key role of Stephan Cardinal Wyszynski in gaining religious and other freedoms for

his people—but without embarrassing the cardinal with the Communists. He paid an informal but much observed visit to his church.

The visit to Poland provided the West with an extraordinary glimpse into the hearts of its people. And by talking of peace and friendship with the government as well as the people, Nixon showed a full respect for Gomulka's delicate position with his powerful neighbor.

Back in Washington, Nixon and President Eisenhower conferred on the forthcoming exchange of visits with Nikita Khrushchev, and pondered, as did the whole world, on how the remarkable friendship Nixon had found in his tours could be utilized for world peace.



CATCHING BOUQUET, Nixon drives past some of the 25,000 Poles who lined the route to airport.



LOOKING AT CAR Nixon drove in, Polish crowd surveys some of the flowers that remained in it.

THE FRIENDLY, SMILING FACES THAT GREETED THE NIXONS



LADY ADMIRERS greet Pat Nixon at site of Jewish ghetto razed by Nazis in 1943. Instead of conducting separate visits as she had in Moscow, Pat mostly

toured Warsaw with her husband. At war memorial to murdered Polish Jews, Nixon spoke eloquently of how all nations must unite in fighting intolerance.



HOPEFUL SPECTATORS (above) spill into middle of Warsaw street to greet Nixon in approaching car. When they got close, people reached to touch him.

WELCOMING WORKERS hail Nixon as he tours newly constructed steel plant outside of Warsaw. Nixon called out, "Czolem Robotnicy" ("Hail Workers").



"HORIZON," SLEEK NEW SOFA, with picture frame back; finger-tip control converts it into single bed. Fashion-ribbed cover in gold, charcoal-brown, eggshell, blue, shrimp. **\$179⁵⁰**



"TOWN HOUSE," T-CROSS CONVERTIBLE, the ultimate in luxurious comfort and beauty. Foam Cushions; famous Simmons Innerspring Mattress. Handsomely covered in blue-green, black, charcoal-brown, mocha. **\$229⁵⁰**



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All instantly convertible into comfortable beds!

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Once-in-a-Blue Moon Values, available nationwide at these low prices for a limited time.



BUY OF THE YEAR! "MODERNE," a beautiful sweep of modern styling 85 inches long, with Simmons deep, comfortable seating. New push-back mechanism easily converts it to a bed. Heavy Chromspun cover in mocha, tobacco, charcoal, peacock. **\$149⁹⁵**

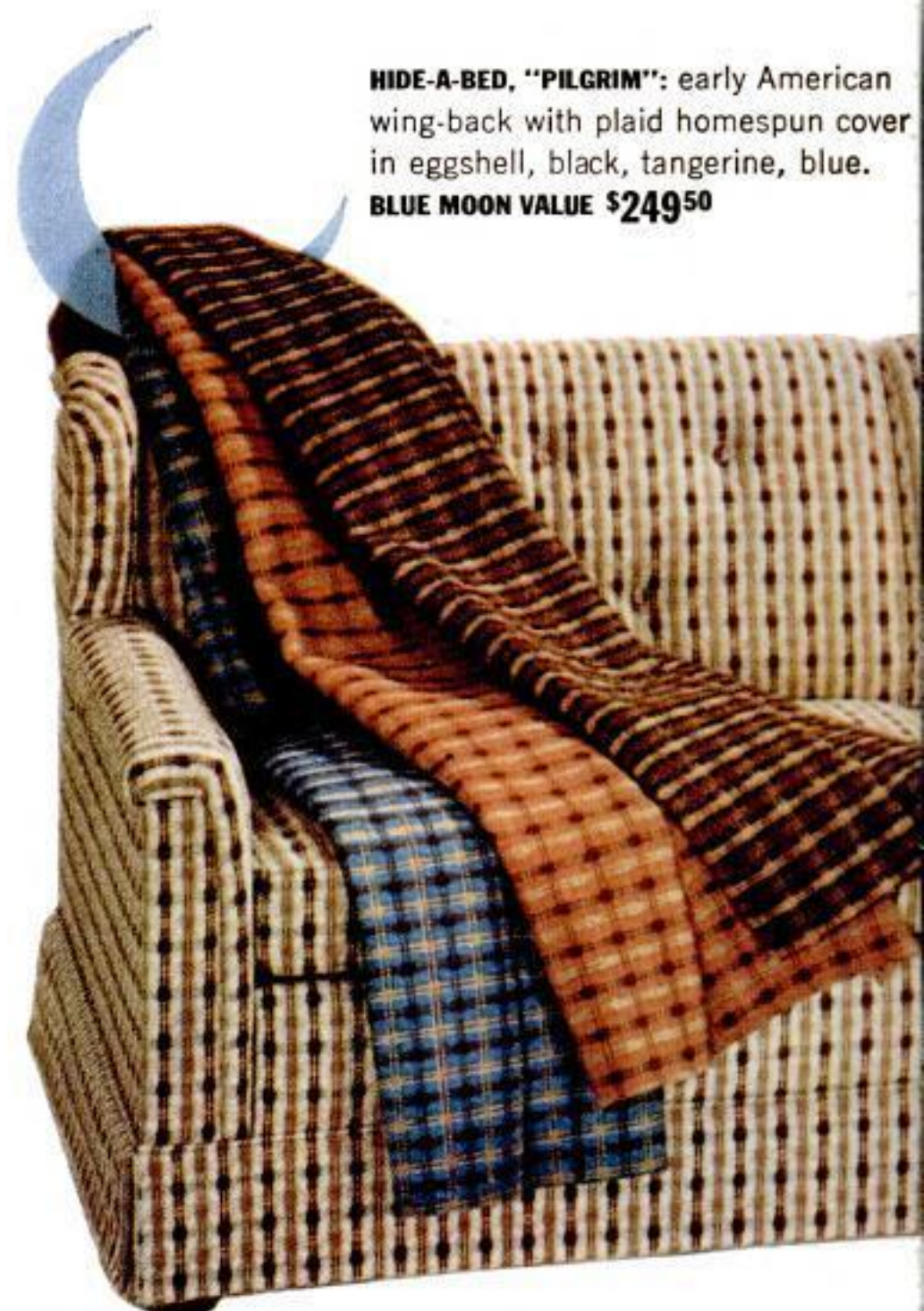


**2 MORE PAGES OF
BLUE MOON SAVINGS**

HIDE-A-BED, "METROPOLITAN": contemporary styling with diamond welted back, frieze-type cover in turquoise, tobacco, black, mocha. **BLUE MOON VALUE \$199⁵⁰**



HIDE-A-BED, "PILGRIM": early American wing-back with plaid homespun cover in eggshell, black, tangerine, blue. **BLUE MOON VALUE \$249⁵⁰**



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Every one with a famous Simmons Mattress.

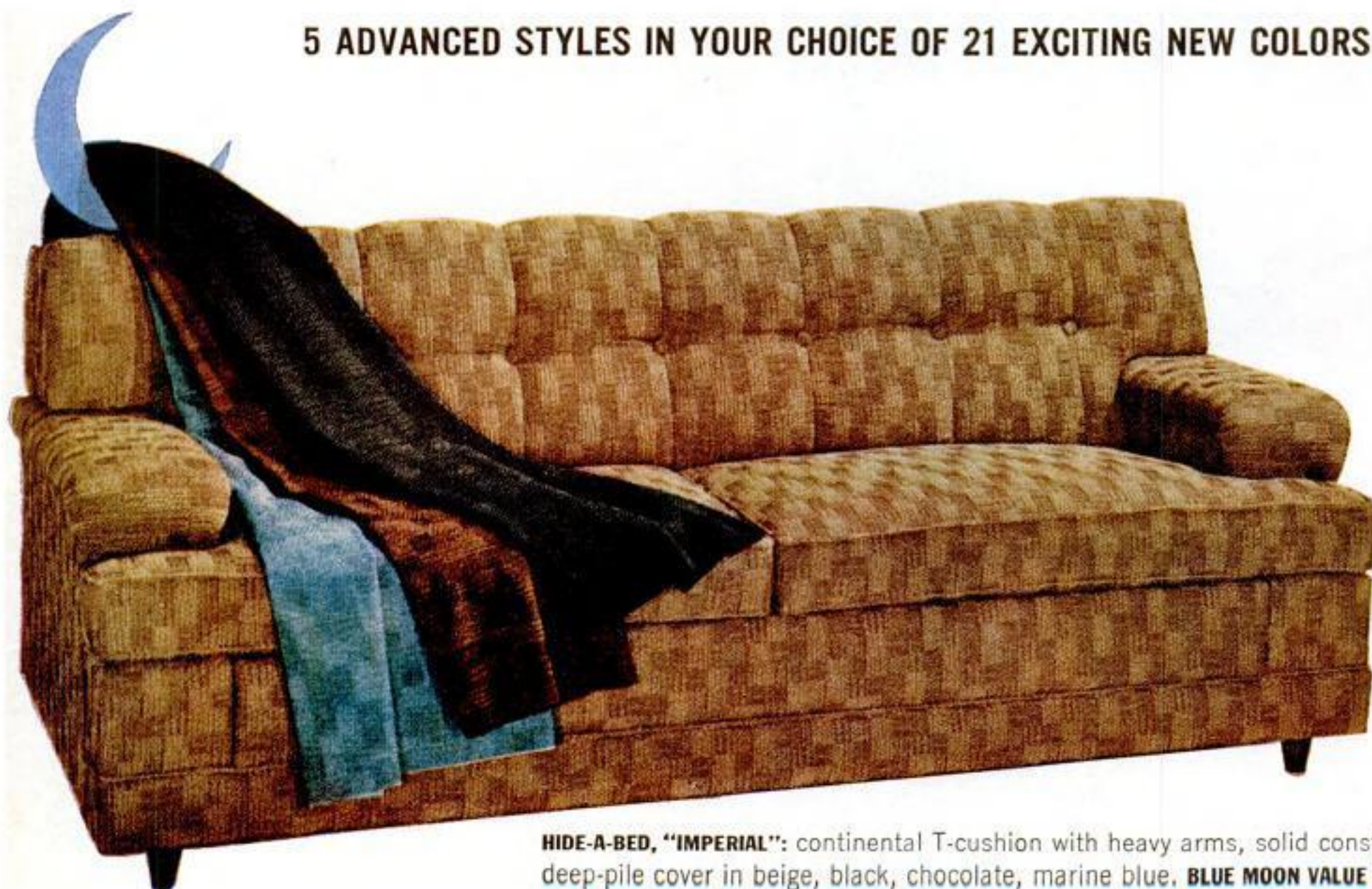
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Every one covered in a choice of decorator fabrics.

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5 ADVANCED STYLES IN YOUR CHOICE OF 21 EXCITING NEW COLORS



HIDE-A-BED, "IMPERIAL": continental T-cushion with heavy arms, solid construction; deep-pile cover in beige, black, chocolate, marine blue. **BLUE MOON VALUE \$259⁵⁰**



HIDE-A-BED, "PARKCHESTER": modern three cushion with rib-textured cover in shrimp, gold, blue, eggshell, charcoal-brown. **BLUE MOON VALUE \$249⁵⁰**



HIDE-A-BED, "CENTURY": modern key-arm Lawson with kick-pleat skirt; textured cover in nugget, tobacco, bisque, peacock. BLUE MOON VALUE \$229⁵⁰

SAVINGS

From the House of Quality...the House of Simmons



Only SIMMONS makes the Hide-A-Bed Sofa





The catsup with the one extra spice (*we promise it will change your mind*)

Grandma Snider used to cook up small batches of this catsup in her spice-scented country kitchen. There are memories of this cheerful room in every bottle of Snider's today. For we follow Grandma Snider's recipe with strict conscience.

To all the other good things her recipe calls for, we add her artful touch: an authoritative pinch of Capsicum, the colorful chili pepper. This one extra spice gives Snider's Catsup temperament. It heightens your enjoyment but never bites your tongue.

Try Snider's tonight with a country-supper dish—pork chops and beans, for example. If you think all catsups are alike, we promise Snider's will change your mind.

Snider's
the chili pepper catsup

'SHALL THE PEOPLE GOVERN?'

BY SPEAKING UP TO BACK THE PRESIDENT THEY CAN DRIVE THE CROOKS OUT OF UNIONS

"In the basic sense, the issue is: Shall the people govern?"

Thus spoke the President of the United States last week in an unprecedented TV and radio appeal to the nation. It was unprecedented because, for the first time in his two terms, he went before the people to appeal for the passage of specific legislation—labor reforms "which will be truly effective."

The showdown is on this week in the House with free-for-all debate on several labor reform proposals—some stronger than others, some ineffectually weak. The big question in this showdown is whether Congress will give the President a bill with the strong teeth he demands.

We have said before and we say again:

The heart of the issue is simply this. Are you, the sovereign people of the U.S.A., running this country? Or is it going to be run by Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamster punks, goons, terrorists, arsonists and thieves?

It is you who have the power to decide. Either the people shall govern, or, as the President warned, "If they do not, crooks and racketeers could prevail."

It is you who have the power to steady the resolution of Congress as it tackles again the job which it failed to do last year: face down Jimmy Hoffa. Congress must pass laws strong enough to put him in his place, along with all similar malefactors of great power who betray the honest labor movement.

You, the voter, can defeat these malefactors by letting Congress know that you are determined to run crooks out of unions. We have already urged you to do this, after the Teamsters series in LIFE exposing the sinister, naked menace of this evil, and you responded so emphatically that congressmen reported an enormous flood of mail for labor reform. That flood has continued to swell following television attacks upon what Hoffa represents by Bob Kennedy, the McClellan committee's chief counsel. But now that the showdown is here it is important to intensify this pressure.

"It is my earnest hope," the President told the nation, "that Congress will be fully responsible to an overwhelming national demand."

Let all of us now re-state that national demand so unmistakably that Congress cannot possibly fail, this year, to provide positive and adequate action.

The need for action is clear. It emerged, incontrovertibly, from the sickening abuses which the McClellan committee has dredged up in case after case for more than two years. These are only some of them:

- ▶ Denial to union members of the rights of free speech or free elections by secret ballots, and the intimidation or injury of those who oppose the crooks.
- ▶ The diversion of union funds for the private spoils of union leaders.
- ▶ Betrayal of the union members through substandard contracts with employers.
- ▶ The shameless use of ex-convicts, criminals, arsonists (one of the Teamster agents became a human torch at Flint, Mich. while trying to burn up a dry-cleaning store) and alliances with gangsters controlling "paper" locals.
- ▶ The threat of blackmail picketing to force employers to sign into unions workers who don't want to join them. For example, small gasoline stations are threatened with having their gasoline deliveries stopped unless the owner signs over his workers. The same method was also used by New York Gangster Johnny Dio to get captive members for his "paper" locals which

actually negotiated away the rights of the workers concerned.

▶ Picketing of places not even involved in labor disputes—such as stores selling a struck baker's bread—to bring crippling pressures on the struck firm. This is the "secondary boycott."

The abuses suggest their own remedies. Measures must be taken to protect the democratic rights of union members, to require full reporting and accounting of union funds, outlaw "sweetheart" contracts, deny union office to criminals or underworld associates, outlaw blackmail picketing and strengthen prohibitions against secondary boycotts.

President Eisenhower demanded such reforms in an Administration bill introduced last year. Many of them were embodied in the Kennedy-Ives bill which was defeated in the House. This year the Senate has again passed a similar bill, which, if it is the best that can be got, is far better than none. The House Labor Committee, under tremendous union pressure, has produced a still weaker bill. But before we settle for too little let's make a fight for the only proposal before the House with a full set of teeth, the Landrum-Griffin bill which the President termed "a good start toward a real labor reform bill." It strikes far harder at the most dangerous and vicious labor abuses which are now often within the law—the crippling or even destruction of victims by blackmail picketing or secondary boycott.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who has done much to help clean up unions, opposes this bill because of fears that it can hamstring honest unions as well as crooked ones. It may well need very careful amendments to pinpoint its targets. Whatever compromise is found will not go far enough unless it contains effective restraint upon these most serious abuses. Examples from the McClellan hearings:

▶ In Lincoln, Neb., Tom Coffey operated a fleet of 25 trucks and drivers carrying freight from cities into rural regions. Barney Baker, a pistol-packing Teamsters organizer and underworld thug, demanded he put all drivers under contract. Only seven of 25 drivers wished to join. Coffey sought an NLRB election. Baker refused. Picketing began and pressured depots refused to load or unload Coffey cargoes. Truck tires were slashed and wiring torn; a load of butter was dumped; employees were intimidated by midnight phone calls. Coffey finally won an unfair-labor charge case against the Teamsters, but by then he was out of business.

▶ In New York, 40 Waldorf-Astoria Hotel barbers who did not want to join the A.F. of L. Barbers Union were forced into it by picketing which threatened to close the entire hotel and throw 2,000 other workers out of jobs. Deliveries of all essential goods to the hotel were halted just to get 40 barbers into a union they didn't want.

Of both these practices the President firmly said:

"I want that sort of thing stopped. So does America."

But Jimmy Hoffa was not scared. The McClellan committee had just summed up its two-year findings with a 21-count summary of his misdeeds. "If Hoffa remains unchecked," the committee concluded, "he will successfully destroy the decent labor movement in the U.S. Further than that, because of the tremendous economic power of the Teamsters, it will place the underworld in a position to dominate American life. . . ."

Hoffa, who thinks he is more powerful than the President, the Congress or the people, had a characteristic answer of cynical contempt: "To hell with them."

What's your answer going to be to him? Let Congress know—pronto—before it is too late. Give your firm answer to that fateful question the President has raised: "Shall the people govern?"

THE SEVEN SORRY SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE



THE DEAD AND THE QUICK are shown in photographs above. From the left they are David Chervony, whose family received official notification of presumed

death from State Department; Moises Agosto, who is believed dead; Eugénio Román who is still missing but was reported seen alive in Havana by Santiago

HOW AMERICANS WERE

by KEITH WHEELER

A flamboyant plot, inspired by Cuba's ever-ready Fidel Castro, to conquer the Dominican Republic with the aid of U.S. citizen soldiers of fortune was tracked down last week by a team of LIFE reporters.

The first clue to this weird and startling story was contained in a vainglorious report by the Dominican Republic's durable dictator, General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, that his army had repulsed and wiped out an invasion force in June. Giving weight to his words, Trujillo had named the "dead" attackers—among them seven New Yorkers.

Thereafter the LIFE team worked with fragments of fact scattered from New York to Havana. Last week they found four of the purported corpses alive in New York. Two had apparently died in the Dominican Republic. One was still unaccounted for.

From the living they uncovered a bizarre and brazen recruiting scheme in which, for months, freewheeling Latin-Americans had been proselytizing some highly gullible U.S. citizens to fight in the Caribbean.

The story began, apparently, after Castro and his Cuban rebels had seemed to prove, to the satisfaction of the militarily unsophisticated, that the pure in heart could defeat a dictatorship with nothing but hope and a handful of heroes. A wave of euphoria for *libertad* swept the Caribbean. Its special target, understandably, was Trujillo's iron-fisted 30-year rule of the Dominican Republic.

Castro himself started the real recruiting on a visit to Venezuela after his Cuban triumph. When a crowd cheered him with shouts of "Trujillo next!", he plunked his fatigue cap on the speaker's rostrum and started a war chest by dropping a 5-bolívar coin in it. That show alone yielded 500,000 bolívares (\$150,000). Soon, inspired with Castro fervor, the recruiters were shuttling back and forth across the Caribbean and up to Miami and New York.

In New York, it developed last week, they operated blandly under the noses of the authorities in the upper West Side of Manhattan, an area densely populated by Puerto Rican Americans. It is now possible to trace their

activities, beginning last winter, to several known hangouts.

There were rallies in private apartments in 106th Street and Amsterdam Avenue and at 103rd and Amsterdam. Another hangout was a cafe run by a man named Hector Américo at 922 Amsterdam Avenue. They even made use of otherwise innocent gathering places including the Club of the Good Star at 906 Columbus Avenue and the Hamilton Place Hotel at 138th Street and Broadway.

The chief activist and later leader of the ill-fated invasion, now reported dead in the Dominican Republic, was a former Castro guerrilla chief still spoiling for a fight, one Enrique Jiménez Moya. It is known that he moved freely in and out of New York, operating through two Dominican exile organizations.

Now merged under the title *Movimiento de Liberación Dominicana*, they were controlled by one Alfonso Canto and a man named Juan Díaz. Canto, too, was a peripatetic plotter, who shuttled back and forth between New York and Cuba on his devious business.

For bait the recruiters used, first and foremost, the Castro mystique of the out-at-elbows conqueror and the appeal of "the chance to be a hero too." They made it sound easy. A fortnight of guerrilla practice, a short hop across the Caribbean, then, wham, Trujillo would collapse.

The recruiters also used money—not actual money but the talk of it. To many a hard-pressed Puerto Rican, condemned to dreary menial jobs in New York, the promise of support for wife, child or parent proved a powerful incentive.

There is evidence that perhaps scores in the New York area fell for this guff. It is certain that at least these seven did:

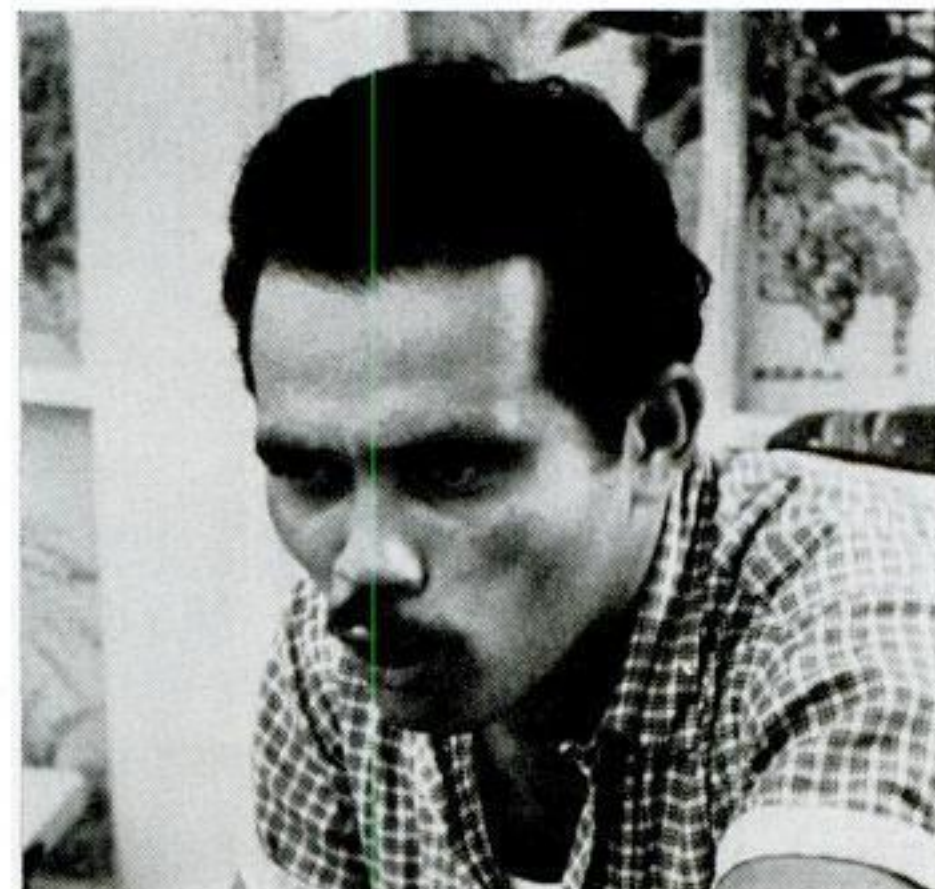
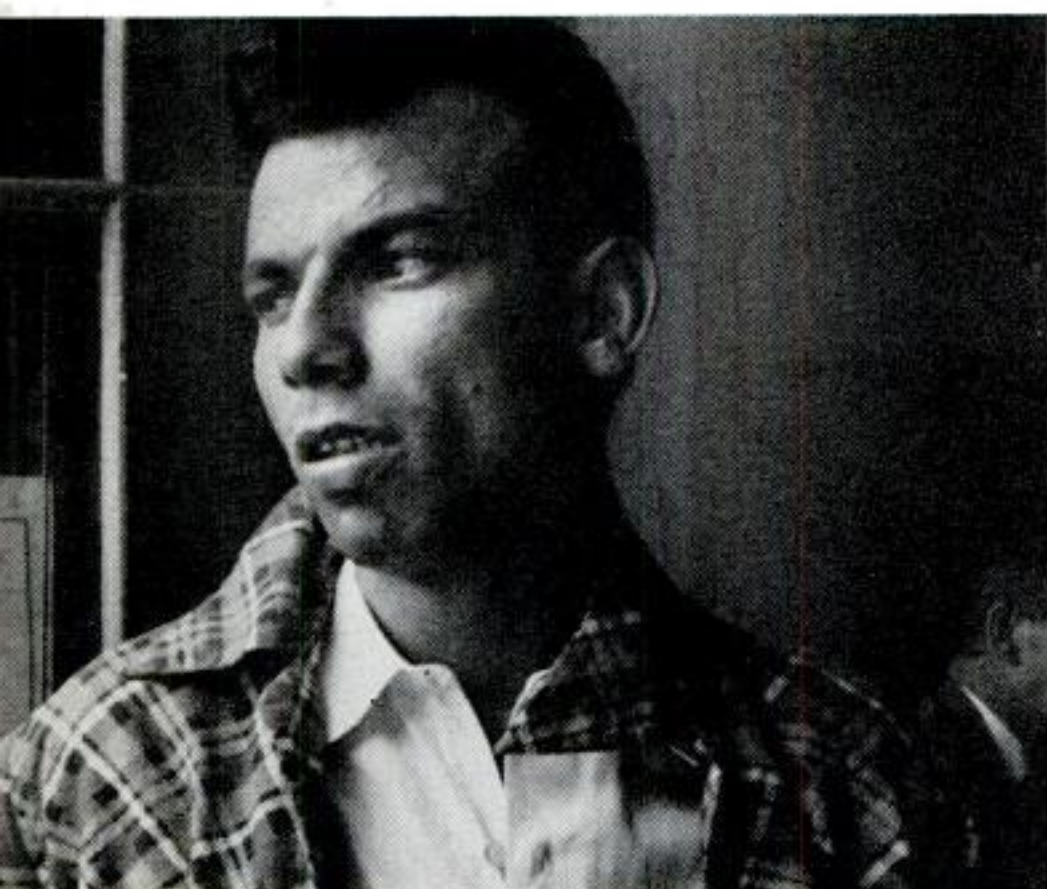
Daniel Chervony, 23, clerk.
David Chervony, 17, delivery boy.
Moises Agosto, 23, odd-job man.
Santiago Carbonell, 27, pants presser.
Pablo Vélez, 23, packer.
Manuel Costa, 29, laborer.
Eugénio Román, 24, handyman.



ALIVE with Fidel, the invasion chief Jiménez Moya appeared with the Cuban leader on Venezuela trip.



DEAD in Dominican Republic, this body has been officially claimed by Trujillo to be Jiménez Moya.



Carbonell; Carbonell and Pablo Vélez together after their return from Havana; Manuel Costa, who has admitted being in Havana and seeing some of the others

there but who insists that he went to Cuba only as a "tourist"; and Daniel Chervony who says he tried to dissuade his younger brother from joining attack.

DUPED INTO BLOODY CASTRO FIASCO

It was astoundingly easy for the susceptible to fall into the recruiters' hands. On March 1, Moises Agosto, whose natural tendency to somber brooding had been accentuated by his inability to keep a job since leaving Puerto Rico five months earlier, was out for a Sunday stroll with his girl.

Moises and Irma Villanueva, who called him "Ruben" because she liked that name better, idly drifted into a basement meeting at the Hamilton Place Hotel. Almost before Irma had noticed, someone had pinned a three-pointed card (blazoned for Peace, Liberty and Democracy) on Moises' lapel. Before they left, Irma saw him sign something. Two days later, after a series of telephone talks, she was present when he signed what she thought was a contract. On the fifth day he was gone. He said he might be away a year or two.

Irma later recalled sadly that Moises desperately needed money for his mother and two small daughters back in Puerto Rico and she believed he had been promised \$90 a month for their support. Significantly, a relative recalled that Moises, the broody one, had "always wanted to do something big some day. He always wanted to be a hero."

It was the beginning of a fantastic trail. But, although she received 10 letters from him, Irma never learned much of Moises' progress along it. Moises' letters were deliberately vague. Only occasionally did he hint that he was engaged on desperate business. Once he wrote: "I hope, if God wills it, to return soon and bring in my conscience and heart the happiness of a free people. And if I die, I will die content."

Others set off on the same strange journey with equal offhandedness. For Pablo Vélez, who is called "a crazy character" even by his family, it began in a neighborhood bar. Santiago Carbonell fortuitously met the recruiters just when he had been laid off from his pants-pressing job and no longer had means to support his wife and three children. Both of them were fired by a lot of loose talk about the iniquities of Trujillo and boasts that Castro's *bravos* could bring him down with fewer than 100 men.

Vélez, a former soldier, and Carbonell, an ex-Marine, soon found themselves in the 106th

and Amsterdam apartment at rallies of Dominican exile patriots who called themselves the "February 27th Movement." They were signed up by Juan Díaz, one of the recruiters, and off they went.

The Chervony brothers, Daniel and David, found their way to disillusionment for the one, death for the other through Hector Américo's cafe—since burned down—and grocery store. Américo recruited them on a promise that their family would be supported, according to Daniel Chervony.

He roped another gullible innocent, Eugénio Román. "I will get \$10,000. Wow!" Eugénio told his patroness, Dona Amanda Douchkess Lindberg, who had been supporting him as a helper around the Club of the Good Star.

The long and idiotic trail to nowhere has now been blazed by Daniel Chervony and Vélez and Carbonell. In March each of the suckers was given an airline ticket to Havana. Daniel

Chervony traveled among a group of seven recruits, Vélez with a batch of 11.

"We very happy," Vélez recalls. "We going to stay only 15 days in Cuba, make a lot of money and shoot down Trujillo. We laughing all the way. I don't feel bad; I like go fight."

From Havana they were taken to the mountains, installed in "training" camp in the hills at Mil Cumbres in Pinar del Río. They were given logs and thatch and told to build their own huts. And they were issued weapons, a motley collection of M-1 Garands, Dominican-made carbines and machine guns.

At first it was fun. They went on conditioning hikes and played soldier learning to fire the weapons. Their training officers were Dominicans and Cubans and occasionally they were visited by Jiménez Moya. Although Moya was a glamorous figure, they eventually resented the fact that he apparently spent most of his time living it up with the girls in Havana.

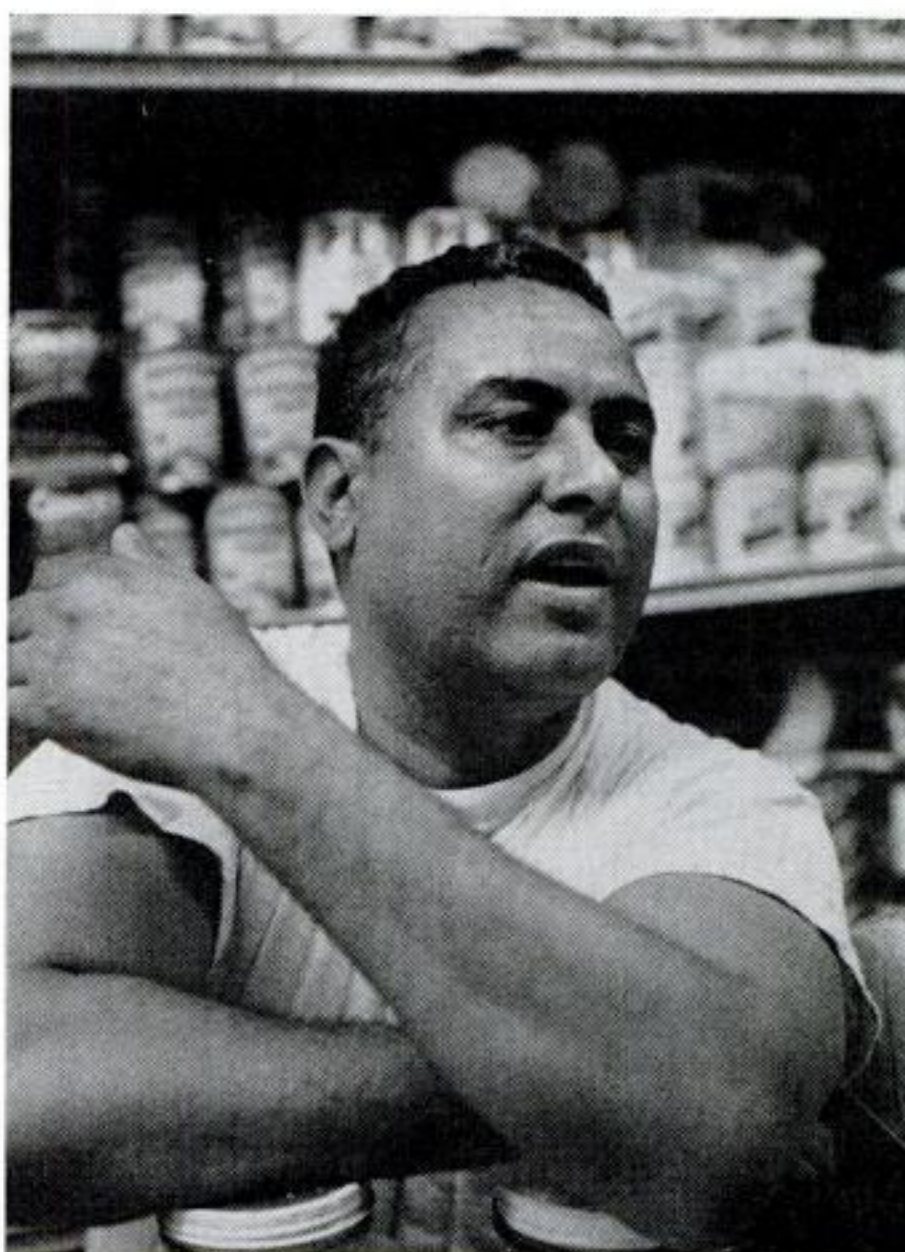
But the promised limit of 15 days passed and there was no action. The weeks began to stretch into months.

"They gave us almost no food—only a little coffee," Vélez laments. "We killed a cow and we eat it but it's no good. We just boil it and we have no salt. But snakes were all right. You cook snake right and it taste like chicken."

"We were treated worse than dogs; we were like slaves," Daniel Chervony says. "I didn't have a bath for six weeks."

Eventually, out of disgust and sheer boredom, some of the camp's 200 inmates tried to run away. These efforts came to nothing for they would always run into Cuban army patrols who good-humoredly but firmly herded them back to Mil Cumbres. Gradually, as the time passed, it began to dawn on them that they were prisoners.

The worst of it was when word seeped in from home that the promised payments to families had failed to materialize. It was then that the Americans at the camp staged a rather ridiculous gesture of defiance. Many of the recruits had grown beards in idolatrous emulation of Castro's legendary *barbudos*. The Americans shaved their beards as an open protest.



ALLEGED RECRUITER, grocer Hector Américo, though named by boys, denies he got them to join.



LEADER IN EXILE; Alfonso Canto, here in New York, was seen at Cuban camp by Daniel Chervony.

Oddly enough this charade seemed to have some effect on the camp bosses. Alfonso Canto, the M.L.D.'s suave New York operative, appeared in the camp and promised to go back to New York and pay up. Indeed, some of the families there did receive small sums.

Finally Benigno Chervony, a New York building superintendent, blew the whistle on all this revolutionary hocus-pocus. He wrote the U.S. Embassy in Havana to say that his two sons were in Cuba on some kind of nefarious enterprise and he wanted help getting them out. Shortly thereafter six of the by-now disconsolate buccaneers—Daniel Chervony, Carbonell, Vélez, Román, Agosto and Costa—sent a letter to the U.S. Embassy in Havana saying they were being held prisoners and wanted to be sprung.

A dogged but frequently obstructed investigation in Cuba got nowhere; besides, it was too late to save those who were doomed.

On June 14, the expedition finally got under way in as slapdash a manner as any invasion that was never planned. First to go was an ancient C-46 cargo plane camouflaged—inaccurately as it turned out—with Dominican air force insignia. Jiménez Moya led this first wave—after a long argument with the pilot who eventually turned out to be a spy for Trujillo—to an airstrip in the Dominican mountains called Constanza. Jiménez Moya had 63 men aboard the plane. In a three-week series of ragged running fights with the Dominican army he and most of his men were killed—apparently including Agosto and young David Chervony.

The second wave consisted of a couple of

antique landing craft which sailed from Cuba with about 200 men. One boat made it all the way to the Dominican Republic at a north coast beach. Its luckless crew also apparently died to the man under the guns and bombs of Trujillo's defenders.

The second boat had the incredible good fortune to be even less efficient than all the rest of this haphazard adventure; it ran out of gas 30 miles off the Cuban coast. After wallowing around without food or water for four days, its company of seasick *bravos* were rescued. Many of them, including Vélez and Carbonell, had a belated attack of good sense and refused to go out again. Finally they were given tickets home.

A few others among the would-be Castros did even better. They simply said they wanted no further part of revolution and, after a few days in a Cuban prison, were disgustingly turned loose and sent home with a warning to keep their mouths shut.

Last week, mourning his brother lost in a feckless adventure, Daniel Chervony was still harassed by fear. His wife had been getting mysterious threatening telephone calls and a group of seven sinister strangers were, from time to time, haunting his home. He was afraid to go outside.

The last act of this never-never-land melodrama may be written this week. Seeking to set its own house in order, the Organization of American States convenes in extraordinary session to consider what to do about "unrest in the Caribbean"—most of which, quite obviously, originates in Castro's Cuba.

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MAN WITH A PLAN. By following the simple steps of a Scotts Program, he'll have a lawn the whole neighborhood will envy.

MAN WITH A PLAN

Now every lawn owner can have a
better lawn. Scotts guarantees it!

What's the secret of a good lawn? It isn't hard work, and it isn't lots of money. Plenty of sensible people have tried both—and failed.

It certainly isn't the one-shot "miracle" products with their short-lived results and dismal aftermaths. *They* have done far more to discourage lawn owners than all the ills they claimed to cure.

Thousands of families have found a way

How is it that so many families across the country are enjoying the pride and fun that only a good lawn can give—without hard work, without big costs, and without making a "career" of their lawns.

Their secret is simple. By using the *right* products, at the *right* time, in the *right* way, they have taken the chore and the mystery out of having a good lawn—once and for all.

They have done all this *by following a Scotts Program*.

Who should follow a Scotts Program?

Not everyone wants the same kind of lawn. Some families would like to have a real showplace. Others want a lawn that will keep its good looks while taking plenty of hard wear.

Actual lawn problems vary just as widely. Some lawns are choked with crabgrass, some are overrun with weeds, others are starving, diseased or browned out by a brutal summer.

Years of Scotts Research have gone into the development of products and programs specifically designed to put these lawns in shape—and keep them there. Years of experience by Scotts lawn owners from Maine to California have proved the success of these products and these programs *in actual use*.

If you are fed up with the failures and frustrations of hit-or-miss methods, you are sure to welcome the way the Scotts Program makes it not only possible but *easy* to have the kind of lawn your whole family can be proud of.

An astonishing promise from Scotts

You risk nothing when you decide to find out what a Scotts Program can do for *your* lawn, because Scotts makes you this extraordinary promise:

A better lawn—or your money back!

You can take advantage of this remarkable offer by visiting

your official Scotts Dealer today. There you'll find a complete selection of carefully-worked-out, easy-to-follow programs *in one handy leaflet*. A free copy of the SCOTTS LAWN SUCCESS GUIDE is yours for the asking.

In it you'll quickly find the Scotts Program that's *right for you*. No complicated prescriptions, no mysterious formulas, no small print. Scotts has spelled out clearly the full and simple details of the products you need, and when and how to use them, to guarantee yourself the kind of lawn you've always wanted.

The Scotts products needed in the program you select are *all* easy to use and ready to apply. *Walk* them on with the Scotts Spreader, and get even, accurate application and uniformly good results *every time*.

The typical Scotts Program takes less than an hour of your time a month—and costs less than \$5.00 a month for a 5,000 sq. ft. lawn. As you follow the simple steps of your Scotts Program, you're completely protected by Scotts unconditional money-back guarantee.

Why now's the best time to begin

Most lawns are at low ebb at this point in the summer. You'll need to allow a month or so for your Scotts Program to clear out crabgrass, weeds or other problems. By starting now you'll be ready to seed this *fall*, to take advantage of the best time of the entire year to put new life into your lawn, to establish the basic good turf that can be maintained so easily and so effectively, *year-round*, with a regular Scotts Program.

Right now, better department, hardware and garden supply stores who display the official Scotts Dealer Certificate are ready with *your* copy of the SCOTTS LAWN SUCCESS GUIDE. It's your first step to a better lawn!

You be the judge!

A better lawn—or else. That's our promise, and you're the judge. If *for any reason*, later this fall or even next spring, your lawn does not show the real improvement we promise . . . if you aren't convinced that the Scotts Program you've been following is far more rewarding than any approach you've ever used . . . simply mail us the sales receipts for the cost of your Scotts Program to date—and we will refund your full purchase price, promptly and cheerfully. Fair enough? O M Scott & Sons, Marysville, Ohio. ©1955

Scotts...first in lawns



Look- it's a **FUNDAY!**

Invent your own with New Kraft Toppings!

This fancy banana split is just a starter. You can create dozens of wonderful Sundaes with these four new toppings from Kraft. Adventure a little! Combine different varieties for color and flavor. Add Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, nuts, cherries. Let your imagination go!

We make Kraft Caramel Sauces for you from our own caramel candy recipe

You've never been able to get anything like new Kraft Vanilla and Kraft Chocolate Caramel Sauces. They're



buttery smooth and rich with true caramel flavor! Really luscious! (Wonderful over custards and puddings. Make delicious milk shakes, too.)

Ripe strawberries and pineapples go into these new toppings

We make Kraft Strawberry Topping from juicy, red-ripe sliced strawberries. And Kraft Pineapple Topping from sun-ripened golden Hawaiian pineapple. You'll love their appetizing color, their good fruit taste!



TALKING MYNA BIRDS ON CAR AND WIFE'S SHOULDER (FOREGROUND) HELP REPUBLICAN DOC HILL'S STATE SENATE CAMPAIGN IN HAWAII'S FIRST STATE ELECTION

THE UNIQUE HAWAIIAN LOOK IN POLITICS

The most recent and unique U.S. state has a way of living all its own. Hawaiians prefer outrigger canoes to motor boats, have luaus where mainlanders enjoy barbecues and wear Aloha shirts to offices instead of gray flannel suits. Understandably, Hawaii's first federal elections last month had a strong local accent. At rallies, voters appeared in bulky *muumuus*, Hawaii's familiar Mother Hubbards, decorated with candidates' names. The Islands' senior elected official spoke atop a garish old sedan. So many ukulele bands strummed in the background, so many hula dancers wiggled in the foreground that ordinary candidates would have been hopelessly lost in the middle. But not the type of candidate whom Hawaiians favor. The nicknames printed on the ballot—Peanuts Kunihiisa, Big Mice Yoshida, Winkie Shong and Honolulu Loo all ran

for state offices—are an indication of this colorful type of campaigning.

The candidates were clearly representative of the dozens of racial and national groups that populate the islands. Of the 81 winners, 42 were of Asian stock. The Republican-Democratic split proved that party lines make little difference when a candidate has personal charm. Most popular of all was the winner of Hawaii's lone House seat, Democrat Daniel Inouye, Japanese-American war hero of the famed 442nd Regimental Combat Team. Surprise Republican winner Hiram Fong became the first Chinese-American to sit in the U.S. Senate. The other senator, Democrat Oren Long, is a Kansan turned Hawaiian 42 years ago. In the closest popularity contest, Acting Governor William Quinn, an Eisenhower appointee and a fine tenor from the mainland, edged out Democrat John Burns.



COLLAR OF LEIS nearly covers the face of Governor William Quinn as he and wife get huge reception at Hilo. Republican Quinn and running mate for lieutenant governor, James Kealoha, both won.



CAMPAIGN HULA spices a Democratic night rally in Honolulu's waterfront Ala Moana Park. The five-hour-long demonstration included fireworks, water skiing, speeches and songs for crowd of over 15,000.

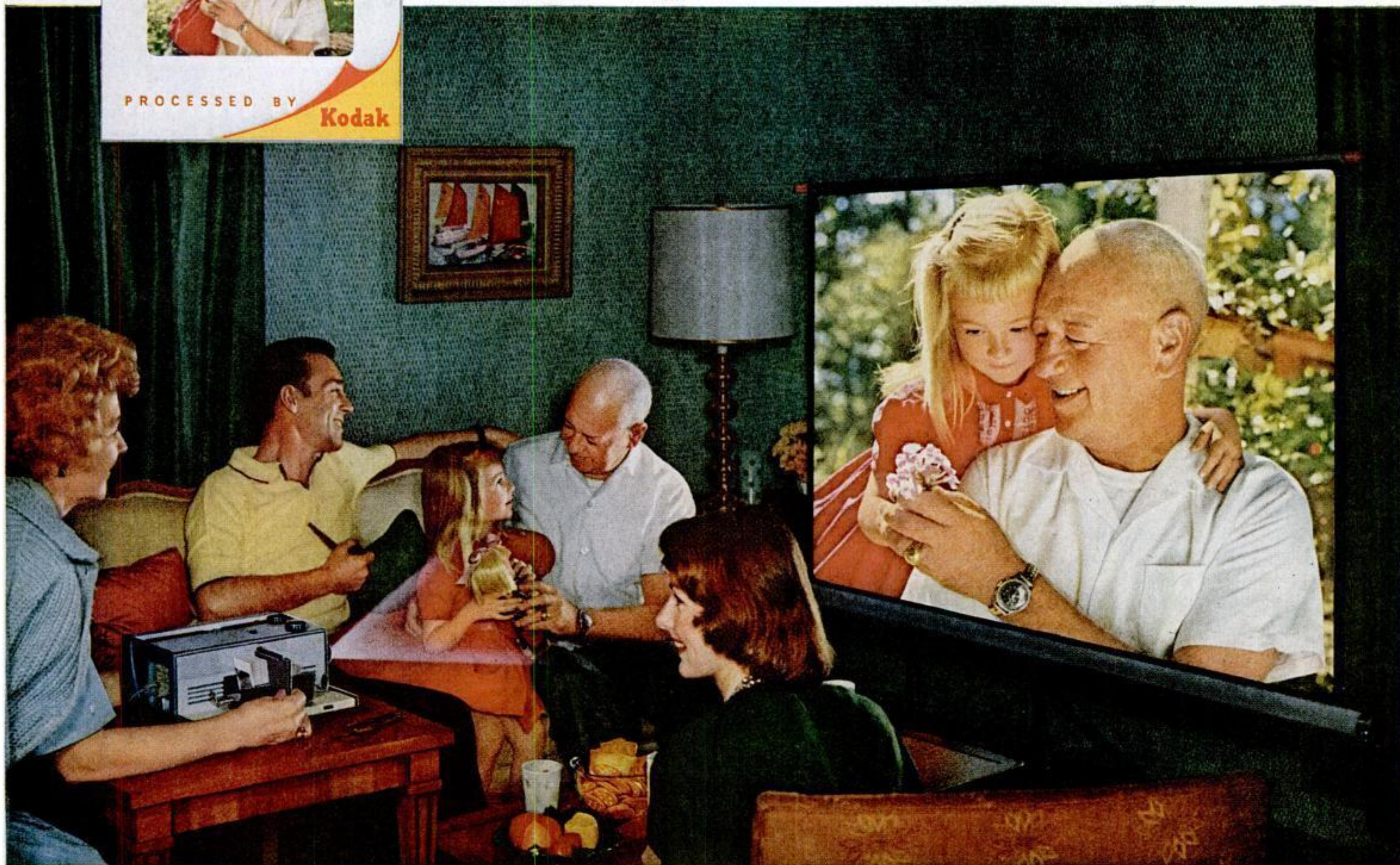
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Save the moments that mean so much to you big-as-life...with Kodak color slides!

It's easy to make time stand still in the biggest, brightest pictures of all!

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exciting shows in *your* living room . . . with 35mm Kodak color slides. You can get started now for as little as \$2.95 down . . . easy as 1-2-3 . . .



1 They're simple with the Kodak Pony II Camera. Pre-set shutter, easy "zone" focusing. Fast f/3.9 lens gets great color slides and Kodacolor snapshots. Ask about trading your camera . . . \$29.50



2 Get all the color with world-famous Kodachrome Film. And ask your dealer about the Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailer which permits you to mail your film to Kodak for processing and get your slides back by mail, too.



3 Show slides best . . . with the Kodak 300 Projector. Compact, lightweight, easy to operate. With Readymatic Changer, \$64.50 or as little as \$6.45 down. (Other Kodak projectors to \$149.50)

Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

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Kodak
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STOP BAD BREATH WITH COLGATE WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!



Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long!
Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!
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Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!

Same wonderful flavor
in the tube or new
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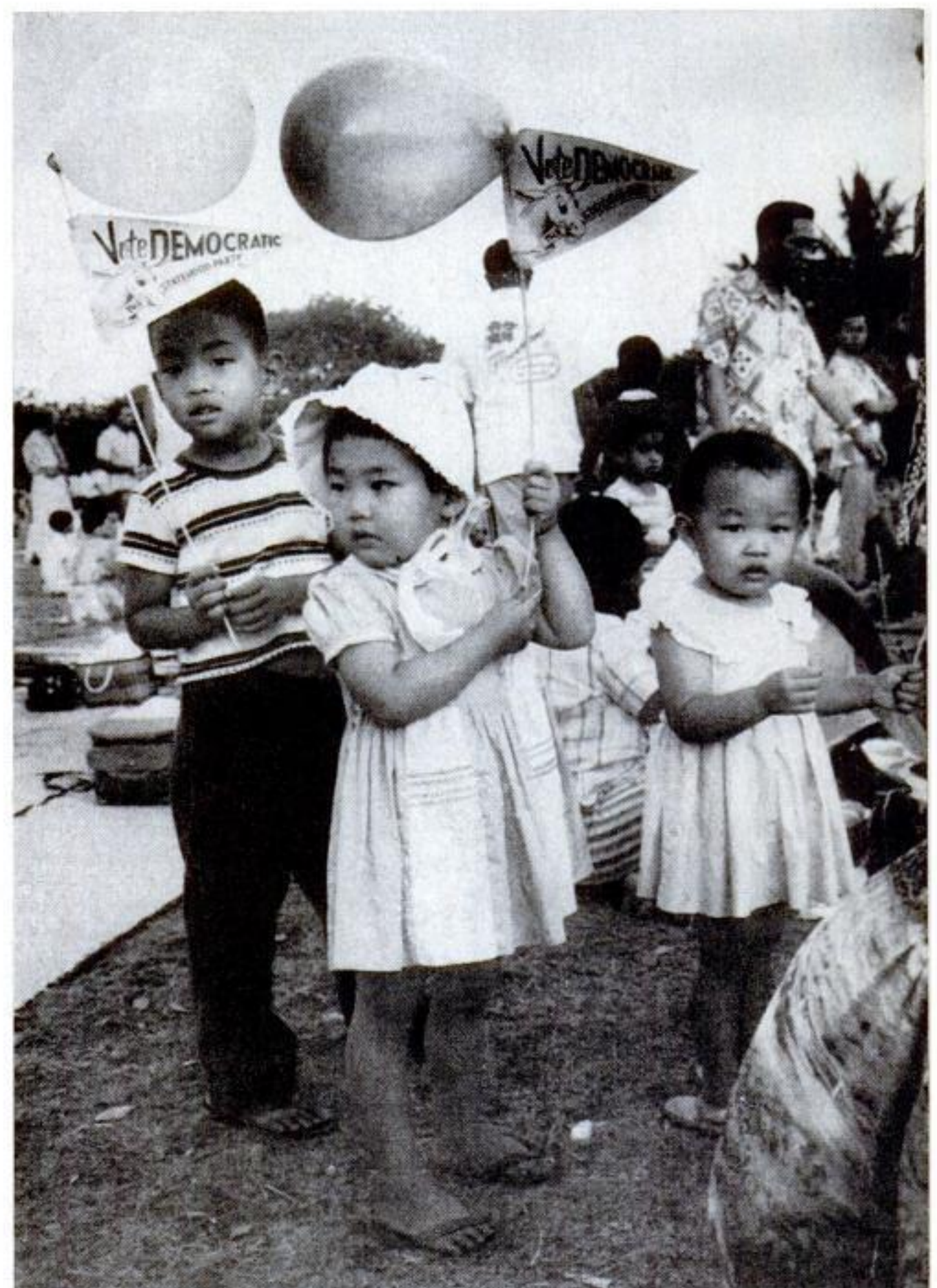
98¢

†TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE... GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAURYL SARCOSINATE. © 1959, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



REPUBLICAN MOTHER HUBBARDS surround Governor Quinn as he bestows kiss at Waikiki. He has appointive control, will name 750 state posts.



DEMOCRATIC HANDOUTS, balloons and banners, are given children. Some candidates kept old Hawaiian political custom of doing hula before speech.



SIMCA ELYSEE

8 good reasons for test driving the new SIMCA (*and, incidentally, owning one*)

We think purchasing a car—domestic or imported—is a serious business. Because it is, we want you to compare SIMCA with all the economy cars on the market today.

1. STYLING. Look at the new SIMCA Elysee above, and the Grand Large hardtop below. Real hefty cars, that look like real, hefty cars. More glass area than any other import in this price class; sports-style grille; chic side trim; recessed headlamps; magnificent paint finish.

2. INSIDE. Soundproofed throughout; plenty of leg-head-and-hip room for five adults. Reclining seats are standard equipment. You also get heater, defroster, automatic choke, electric windshield wipers, turn indicators, and even windshield washers, at no extra cost.

3. PERFORMANCE. There's no contest here. SIMCA's front-mounted engine makes it infinitely superior to rear-heavy rear-engine cars when it comes to handling. Rear-heavy cars

tend to "wander". They exaggerate the effects of cross-winds, and even the slope of the road. A front-engine SIMCA will actually compensate for road pull and side winds, making driving easier and less tiring.

4. EASE OF DRIVING. Long distance driving's a pleasure in SIMCA. The reasons? A flexible 4-speed transmission; easy to work gear lever on the steering column; large-size pedals, properly spaced; deep, foamy adjustable seats. No wonder new SIMCA owners drive more than they used to.

5. WEIGHT AND SPACE. Important considerations when comparing imports. Most of the other leading imports weigh less than 1600 pounds. SIMCA weighs over a ton. Most of the other imports are 4-passenger cars. SIMCA has plenty of room for 5, and all their luggage.

6. INSTRUMENTS. In addition to the speedometer, mileage recorder, conventional fuel

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7. PRICE. SIMCA's lowest priced model beats anything in the world. It costs \$1698*, includes every important extra in the book.

8. ECONOMY. Here's the topper: any SIMCA built can save you hundreds of dollars a year in gasoline alone. In many cases it's enough to cover your monthly payments.

FREE BOOKLET

For the full story on rating economy cars, get your free copy of the informative booklet, "What Values To Look For In Imported Economy Cars." It's important. Tear out the coupon now, so you won't forget about it.

SIMCA PRICES START AT \$1698 *East and Gulf Coast Ports of Entry. Inland freight and local taxes extra.



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This is it! The paper napkin most like linen!

It's linen-firm, linen-lovely—Scotkins® treat you to the richness of a real napkin... never have that limp, flimsy feeling. And there's no shredding, no using two or three! Scotkins are two layers strong! Just like linen, one lasts the meal. Buy luncheon or dinner size in the polka-dot box.

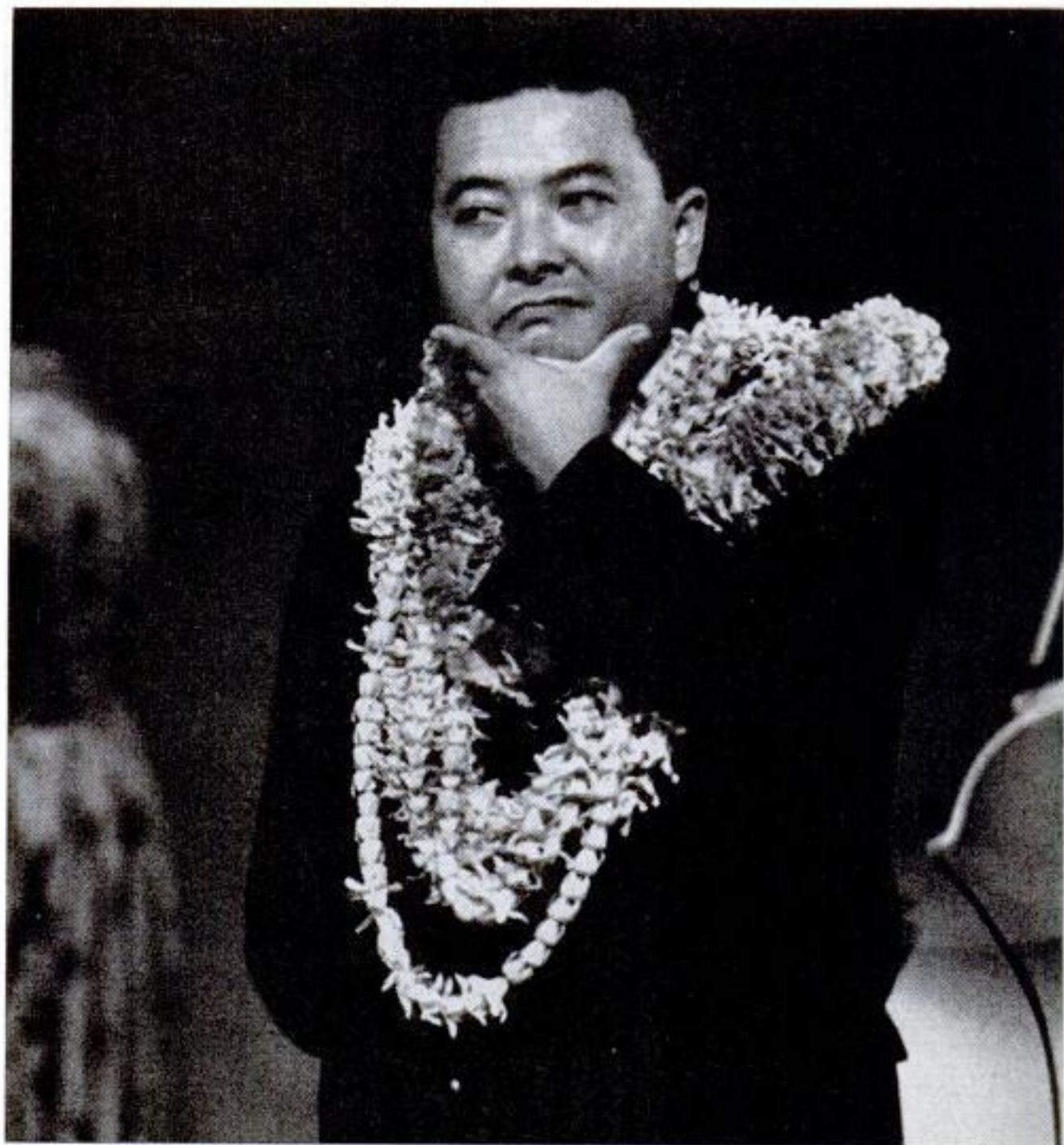
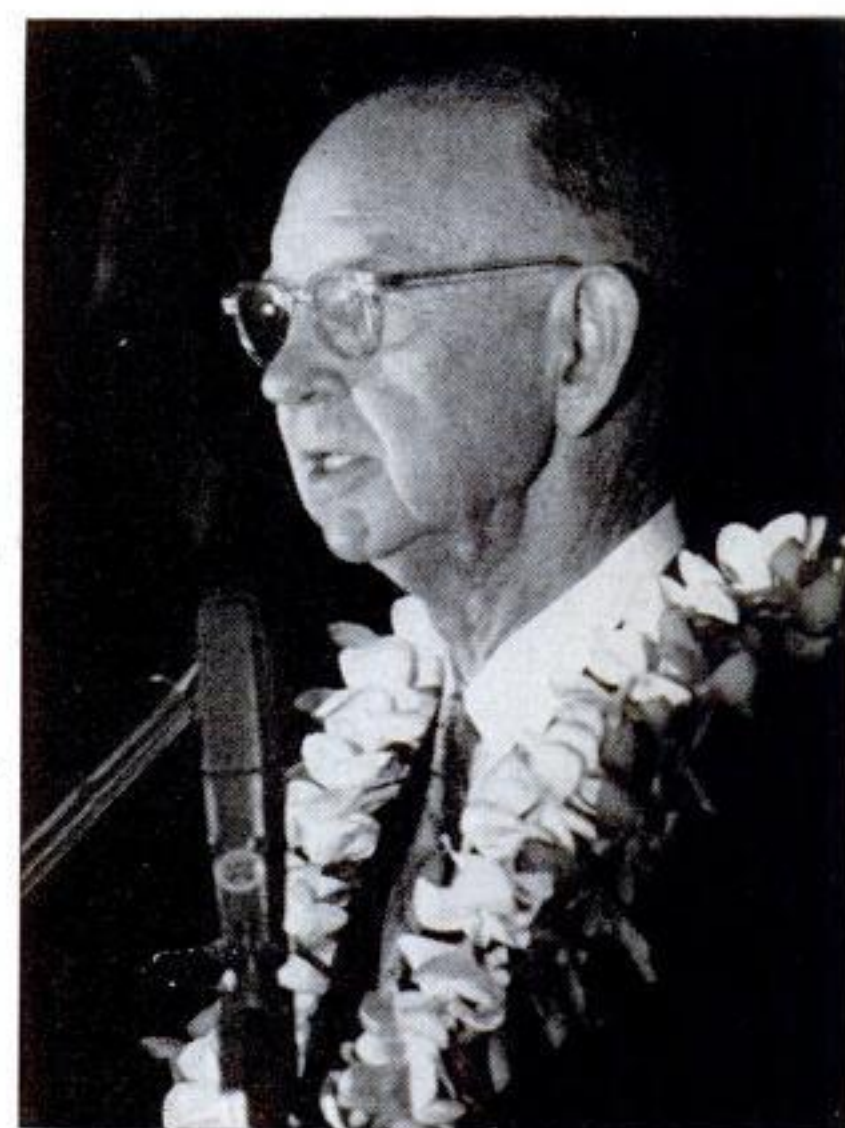


ONE PAPER NAPKIN YOU DON'T NEED THREE OF!

HAWAIIAN LOOK CONTINUED

NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

SENATOR LONG, 70, former schoolteacher and social worker, beat Japanese-American Republican Wilfred Tsukiyama in close vote. As acting governor he handled the acrimonious 1947 pineapple strike, was named governor by President Truman in 1951.



CONGRESSMAN, Daniel Inouye, 34, was a strong choice for the Senate until the Democrats persuaded him to run for the House. He lost his right arm to a German machine gun in Italy in 1945. The popular nisei polled twice as many votes as his rival.



SENATOR FONG, 51, is Chinese, Island-born millionaire. Former Speaker of Territorial House, he was raised in tough Kalihi slum section of Honolulu. Fong was the only major Republican candidate to get support of longshoremen boss Harry Bridges.



© 1959 by Kellogg Company

How can you have a good morning without Kellogg's Corn Flakes?

**“The best to you
each morning”**

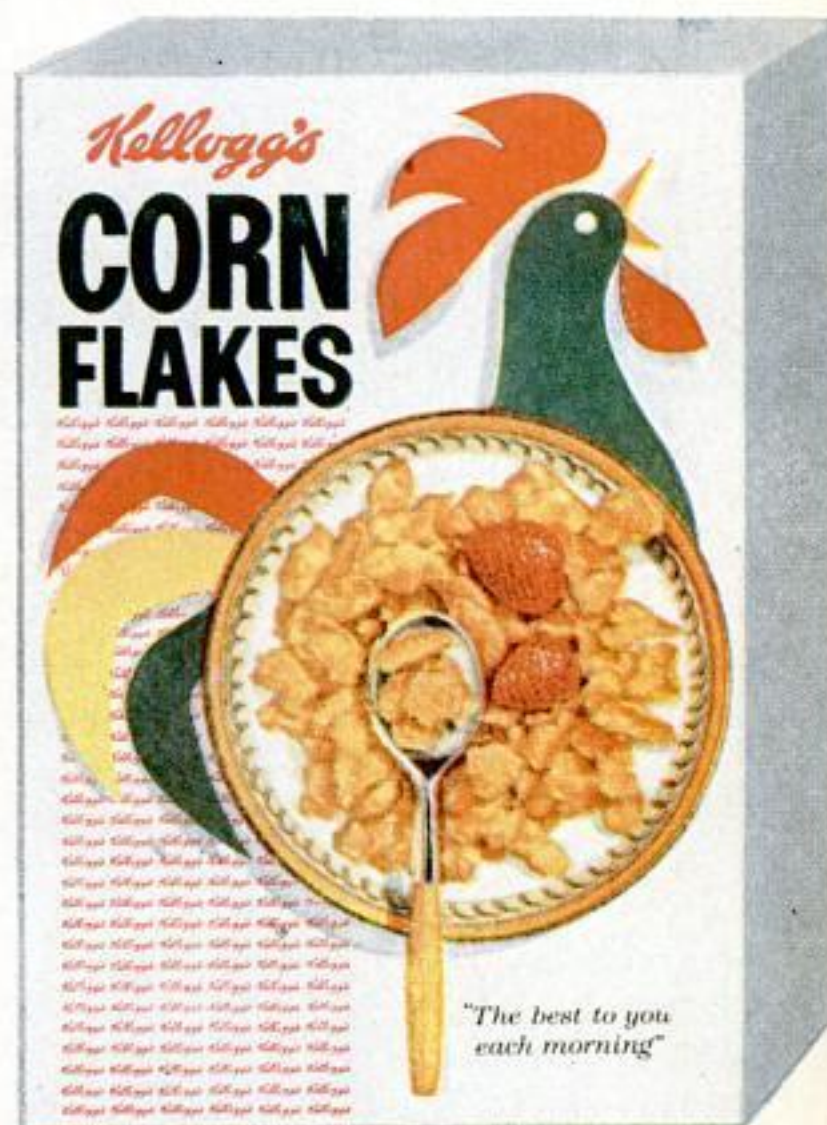
Best liked (*World's favorite*)

... Best flavor (*Kellogg's secret*)

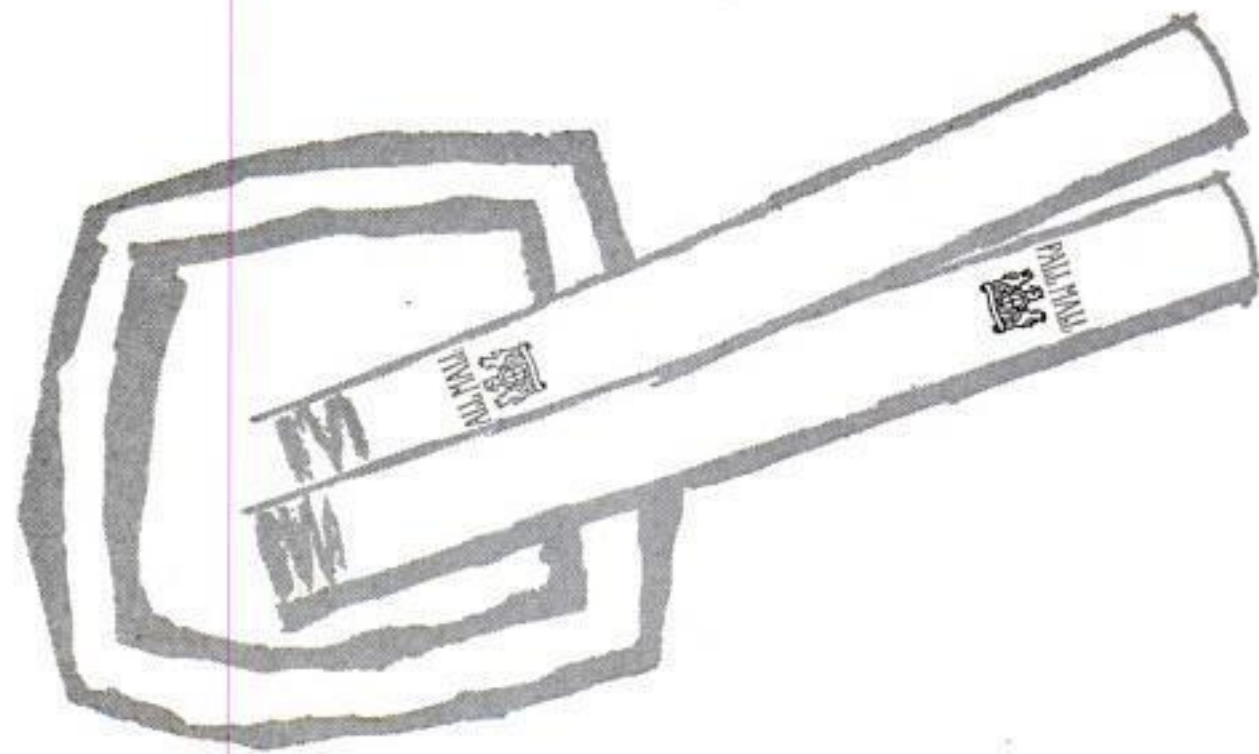
... Worst to run out of

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



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Get satisfying flavor...
So friendly to your taste!

NO DRY
"SMOKED-OUT"
TASTE!

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FLAVOR!

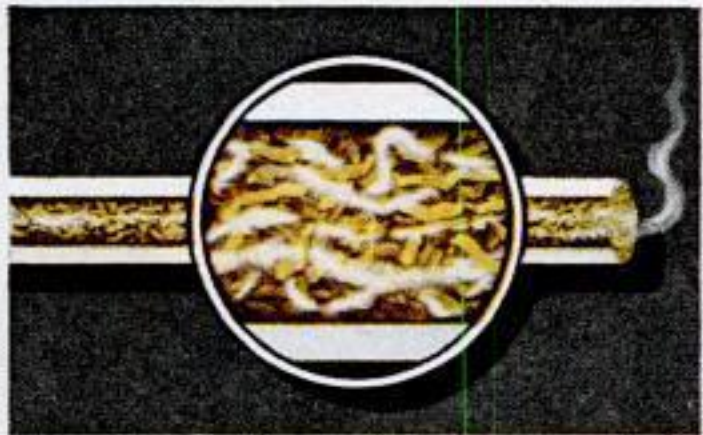
See how Pall Mall's famous length of
fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke
—makes it mild—but does not filter
out that satisfying flavor!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE

You get Pall Mall's famous
length of the finest tobaccos
money can buy.

Outstanding... and they are Mild!

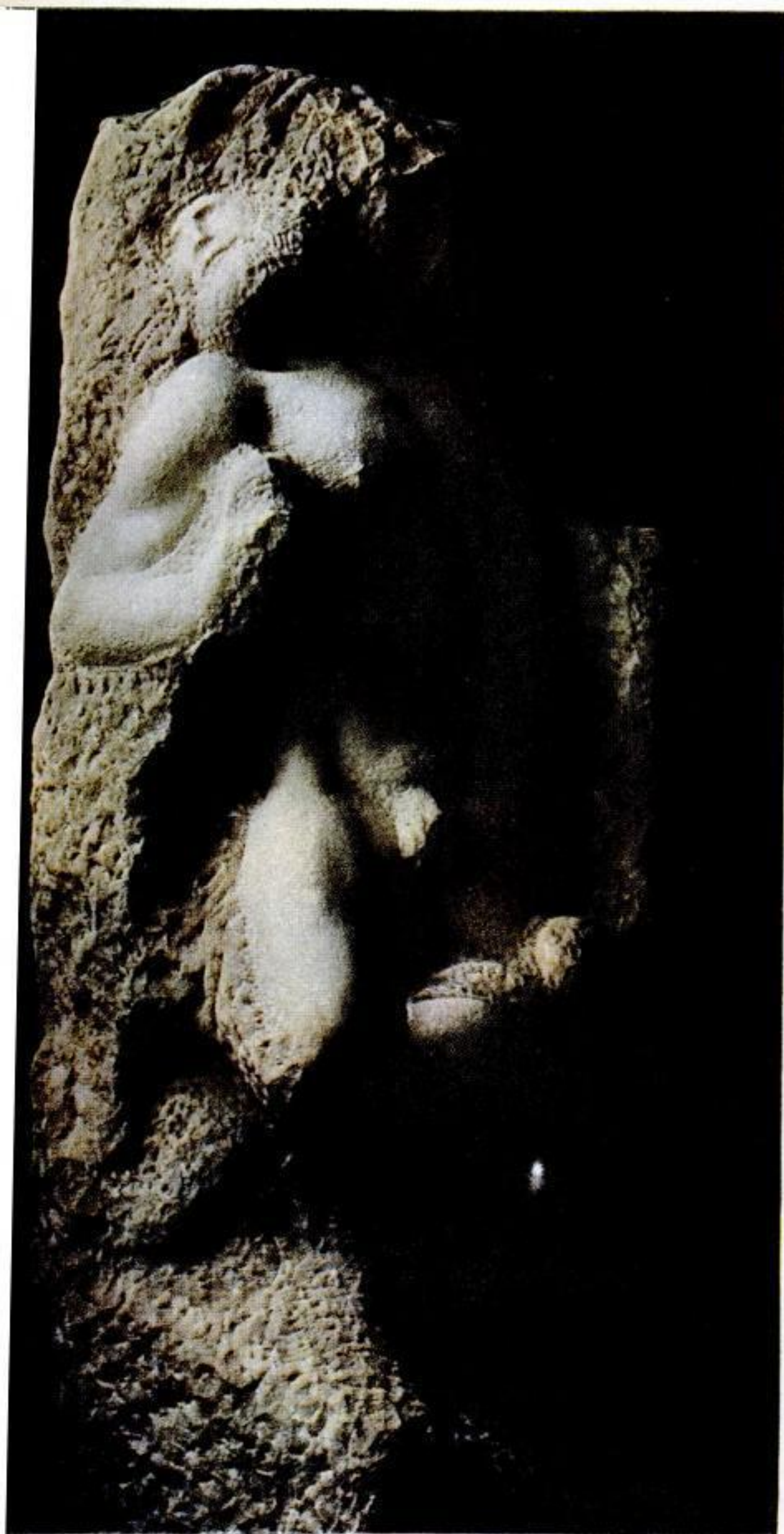


"TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

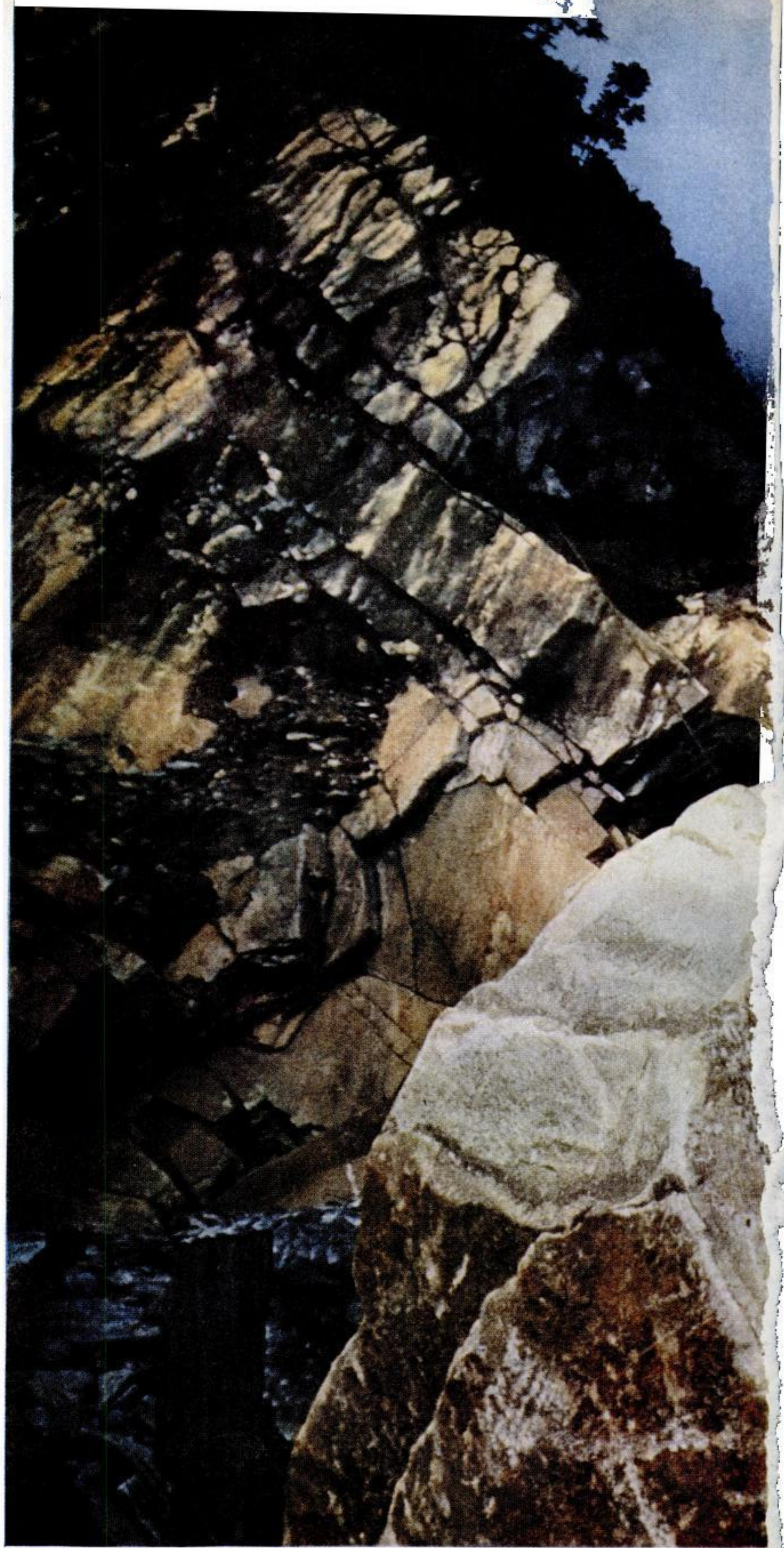
2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!

You can light
either end!



THE raw material for some of the greatest art of Tuscany lay in the famous quarries of Carrara (*right*). At left, emerging from the stone, is Michelangelo's unfinished statue of a slave. "... to break the marble spell," he wrote, "is all the hand that serves the brain can do."

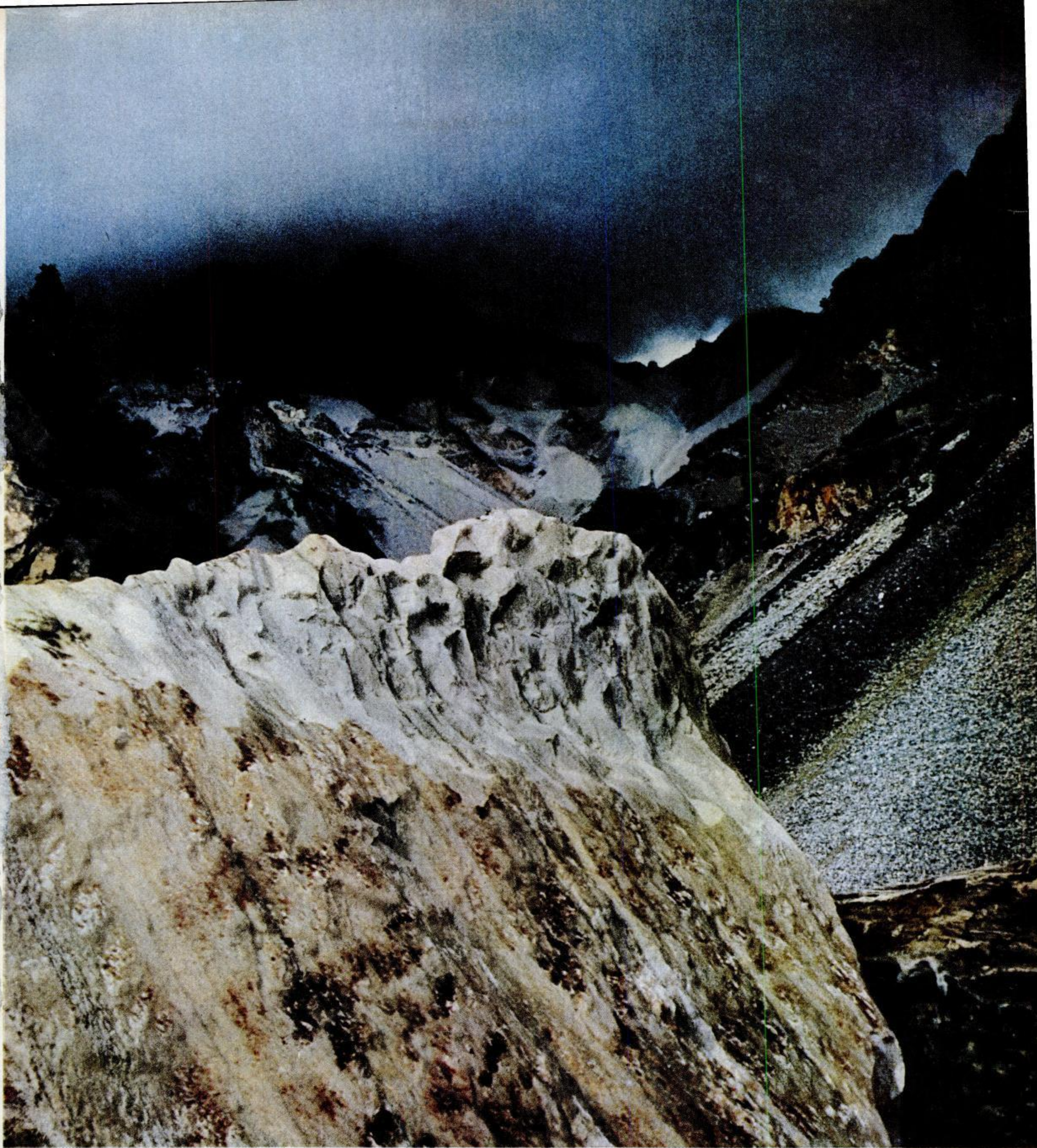


Tuscany: The Renaissance Revisited

AN ITALIAN PROVINCE CRADLED WESTERN GENIUS

Photographs by GJON MILI

Text by LINCOLN BARNETT



*... Shapes that seem alive,
Wrought in hard mountain marble, will survive
Their maker, whom the years to dust return!*

In these prophetic verses Michelangelo, who was one of the greatest poets, painters and sculptors of his time, affirmed his faith in the immortality of art. He was speaking not for himself alone, but for the people of his native Tuscany, whose collective genius initiated the splendors of the Renaissance. This summer once again, travelers from all the world are viewing these splendors, ageless, imperishable, as vibrant with the enchantment of youth as at the moment of their conception.

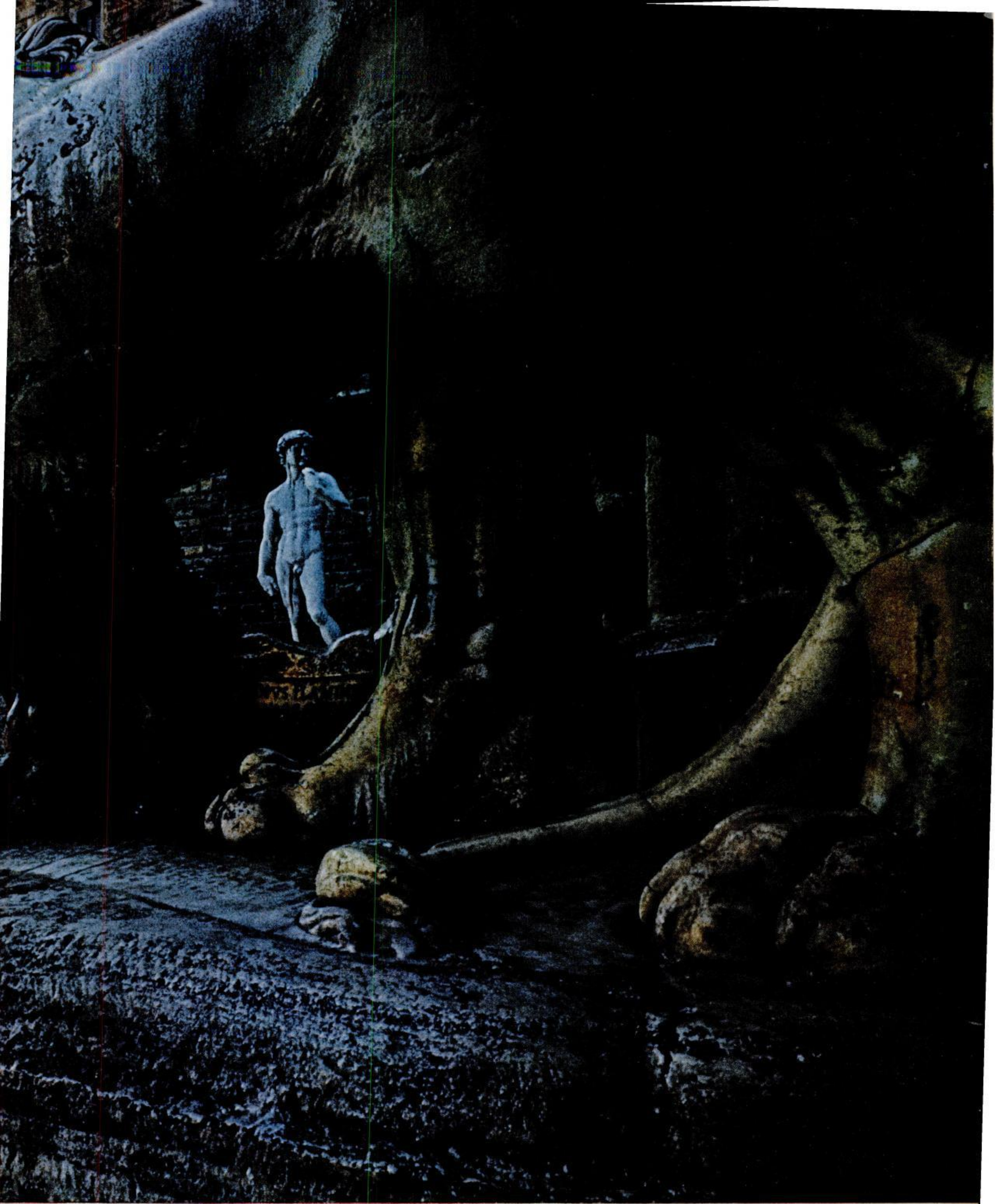
The "Miracle of Tuscany" has been likened to the Golden Age of

Greece, when forces of history combined in mysterious synthesis to kindle a dazzling conflagration of human creativity. Just as the flowering of Attica transfigured the ancient world, so this lovely Italian province, which lies north of Rome, reshaped the thinking and esthetic judgment of the modern world. The Renaissance was the springtide of Western civilization. Tuscany was its seedbed and brightest garden.

In these photographs Photographer Gjon Mili recaptures the visible essence of the prodigious energies which erupted there more than five centuries ago. Appropriately he begins with a living block of Carrara marble—one such as Michelangelo himself hewed from the mountain quarries, and from which giants leapt to life beneath his magic mallet.



THE heart of Tuscan creativity was the rich city of Florence, whose forum, the Piazza della Signoria, is revealed in the tender light of dawn. Great masterpieces of Tuscan sculpture and architecture embellish the periphery of the square. In this photograph the convergence of classical heritage and Christian tradition which produced Renaissance culture is symbolized by Michelangelo's statue of David,



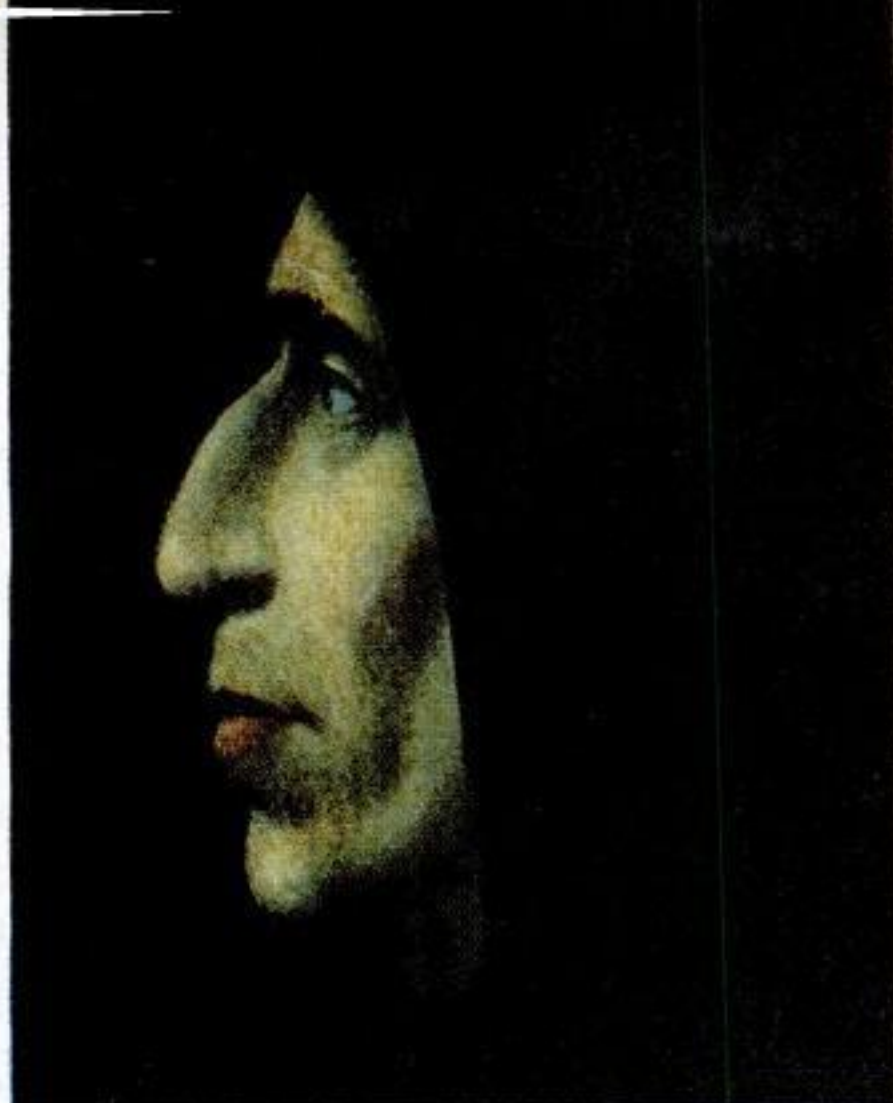
seen beneath the belly of a Roman lion. In the middle distance, across the square, Ammanati's Fountain of Neptune with its surrounding retinue of Tritons and naiads rises against a facade of 15th Century mansions. Most of the great men of the Renaissance were Florentines by birth, adoption or professional association. A pope remarked in 1300 that the universe was made of five elements: earth, air, fire, water—and Florentines.

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SAVONAROLA, depicted by Fra Bartolommeo, fought worldliness and sought a reversion to medieval asceticism. He ruled Florence as theocratic sovereign from 1494–98.

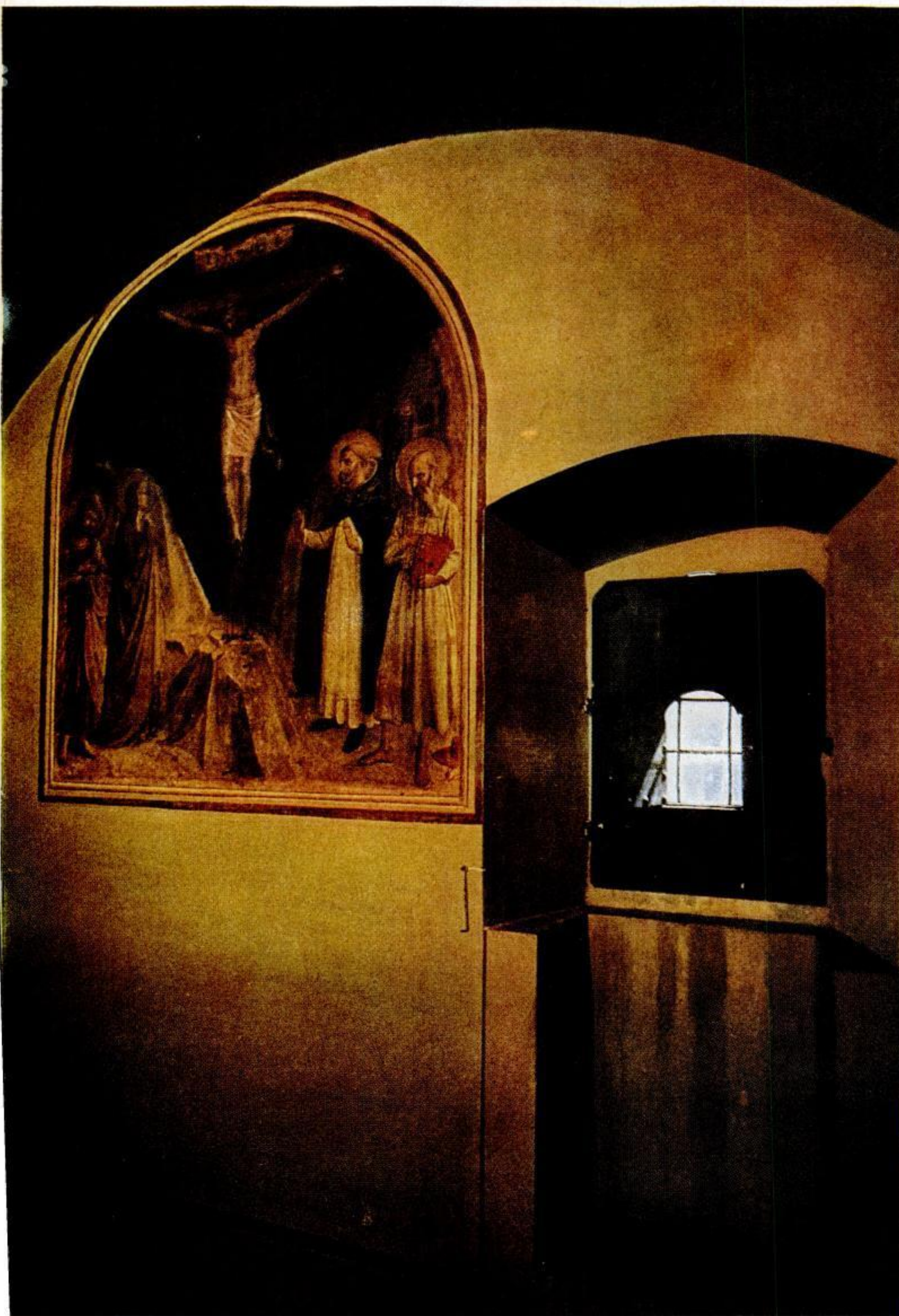
A FRA ANGELICO fresco of the Crucifixion scene adorns a cell in the monastery of San Marco. Here Cosimo de' Medici, shrewd tycoon though he was, retired for meditation.



TUSCANY CONTINUED

The Time of Struggle

Florence was the arena where the conflicts of the Renaissance—between old and new, between the medieval accent on man's fate in the hereafter and the new-found pleasures of the present—altered the history of the western world. Among the galaxy of Florentines whose talents gave the city its brilliance, two stand half in the Middle Ages, half in the new era. Dante (1265–1321) ushered in the Renaissance; he equated the authority of ancient and Christian worlds by choosing Vergil as his guide in the *Inferno*. Two centuries later the grim Dominican friar, Girolamo



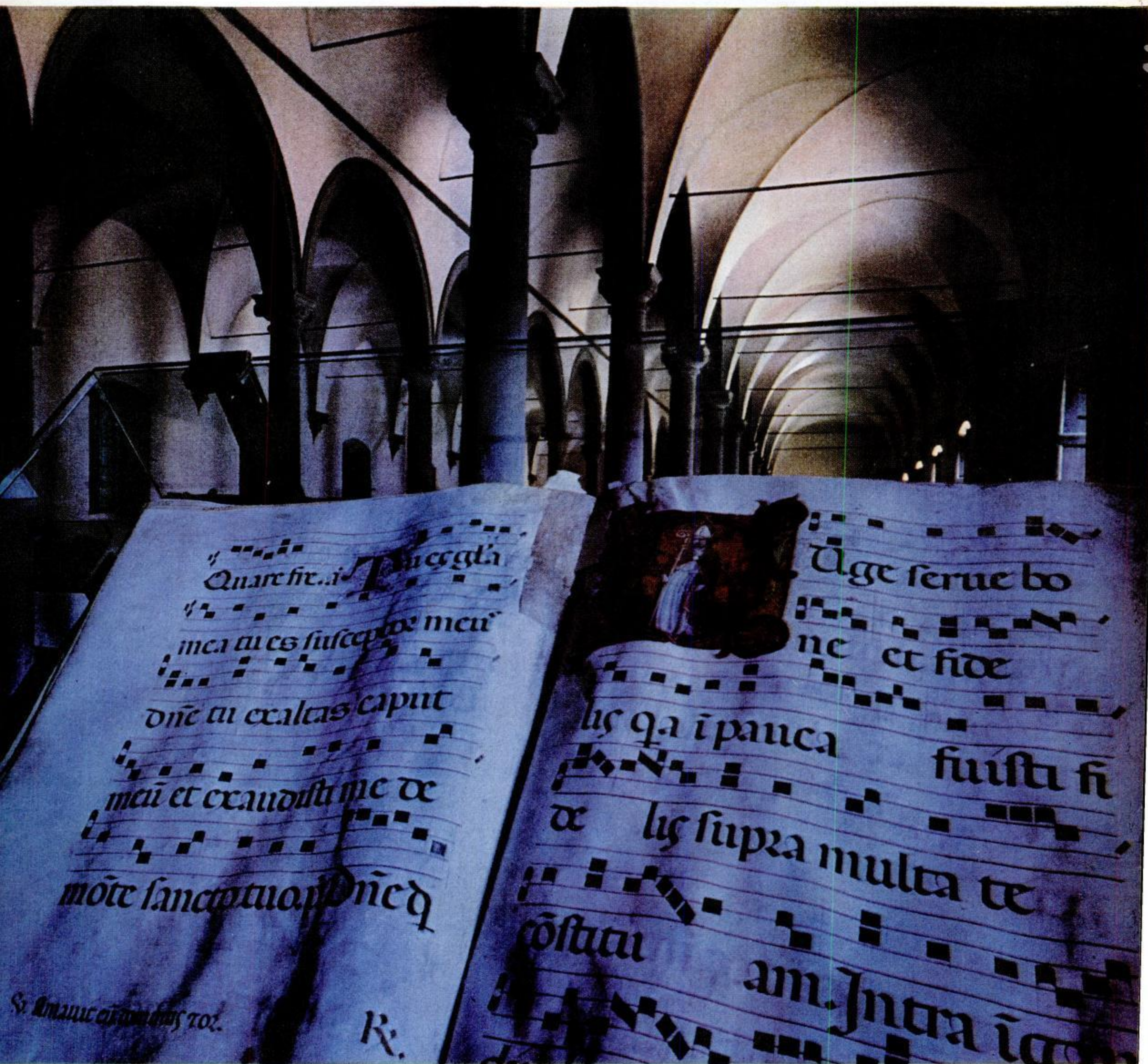
Between Two Worlds

Savonarola (1452-1498), tried to stamp out classic learning and impose an ascetic theocracy. After he had despotically ruled Florence for four years, the city turned upon him, hanged and burned him in the Piazza della Signoria. Even the worldliest of Tuscans sensed the conflict between this life and the next. Cosimo de' Medici was one of history's great financiers. He gave vast sums to charity and endowed the monastery of San Marco (*below*). His great-grandson, Giovanni de' Medici, on his election as Pope, made the remark, "Since God has given us the papacy, let us enjoy it."



THE poet Dante was the torchbearer of the Renaissance. His *Divine Comedy* was the first work written in the Italian vernacular. This mask of his face was made in 1321.

LIBRARY of San Marco was built by Cosimo de' Medici, who loved books and contributed to learning and art. Manuscript has modern musical notations—a medieval invention.



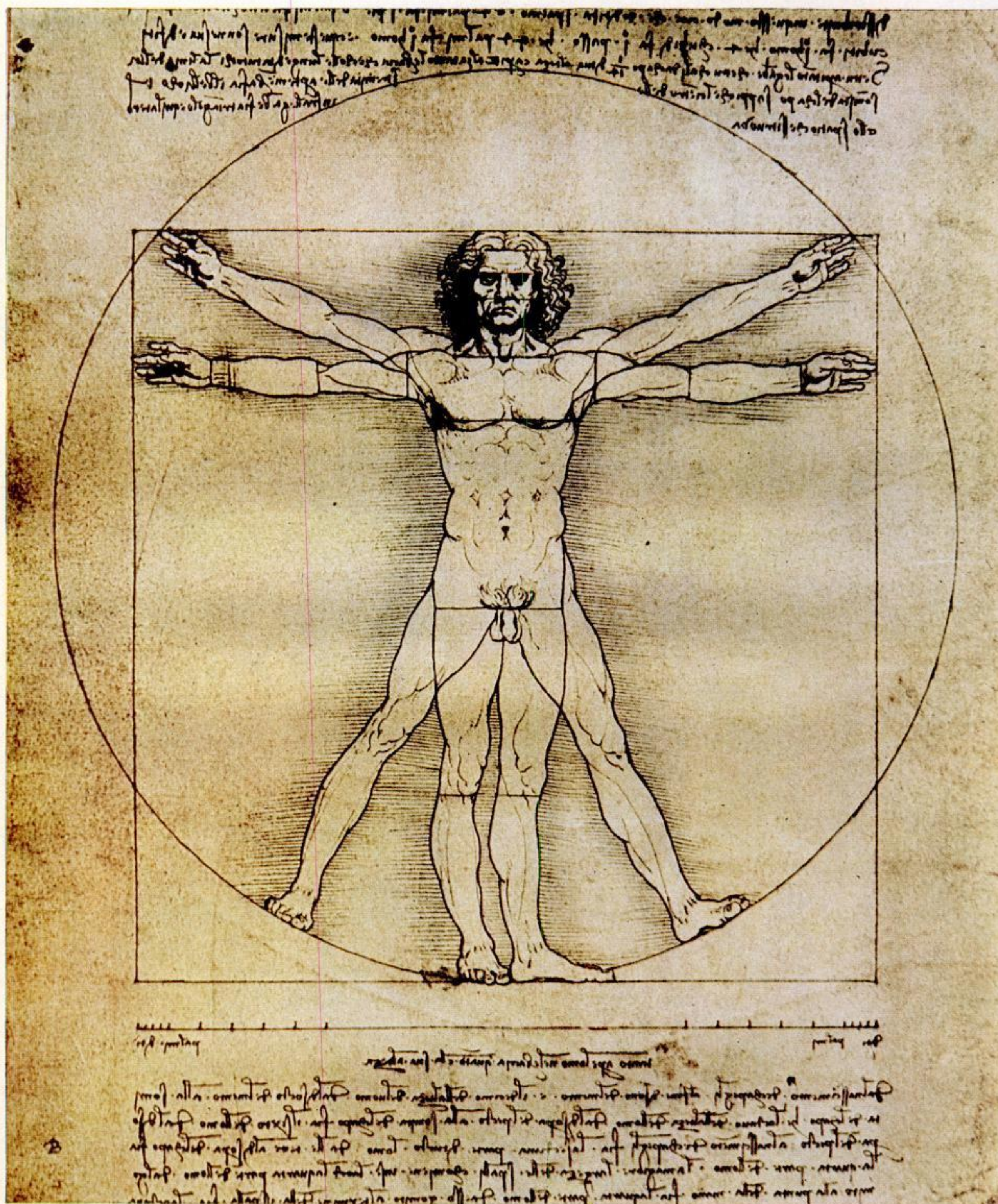
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The Exciting Rediscovery of Antique Beauties

In the realm of art the Renaissance represented a change of focus from heaven to earth. A precept of the Middle Ages held that there was no beauty apart from God. It was only after the rediscovery of classical esthetics that man openly acknowledged the love of beauty for its own sake. Painters and sculptors looked with liberated eyes on the human body and found it a fitting subject for their

art. Leonardo da Vinci analyzed the proportions of man's body in precise mathematical detail (*below*).

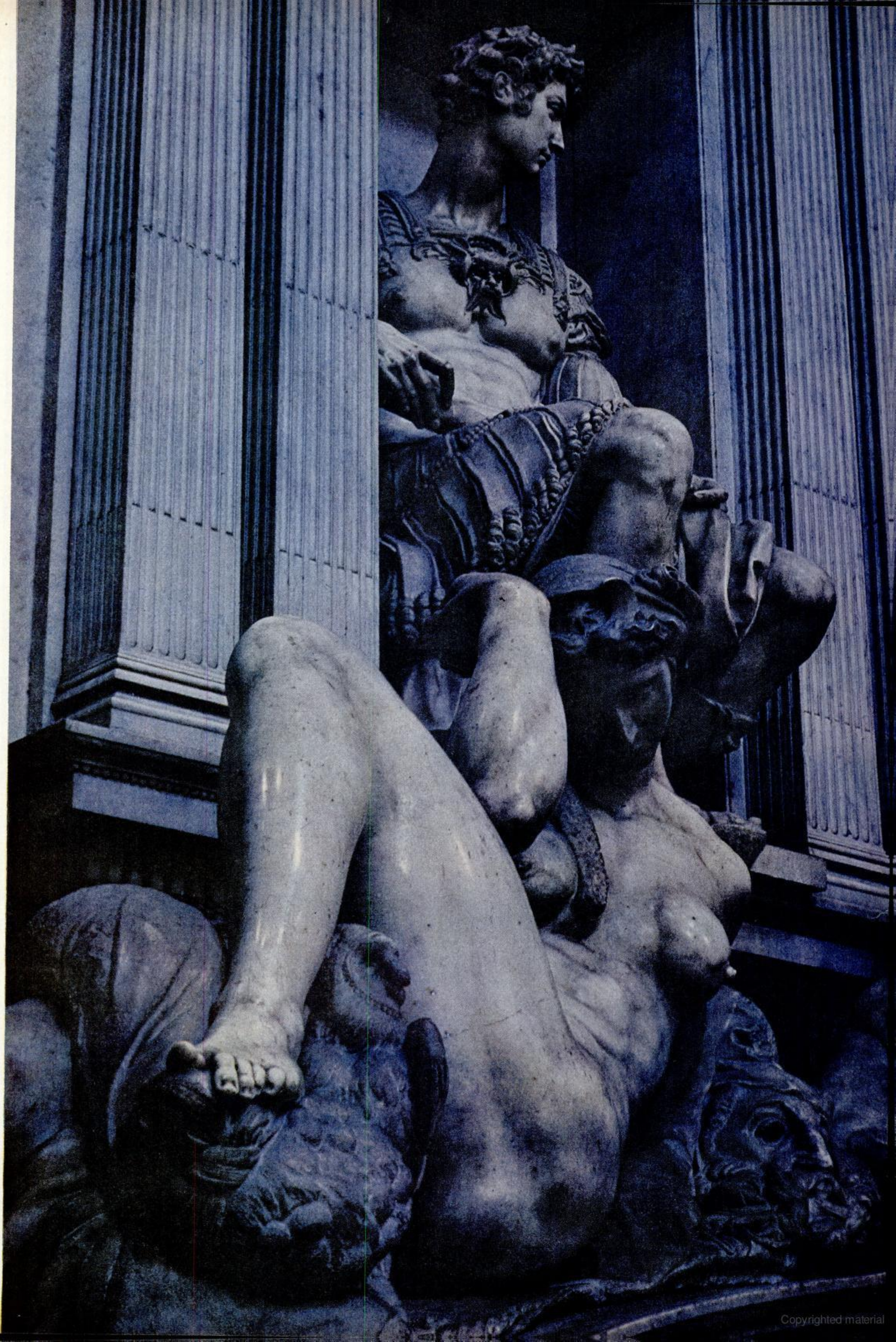
Meanwhile Tuscan architects also drew inspiration from antiquity. But while borrowing classic elements of design, they employed them dynamically, creating exciting new effects of form and space, as exemplified by Michelangelo's Dome of the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo (*right*).



A BODY by Leonardo, from one of his notebooks, illustrates his principle that "the span of a man's outstretched arms is equal to his height." Leonardo inscribed his notes in inverted mirror writing, from right to left, and upside down.

A DOME of the New Sacristy of the church of San Lorenzo is a product of Michelangelo's genius. In its subtle division of areas and forms, it captures the ideal of beauty through proportion rather than ornamentation and creates an impression of expanding space.





The Superhuman Sculpture of Michelangelo

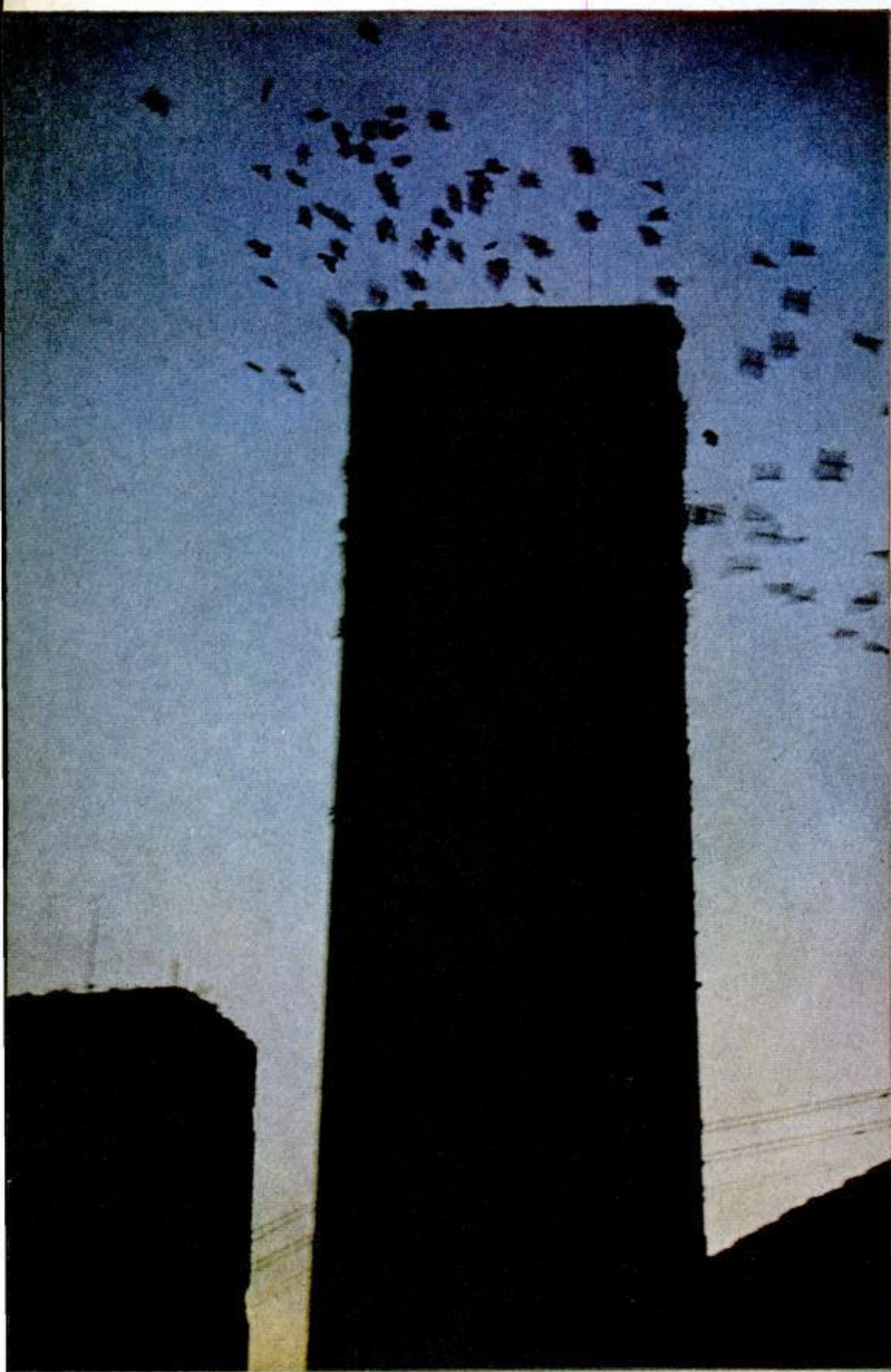
THE tensions of the Renaissance are expressed in this figure of Night, one of four symbolic statues with which Michelangelo adorned the tombs of the Medici in Florence. She reclines beneath the image of Giuliano de' Medici (died 1516), whose sarcophagus she surmounts. Like her companion, Dawn (*at right*), she is represented as a massive woman, female but not feminine, and epitomizing the dynamic treatment of the nude body characteristic of Tuscan art. Sorrowful, Night expresses Michelangelo's sense of tragedy of earthly existence and the blessed kinship of sleep and death. Articulating his pessimism, he wrote: "Dear is my sleep, but more to be mere stone, / So long as ruin and dishonor reign: / To hear naught, to feel naught, is my great gain; / Then wake me not; speak in an undertone."

DAWN stirs on her couch atop the sarcophagus of Lorenzo de' Medici (died 1519). Her awakening is not joyful, but a shuddering return to another day. Both Dawn and Night and their male companions, Day and Evening, are overcome by lassitude and despair. Through their precarious postures, Michelangelo gave form to the tautness of his time and the disquietude in his soul. As a Christian and a lover of freedom he found himself entrapped in an age of disbelief and political turmoil. As an artist he suffered frustration at the hands of capricious patrons. But for all the struggle, the Renaissance was a time when the artist could give full play to his genius. These sculptures mark a pinnacle of Michelangelo's art, and of Renaissance sculpture—a mastery of the chisel attained by the ancient Greeks before him, and seldom since.

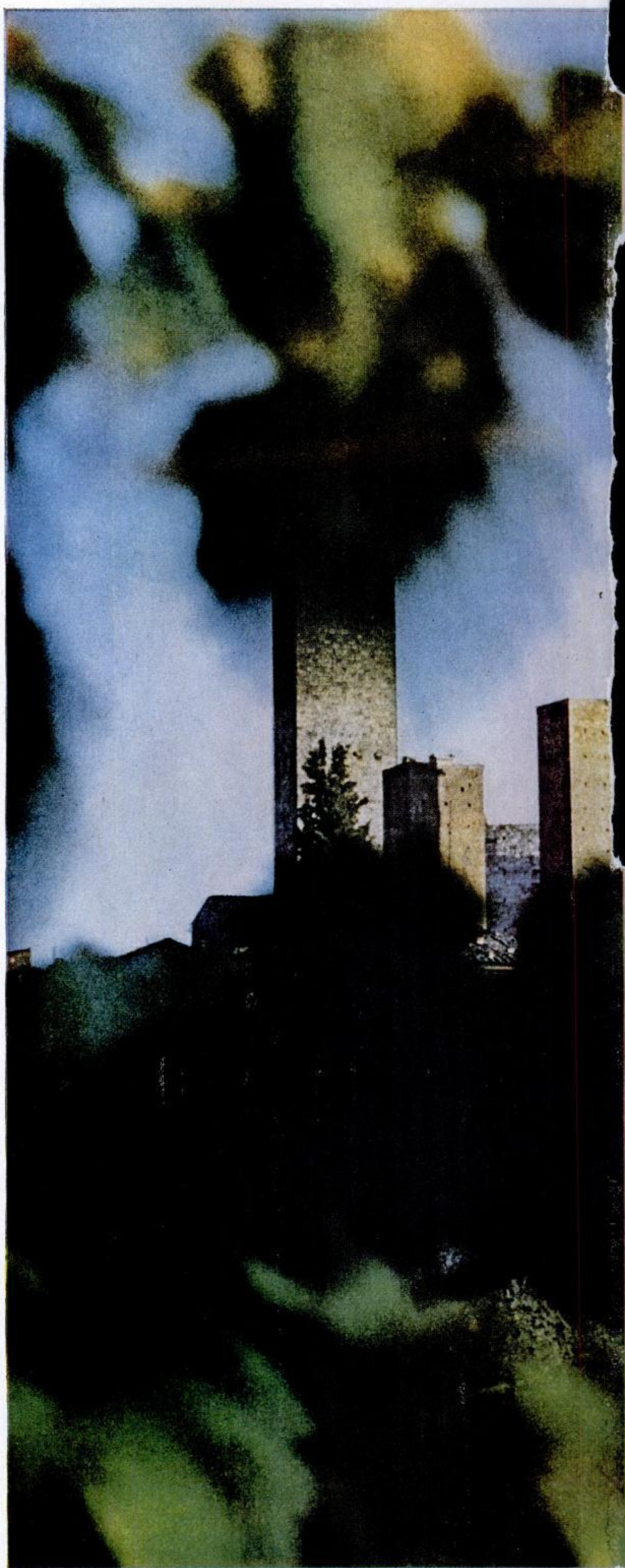


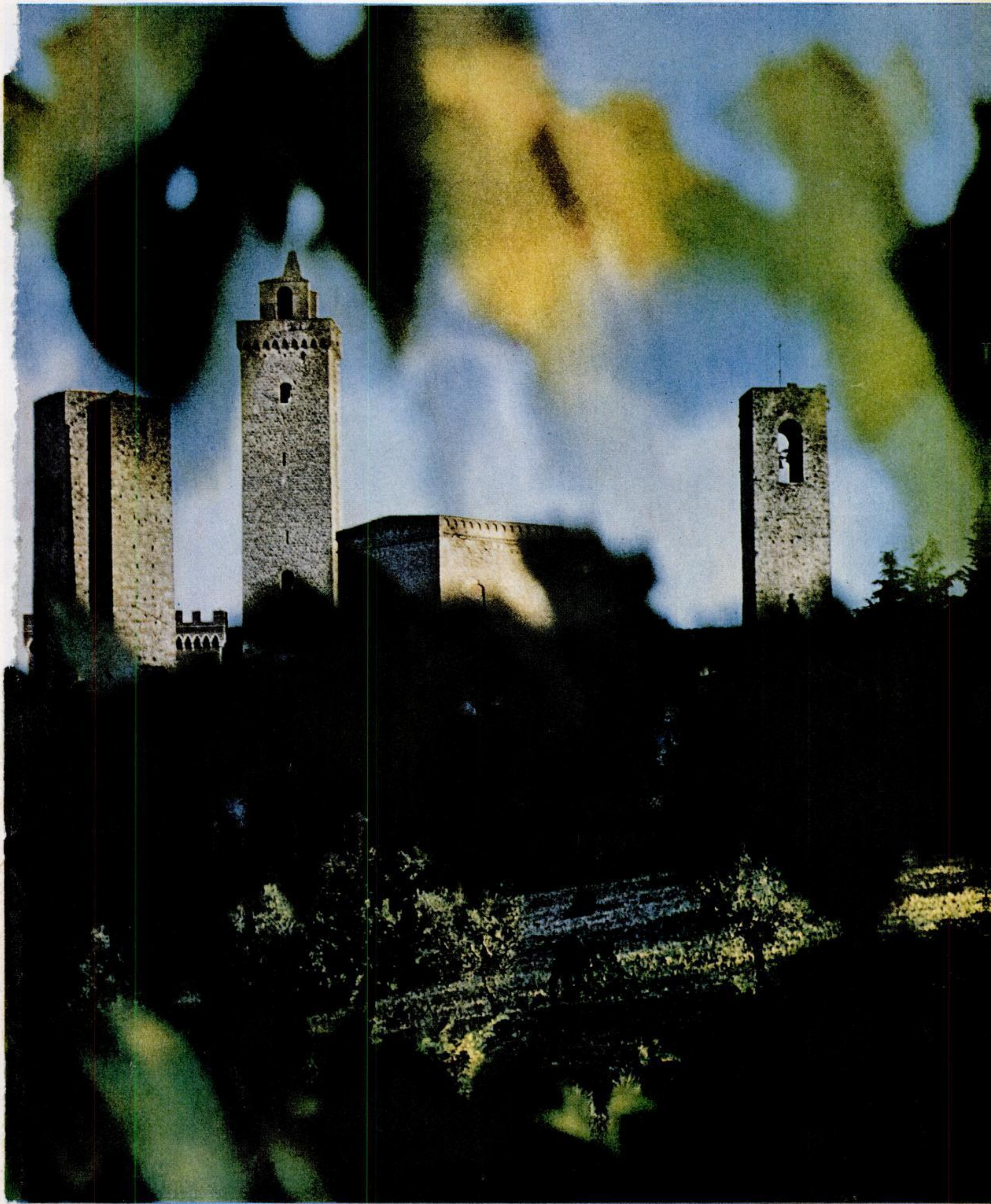
The Soaring Towers above an Enterprising City

The skyline of Tuscany was pierced not by cathedral spires but by skyscraping towers which served their merchant owners as office buildings, homes and fortresses whence they waged war against business rivals. Florence and Pisa bristled with hundreds of such towers, 10 to 15 stories high, and their lordly proprietors were known as *della torre*—"of the tower." Today one can still envisage the Tuscan skyline of the past thanks to the unique survival of the town of San Gimignano. Originally some 72 towers soared from its narrow streets. Now only 13 still stand. Tuscany's turreted cities began to rise around 1,000 A.D. with the growth of urban trade. Within the city walls the operations of commerce were creating new family fortunes and a new social system. But most important, the security and leisure of city life encouraged the growth of those forces of the creative intellect which made Tuscany the incubator of genius.



A TOWER in San Gimignano provides a roosting place for swarms of rooks here fluttering forth at dusk. At right the surviving towers of San Gimignano gleam in the setting sun above the vineyards and olive groves of modern Tuscany. Today, as five centuries ago, the line between town and country is sharply defined.





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NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

The Art of Living into Living Art

THE miracle of Tuscany lies in the fact that one small, rock-ribbed province on the Italian peninsula, not endowed with exceptional resources, became the crucible in which the genius of the Renaissance was forged. How did this come to pass? Why did the fires of the Renaissance ignite so fiercely in Florence rather than in eternal Rome or in Venice, gateway to the Orient and chief entrepôt of the Mediterranean world for 300 years? The answers are involved in the nature of the Renaissance itself.

The Renaissance, popular conception notwithstanding, was not a sudden "rebirth" or "renascence" of classical learning. Classical learning was never entirely lost, despite the long twilight of Athens and Rome and the sequence of barbarian incursions from the north. The Dark Ages were never altogether dark—the very term is a misnomer, coined by some unknown phrasemaker in the exuberant morning of the Renaissance, reflecting contemporary contempt for the restraints of the medieval mind. Even in those dim centuries the texts of the classical philosophers, poets and playwrights were preserved.

Moreover the ruins of antiquity were everywhere visible. As early as 1162 the Roman Senate decreed that "Trajan's column should never be destroyed or mutilated but should remain as it stands to the honor of the Roman people as long as the world endures." Monuments to Latin poets were erected in Italian cities—to Vergil in Mantua, to Pliny in Como, to Ovid in Sulmona. For 1,000 years the Italian people were aware of a consciousness of their past; Rome was their common memory; the fragments of its imperial remains still stood as symbols of authority and order. So the Renaissance was less the rediscovery of a lost antiquity than a reawakening to its beauty and importance. And as a consequence there evolved new and daring aspects of art and thought which changed the world.

The very air of Tuscany and all Renaissance Italy was sharp with a sense of enlarging energies. The relations of man to man, and of man to the universe, were being radically rethought. It was a time of discovery, both of the physical world and its unimagined wonders, and of man's self and his undreamed powers. The world no longer seemed merely a dreary waiting room, a proving ground for the soul, to be endured in expectation of a fairer after-life. Man suddenly became the most important object in nature, an end in himself.

The Tuscans had a long tradition as incorrigible individualists. Their forebears and namesakes, the Etruscans of ancient times, were hard-headed businessmen who worshiped the goddess Fortuna and never allowed themselves to be fully integrated into the Roman Empire. They were the Scots of Italy, proud, thrifty and stubborn.

Throughout the Middle Ages, Florence preserved its identity as a manufacturing town and financial center; by 1000 A.D. its weavers, textile workers and metalsmiths were known as the best in Europe, dominating the markets from Scandinavia to Spain. Its cannier businessmen turned in time to banking and made a good thing of extending credit to land-poor aristocracy at exorbitant rates of interest—which ranged as high as 266% for bad risks like the

CONTINUED



CRADLE of individualists, the hilly province of Tuscany, on Italy's northwest coast, produced most of the great men of the Renaissance. Florence was its political, cultural and financial capital.



"I just had to call you first thing
to tell you how much fun we had!"

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MEN OF AMERICA: MISSILE ENGINEER

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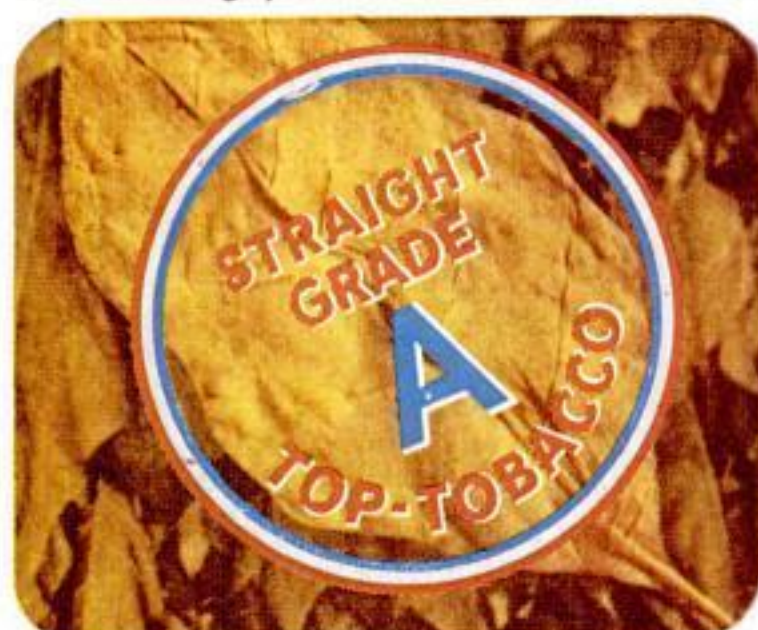
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TUSCANY CONTINUED

English. Foreclosures were frequent. Florentine banks soon held title to many lordly estates in Italy and France. They organized the finances of the Crusades and the Hundred Years' War. They were collectors of papal revenues and bankers for the Church at Rome. Among these the Medicis were comparative newcomers who started out as wool merchants. But they quickly absorbed their competition, built up the family fortune and became the main banking house of Europe. By the end of the 15th Century their branch offices dotted the Continent—24 in France, 37 in the Kingdom of Naples, 50 in Turkey. If Rome, as the seat of church government, was the Washington of its day, Florence was the New York, the brash, blatant money market of the western world. It was called the *fontana dell' oro*—the fountain of gold.

Yet wealth alone can hardly explain the Tuscan miracle. Other societies in other times have prospered without transforming human taste and thought. But the Renaissance witnessed the development of capitalism, which carries psychological as well as economic implications. In Tuscany the capitalist was a merchant prince whose assertiveness extended beyond the realm of business. As soon as he acquired economic power he sought political power too.

Thus the local dictators and the *condottieri* who fought for them split Tuscany into an aggregate of independent city states—Florence, Siena, Pisa, Livorno—incapable of common action, constantly at war. In such a fragmented society it was only natural that each citizen of each city should become self-conscious of his singularity. The medieval view of life as a transitory prelude to eternity appeared implausible in this turbulent, swiftly changing, rich and fascinating world. Man's destiny, it appeared, was subject to his own will.

These new concepts, which we variously call individualism, self-expression, humanism, were compressed by Tuscan writers into a single word, *virtù*, which became the activating ideal of the time. Differing from the English word "virtue" in its disregard for the welfare of others, *virtù* connotes a special kind of manhood, embodying fearless and resolute self-fulfillment, the achievement of personal grandeur, and the attainment of one's ends without faltering, scruple or regard for the rules of society. It implied not merely rugged, but rampant, individualism. The exponent of *virtù* had but a single concern: himself. Its best analyst was Niccolò Machiavelli, astute observer of the Tuscan political scene, who set forth in his masterwork *The Prince* his conviction that the special compound of energy and ruthlessness embodied in *virtù* was a prerequisite of the successful ruler.

The master goldsmith and professional rake, Benvenuto Cellini, was perhaps the supreme (and certainly one of the most objectionable) exemplar of *virtù* as a code of conduct for artists. In his own life he extrapolated self-expression into wild, unbridled license. Murder and assorted acts of violence he records in his autobiography with enormous relish and no suggestion of remorse. Although a lack of inhibition may beget sin as well as art, many of the great Tuscan masters were devout adherents of the Church. For example, Botticelli, who had few rivals in the explicit treatment of pagan themes, cast his nude studies into Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities in 1497.

Art conquers nature

NEITHER *virtù* nor prosperity, however, can account for that element of the Tuscan miracle which has been most cherished by modern man—the "beauteous art, which, brought with us from heaven, will conquer nature," as Michelangelo said. In the last analysis it was the Tuscan love of beauty which engendered the great paintings, sculpture, poetry and architecture of the Renaissance. For all their violence and savage fury, the Tuscans were enraptured with beauty. They saw no paradox in the flowering of art from blood-soaked soil. Beauty was not the birthright of the privileged few; it was a universal heritage, a social necessity, a spiritual food. Works of art were not hoarded for the pleasure of the single connoisseur but displayed for all to see. The line between art and ordinary craftsmanship was not drawn as it is today; the workaday stonemason was a sculptor. Expressing the Tuscan attitude toward art as public property, the artist Ghirlandaio, who was Michelangelo's teacher, once declared, "I wish they would give me the walls of Florence to paint the whole circuit with stories."

The inspiration underlying the instinctive Tuscan response to beauty is manifest in the noble and delicate Tuscan landscape whose contours and colors fall into such harmonious patterns as to suggest that an artist, rather than natural forces, executed their design. The rocky structure and clean angles of the Tuscan hills, the purity of light and transparency of the air, the chiaroscuro of vineyards, cypresses and pines all combine to create a domain of beauty supremely endowed to foster a nation of artists. Familiarity did not make the Tuscans indifferent to the natural beauty around them; on the contrary it heightened their sensibilities, sharpened their esthetic judgment and inspired them to strive for beauty in even the humblest crafts. As a historian of the

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TUSCANY CONTINUED

Renaissance has observed, "They made a living art out of their art of living."

At a time when the great Genoese and Venetian mariners were setting out to explore the uncharted reaches of the globe, Tuscan artists and writers were beginning to examine their environment on a smaller scale, looking with inquisitive eyes on the work of nature and studying its details. The painters limned nature as they saw it, imbuing even their religious subjects with a sense of everyday experience, familiar landscapes and the minutiae of secular life. The new realism also transformed portraiture. Christ became a living man, sensate and suffering, rather than a two-dimensional abstraction. And in the work of the many artists who painted both religious and pagan themes, angels and nymphs looked very much alike, as did Venus and the Virgin Mary.

There has rarely been a time when the artist and his creations enjoyed such popular esteem. Something close to the public attitude was summarized by Cosimo de Medici in brushing off criticisms of the artist-monk Fra Filippo

Lippi who was eccentric, lazy and notoriously licentious—he had children by the pretty blond nun who was the model for some of his pretty blond Virgins. "Geniuses of such excellence," said Cosimo, "are celestial beings and not souls to be harnessed."



DA VINCI was the supreme exemplar of the all-round, completely versatile *l'uomo universale*.

Out of the Tuscan flowering there emerged on earth a new kind of man—*l'uomo universale*—for whom versatility was the essence of life. Of these, by far the greatest was Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)—artist, sculptor, writer, architect, musician, philosopher, scientist and engineer—perhaps the supreme genius of all time. Apart from his achievements in the arts, he gave evidence that had he concentrated on science and invention alone he would have known no rival in human history. Independently of Galileo he asserted, "*Il sole no si muove*"—"The sun does not move." Long before Harvey he knew that

the blood does move. He anticipated Newton by 200 years in his understanding of astronomy and gravitation. He anticipated Einstein by more than 400 years in his conjectures on the nature of time. He was the leading anatomist, physiologist and experimental biologist of his day (pp. 56, 57).

As a military engineer in the service of Cesare Borgia and the Duke of Milan, he conceived and designed in specific mechanical detail such implements of modern warfare as the airplane, the submarine, the armored warship, the armored car, the portable bridge and the tank (of which he remarked, "these take the place of the elephants"). Yet Leonardo hated war. For this reason he never made public the essential machinery of his submarine, explaining, "This I do not publish or divulge, on account of the evil nature of men, who would practice assassinations at the bottom of the seas by breaking the ships in their lowest parts and sinking them together with the crews who are in them."

Never before or since has humankind procreated such a myriad-minded man. "I wish to work miracles," he once remarked. In many ways Leonardo was a miracle himself, yet only the transcendent and most inexplicable creation of the Miracle of Tuscany.



SINGING choristers, a relief panel in Carrara marble, was wrought by Luca della Robbia for the cathedral in Florence. The dynamism of Renaissance art shows itself in small details—swelling of the choir's throats, the movements of their lips.

"RC?
Definitely!"



Like mother, like daughter! Both prefer today's RC... the fresher refresher! Sprightly bright... with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. (Made from fresh protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup.) Enjoy ice cold Royal Crown Cola. Delicious!

You'll prefer  the *fresher* refresher



RECLINING ON DIVING BOARD OF POOL ON HER GRANDMOTHER-IN-LAW'S ESTATE, MAY BRITT STUDIES SCRIPT. SHE IS VERY CHOOSY ABOUT ROLES. ONCE SHE

May Britt: sultry with a quiet way

Days, for Sweden's strange and lovely May (but pronounce it My) Britt, 23, begin with a large cup of coffee, drunk slowly, while lash by lash her big, blue, catlike eyes open. Pulling a peignoir over her nightdress, she hurries out to the tennis court, arriving at complete wakefulness by smashing balls against a backboard. Afterward come the hours of hard work in 20th Century-Fox's studio, with occasional afternoons off for poolside meditation. Weekends she visits her husband, a Stanford student.

It is a lonely life but May—all sultry sex and sin in the movies, all studious and reserved in real life—is an odd girl. Sometimes she does startling things. Once she cycled the 425 miles from the Stanford campus in Palo Alto to her home in Bel Air in five days. She drew whistles enough, but the truckdrivers little suspected that under the sunburn and grime pedaled one of the most glamorous girls in movies.

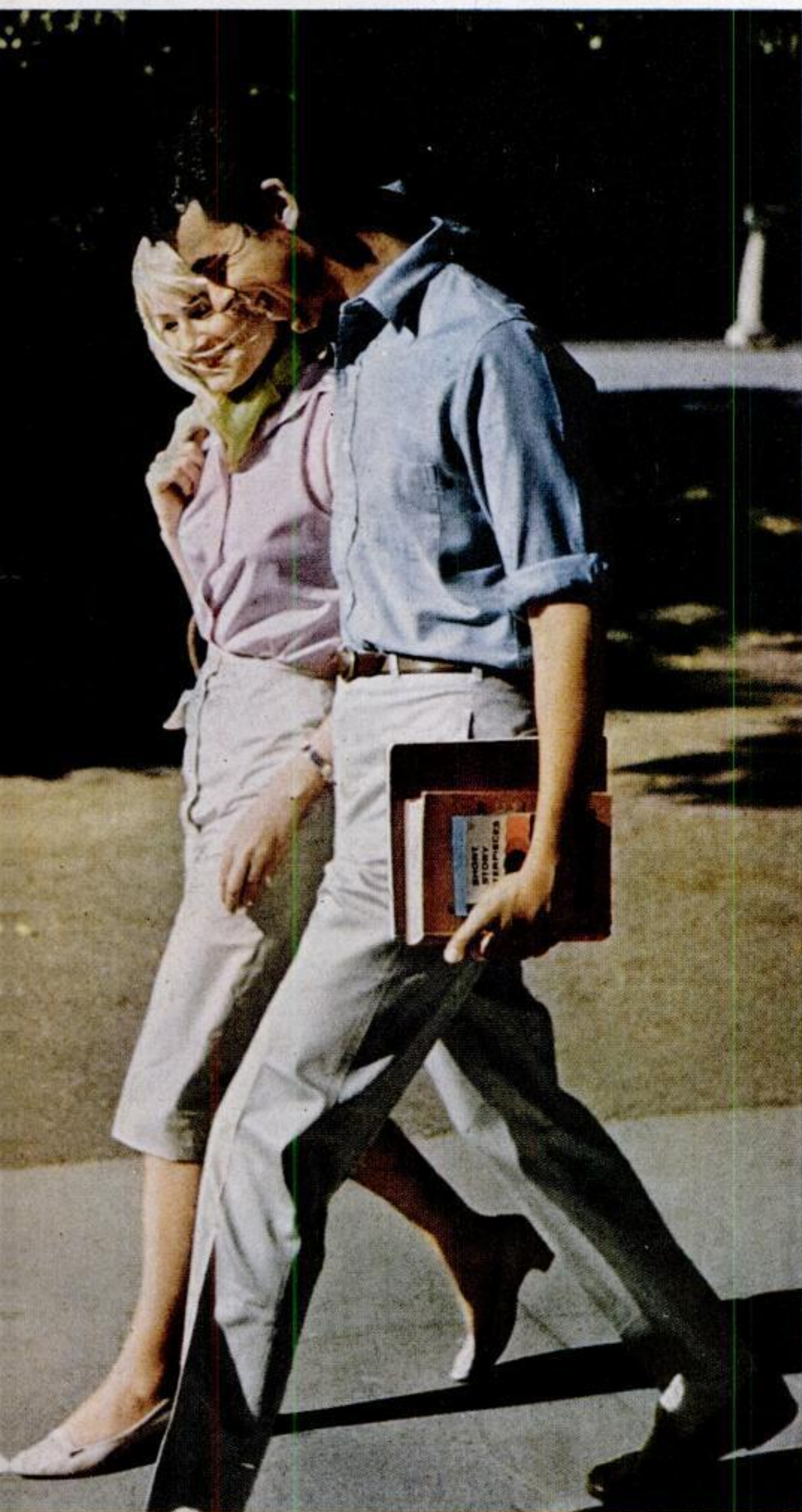
Nowadays people compare May to Garbo because she is shy and Swedish, to Dietrich because she has long, long legs and stars in the remake of Marlene's 30-year-old masterwork *The Blue Angel*. But May is a personality in herself, with an unforgettable face and a way of having fortunate things happen to her. She was retouching photographs in a Stockholm studio when Carlo Ponti saw her and signed her up for Italian pictures. She was playing small parts in Italy when Buddy Adler, production chief at 20th, signed her for the American movies. In America she found a serious kind of boy, much like herself. She married him. And he turned out to be heir to millions.

← **WAKE-UP WALLOPS** are May's morning exercise. She hits ball at backstop before going to work.





ACCEPTED A SUSPENSION RATHER THAN DO A DISTASTEFUL PART



ON WEEKEND VISITS May and her husband, Eddie Greggson, member of wealthy Southern California family, stroll the campus at Stanford.

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CLEAN...
CLEAN...
CLEAN...

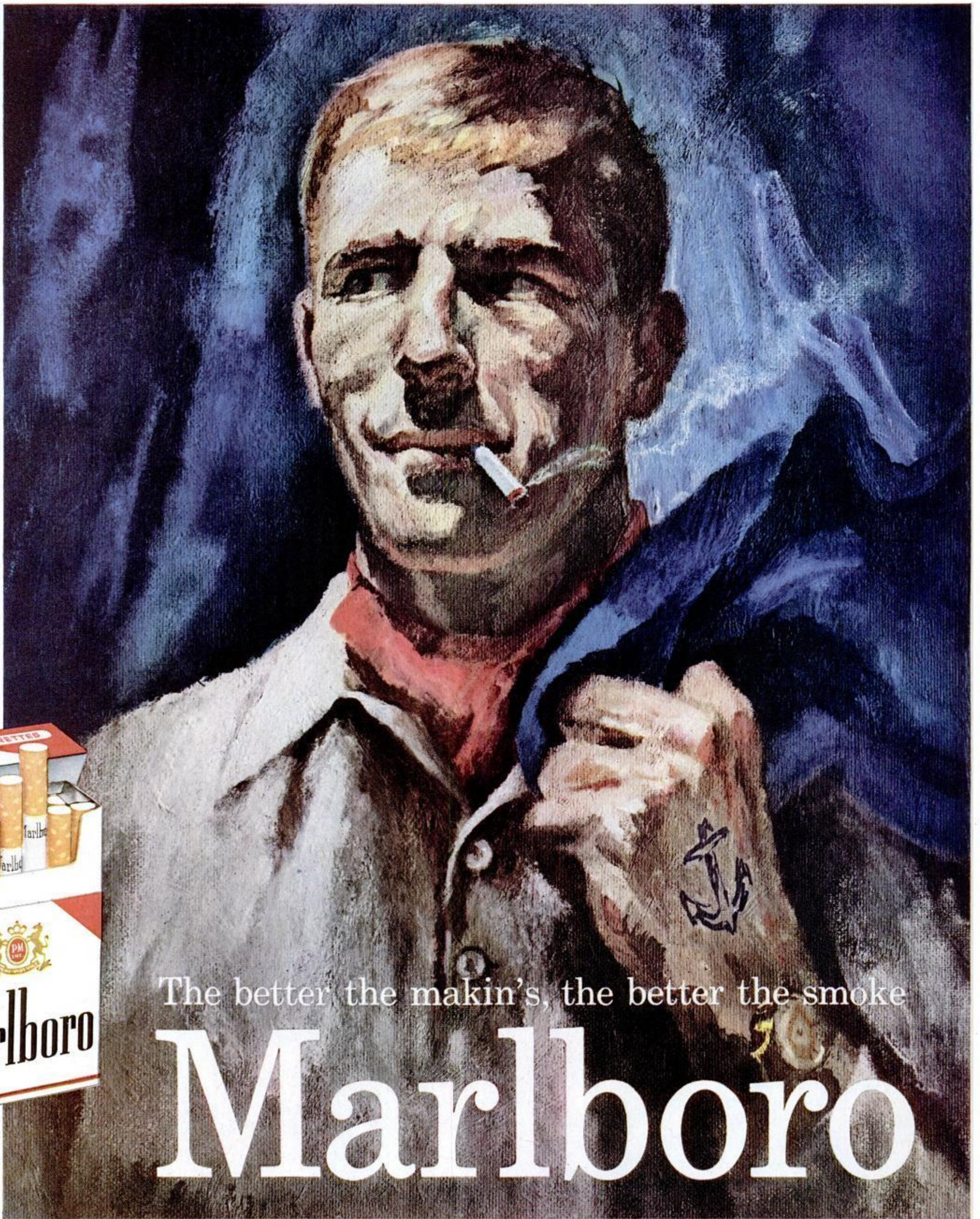
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you get when you
make your Tom Collins
with clean-tasting

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IN "THE BLUE ANGEL" May, at edge of stage, plays Lola Lola, the faithless singer who lures Schoolmaster Rath (Curt Jurgens, above, left) to destruction.

Although this movie softens cruelty of earlier Von Sternberg version, it includes classics like song *I'm Falling in Love Again* which made Marlene famous.

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POET'S TRIBUTE TO SPUNKY WOMENFOLK

Proud father tells how his girls outgamed convict pair who held family captive

On Aug. 3 Poet Paul Engle, his wife and daughters were held captive in their summer home at Stone City, Iowa by two convicts who had escaped from Anamosa Men's Reformatory, four miles away. This is the poet's story of how his family coped with the eight-hour ordeal.

by PAUL ENGLE

YOU walk into the kitchen of an old stone house in the country and a stranger comes at you with a butcher knife in each hand. His face is sullen and aggressive. Behind him another gruesome stranger is holding the arm of your daughter Sara, 14, with one hand and pointing a knife at her ribs with the other.

The knife is long enough to go completely through her slender body. Your older daughter, Munchie, 18, is beside you. Your wife, Mary, is nowhere to be seen. The house is dark, silent and haunted. The hot August air sweats and so do you.

Knowing that whatever decision you make in the next 10 seconds may decide the life and death of your family, yourself, and quite possibly that of the strangers—what do you do?



LARRY MORRISON

Above all, how will two young girls and a woman react to a situation in which you can almost hear hysteria knocking gently at the door? In the end it was the feminine courage, presence of mind and disarming gentleness of my wife and two daughters which did most to protect us.

My wife and Sara had been forced to bear the strain longest. I had spent the day teaching classes at the University of Iowa in Iowa City, about 40 miles away. Munchie also was in Iowa City, taking a music lesson. Mary was actually alone at our country house—Sara was off riding one of the horses we keep at the place—when the two men with knives suddenly appeared in the sewing room. It was a few minutes after 3 p.m.

They apparently had been in the house some time. One of them, incongruously dressed in a pair of black pants and a lavender T-shirt of Munchie's, said, "If you do just what we say nobody will get hurt." Mary was frightened, but she just nodded and went on with her ironing. At 4:30 Sara came riding across the yard. As she came into the sewing room Black Pants said, "Sit down, kid, and nobody's going to get hurt." "Okay," Sara said, "okay."

It soon became apparent that Black Pants was the leader. The other, whom he called Larry, said almost nothing while they were in the house.

Not long after Sara's arrival the phone rang in the kitchen. She answered it, while the two men stood close by, knives pointing at her. The call was from Toni Dearborn, wife of our Stone City storekeeper.

"I called up," said Toni, "to tell you there were some convicts loose."

"Yes," Sara replied. "I know."

"Well, you better lock up and keep an eye open," Toni went on. "You never know what they will do."

"That's right," Sara said. "We'll do that."

She returned to the sewing room, the two men right behind her. Sara turned to Black Pants. "I'm making a toy dragon out of felt," she said. "Is it all right if I sew on it?"

"Okay," Black Pants said. He sat beside her on the sofa and watched with interest while Sara sewed colored scales on the long green body. After a while Sara said, "You're a bad convict, not on the ball."

"How's that?"

Sara gestured with the scissors she was using. "Scissors can be a very formidable weapon. You should know that."

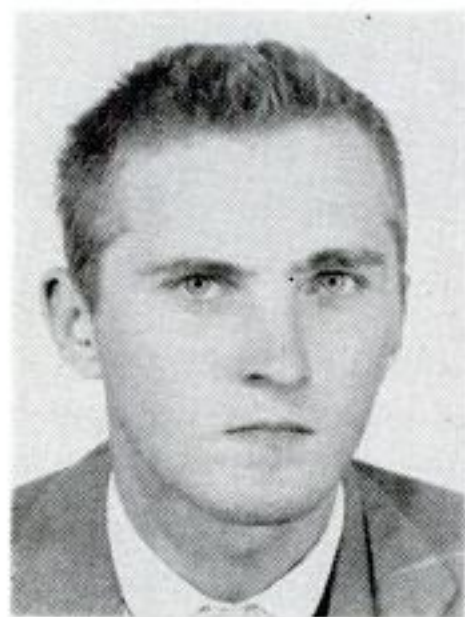
Black Pants stared at the scissors and said, "Maybe I should take them away."

Sara: "You can't."

Black Pants: "Why not?"

Sara: "Because I need them to cut thread."

Black Pants (nonplused): "Yeah. Well, you can keep them."



DONALD SILLS



AUTHOR AND DAUGHTER Sara, 14, demonstrate how one convict, with a knife in hand and another in his belt, used her as hostage when poet entered house.

CONTINUED



BUG COLLECTOR, Munchie Engle, 18, mounted specimen while Sills watched. When she fumbled he said, "Maybe you could do it better if I wasn't here."

There was silence for a time, then Black Pants told Sara: "You ought to use more green thread on that dragon. It needs more green."

Sara replied with asperity, "Look, I'm making this dragon. The whole body is green and it doesn't need more green thread!"

Black Pants subsided again. Then he said, "Why don't you go fix me a Coke?"

"The glasses are on the shelf, the ice is in the freezer, the Coke is under the counter and the bottle opener is on the wall," Sara said. "I'm sick and tired of waiting on you. Get it yourself."

Black Pants meekly went out and got the drink. He came back with a cigaret and started to strike a match on the floor.

Sara: "You know, if you set the house on fire it will cause quite a commotion—people, fire department, police, sirens. It's not such a good idea."

Black Pants: "Well, where can I strike it?"

Sara: "No, 'Where *may* I strike it?'"

Black Pants: "Well, where *may* I strike it?"

Sara: "In the kitchen, on a match box."

After Black Pants had his cigaret going, Sara said, "Don't you know you should ask permission to smoke when in the presence of ladies?"

Black Pants: "Uh, pardon me. Do you mind if I smoke?"

Sara: "Not at all. Go right ahead."

Still tense, the two men carefully briefed Mary and Sara on how they were to act when the rest of the family came home. Then they made them rehearse their roles.

At about 8 o'clock Munchie and I drove up. We had been stopped on the road by an armed reformatory guard and warned that two convicts had escaped. Munchie had laughed and said, "They're probably in the cellar at our house. We'd better get home and put on the coffee pot." Now as I stopped the car in the yard she jumped out and ran into the house with her arms full of groceries. She promptly came running back out again, her face showing shock. "Something's wrong in there," she whispered. "Mother came out and said, 'They told me to let my husband in but the door isn't locked.' Then she gave me a terrible stare."

I knew at once what must have happened. For a moment I considered driving for help. But I couldn't leave: my family was in that house. I entered, Munchie ahead of me. The two convicts were standing in the

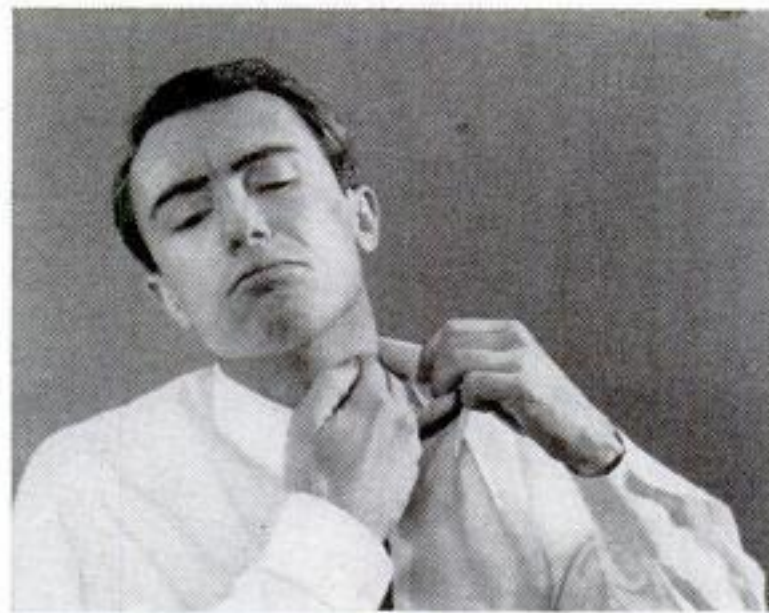
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kitchen. Larry, tall and hard-faced, was gripping Sara by the arm and holding a knife against her back.

I called into the darkness beyond Sara, "Are you all right, Mary?"

"All right," she replied.

Then I asked Sara, "Are you all right?"

"I'm okay, Daddy," she answered in a firm voice. "Don't worry about me." Then she smiled, a big, cheerful smile. Suddenly I felt better.

"Everybody in there," commanded Black Pants, motioning toward the living room. We went in and I sat beside Mary. She took my hand and pressed a scrap of paper into it. I worked the slip open against the palm of my hand and read a note Mary had scrawled hastily before I arrived home: "Take it very easy. These are prisoners and so are we. I have hot iron and scalding tea kettle just in case." The convicts sat opposite us with knives ready in their hands and other knives in their belts.

By now it was 8:30 and I spoke up: "It's been a long day and I'm hungry. Is it all right if we make supper?"

The two convicts looked at each other a moment, then Black Pants said, "Sure. But no funny stuff." So we all went into the kitchen again while Munchie prepared supper. The convicts had made a pile of all our extra knives. Munchie looked at the pile and said, "I need a knife to peel the potatoes." She thereupon walked calmly past Larry and picked up a knife, then began peeling potatoes. I wouldn't have had the nerve.

While we were at supper the phone rang. It was a school friend of Munchie's, Georgess McHargue, calling from Brewster, N.Y., about visiting us. "Of course, come," Munchie said gladly. Suddenly the convicts closed in on her. She added hastily, "August 22 would be fine."

Supper over, the family kept to its usual routine. Obviously our best hope lay in acting as if this were an ordinary evening. Munchie played piano ("Bach? Never heard of him," said Black Pants, "but go ahead anyway"), then settled down with the Radcliffe College catalogue to plan her schedule for the autumn. For a while the rest of us read too.

Larry began smacking his gum and Sara said severely to Black Pants, "My mother bawls me out if I smack my gum that loud."

Larry went on, smack, smack, smack. "Well?" Sara said.

"Okay," Black Pants said to Larry, "you heard her." The smacking stopped.

Earlier in the day Sara had found a handsome green bug for Munchie's



HOT IRON was kept plugged in by Mrs. Engle. Other weapons which she had ready for use included pot of hot water and razor blade she slipped to husband.

CONTINUED

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Promotes healing instantly; keeps on working. Dual-antiseptic Johnson's is formulated to cling to affected areas. Regular use protects skin against further attack by harmful and odor-causing bacteria for *hours*.

Extra-absorbent formula! Johnson's has two special absorbents to keep skin dry, comfortable. Soothing, silky, fresh-smelling—safe even for sensitive skin. Try it—the *most effective medicated powder* you can buy!



Johnson's Medicated Powder made by *Johnson & Johnson*



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A SPORTS CAR SHOULD BE



More Go!—More Stop! High spirited new horses champin' at the bit... rugged new disc brakes to keep 'em in hand! Sports roadsters, sports coupes... wire or disc wheels... eye poppin' new colors... Twelve months' warranty! That's the new MGA '1600'... available for a test-drive at BMC dealers from coast to coast.

Free literature and overseas delivery information on request.



A product of **THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD.**, makers of Austin-Healey, Austin, MG, Magnette, Morris and Riley cars. Represented in the United States by **HAMBRO AUTOMOTIVE CORP.**, Dept. D, 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

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SPUNKY WOMENFOLK CONTINUED

insect collection and now Munchie went to her room to mount it while Black Pants watched with interest. I went to my study and started to work on a couple of book reviews I had promised for the next day. Whenever I stopped typing to read a page, one of the convicts would peek through the door, still holding his knives.

After a while Sara came in and said, "I've got to go water the horses. They can't wait, you know." She took Black Pants with her and he carried the heavy buckets of water. A city boy, he was impressed with the tall roan Sara had been riding that day. Back in the house, he said, "Sara's got a lot of guts to ride that horse." For a while he sat beside Sara on the sofa and they talked about horses. Finally he said to Larry, "You sit with her. I can't take it any longer. She's sharp as a tack."

Quietly, almost imperceptibly, the girls had come to dominate the convicts. They kept talking about clothes and fashions and food and friends, and the quiet feminine atmosphere gentled down the hard-boiled strangers, who had been living for years with nothing but tough masculine companionship.

Finally the radio announced that their escape had been discovered and they began to talk about leaving—in our car, of course. First they asked Munchie to draw them a map of the area. She obliged cheerfully, taking care to route them toward the roadblock we had passed on the way in (as it happened, they took a wrong turn, got off Munchie's map and missed the roadblock). Then they began tying us up in separate rooms, using our own clothesline, which was made of plastic-covered wire and was impossible to break.

Sara, always one jump ahead, had figured out a plan. She had hidden a sharp pair of scissors under her parakeet's cage, and now she put her white chair by it, feeling sure that the convicts would tie her up in her own room in her own chair. This they did. They tied me to a chair in another room. Munchie came in while I was being bound up and said gaily, "Well, Daddy, you look fit to be tied."

After they had tied Munchie they went out and started the car. Although Mary kept shaking her head at me to tell me not to, I immediately went to work at the clothesline. I had pushed hard against the knots as they tied them so that there would be a little play in them, and now I rubbed my palms together to make them sweat, so I could slide them out of the smooth plastic. Within two minutes my hands were free—and seconds later the convicts came back to check. This time they tied me down very tight. We waited longer then. At last I got my gag off and called in to Sara, "Can you get untied?"

"Aw, Daddy, I'm already out," she replied. She cut us all free. Black Pants and Larry were gone, this time for good.

After we had gone to a neighbor's house to notify the authorities, we returned to our own place. We sat around for hours, letting our nerves quiet down. At around 4:30 a.m. the sheriff, a deputy and a neighbor drove up in our car. They told us that Black Pants, whose name was Donald Sills, had been captured seven miles away. Larry, whose name was Larry Morrison, was picked up the next day. Aged 25 and 21 respectively, they had been serving sentences for bad-check passing and car theft.

The sheriff and the others stayed a while. There was no sense in even thinking about sleep. The girls sat on the sofa and we all chattered about the day's events. "Well," Sara said thoughtfully after a time, "I didn't think they were really such bad guys." Then she added, "They sure didn't know much about horses, though."



HORSE LOVER Sara Engle sits astride her white mare Silver on Engle farm. The colt is Silver's 2-month-old foal, Wapsipinicon (after nearby river) Taffy.



"So good in glass"

People who know fine flavor insist on beer in glass bottles—because sparkling glass can't change beer's brewery-fresh appeal.

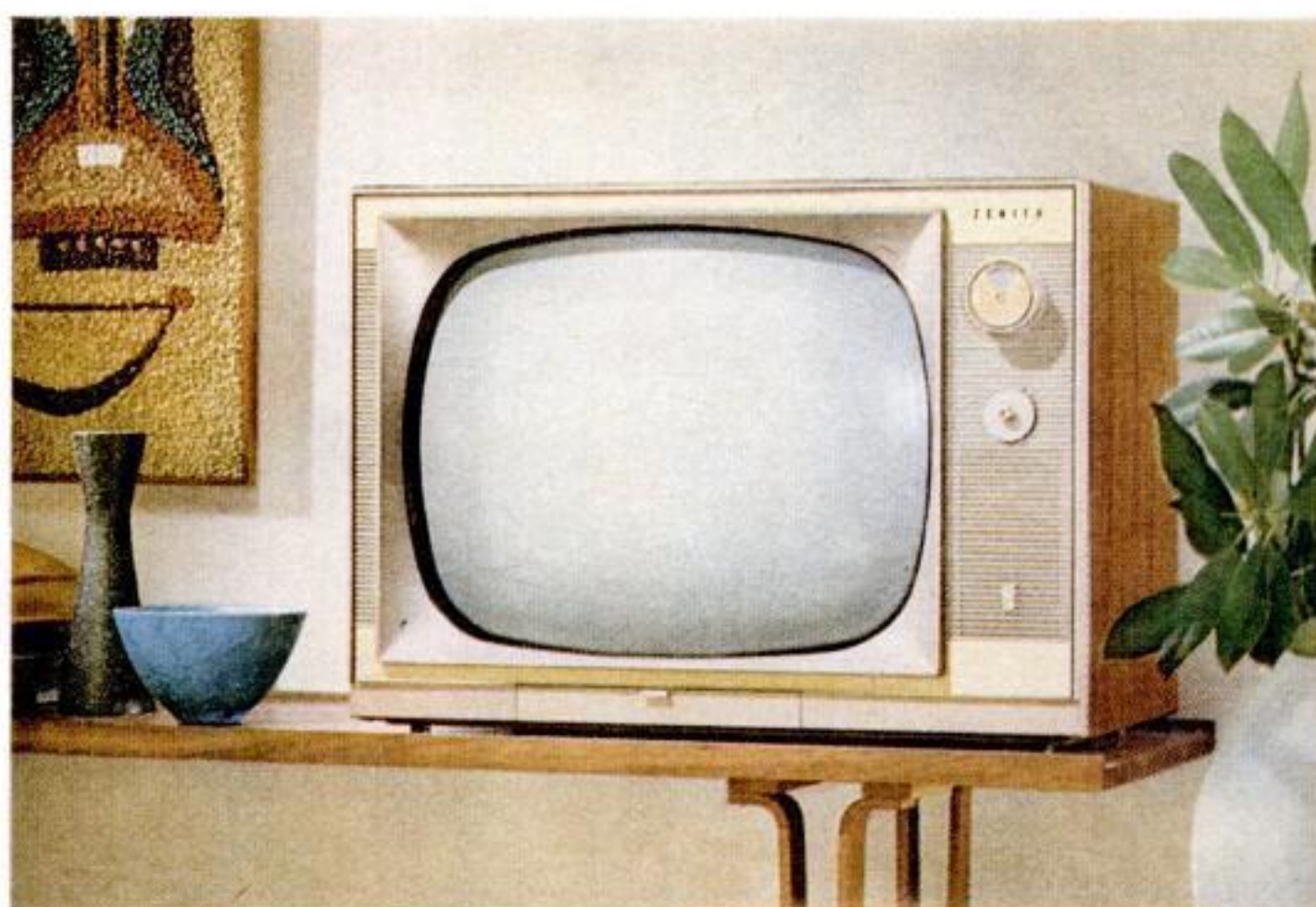
GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

NOW—FOR 1960!

Zenith puts all its quality, its famous features, into new, slim portable-table TV



All-new—trim, Slim Classic design. Sets the style pace in portable TV. And only Zenith Portable TV has the handcrafted horizontal chassis to give you world-famous Zenith big-set performance. Sound-out-front speaker. The Zenith LaSalle, Model D1811C† in charcoal, \$199.95.*



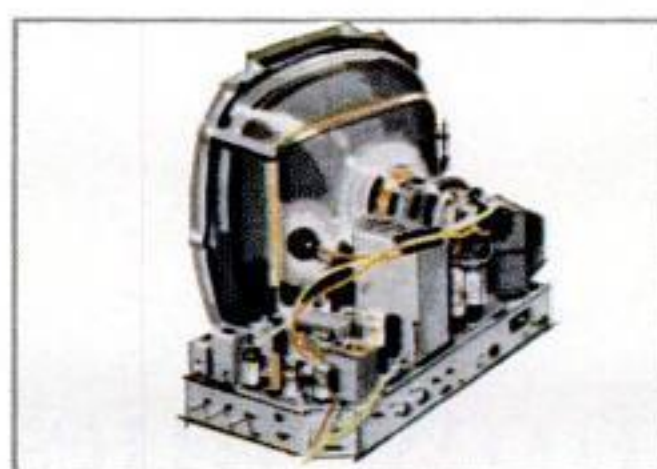
New slim, trim styling in a table model—blends with the decor of any room. Extra picture contrast from Zenith's Sunshine picture tube and Cinelens. Spotlight dial. The Zenith Gotham, Model D2317** in grained mahogany, walnut or blonde oak colors, \$239.95*.

†17" overall diagonal picture tube, 155 sq. inches of viewing area. **21" overall diagonal picture tube, 262 sq. inches of viewing area.



No production shortcuts! Only Zenith Slim Classic portable TV has the horizontal handcrafted chassis, for greater operating dependability, fewer service headaches.

THE NEW LOOK IN TV IS THE SLIM CLASSIC LOOK! New, slim, trim Zenith portable-table TV fits beautifully, even in bookshelf space, in your living room, den, or bedroom.



EXCLUSIVE ZENITH DEVELOPED slim horizontal portable TV chassis—handcrafted quality—for world's finest portable TV performance, fewer service headaches.



DESIGNED FOR THE BEST IN SOUND! Sound-out-front speaker directs rich, full tone into your room. Located just under the convenient front controls for the perfect union of picture and sound.

See the world's most talked-about television at your Zenith dealer's!



First time ever! Exclusive Space Command® Remote Control TV tuning in new Slim Classic portable TV! A new styling concept in slender portable TV cabinets—combined with the world's most relaxed way to tune TV. Side-mounted carrying handles. Sound-out-front speaker. The Madrid, with Space Command 300, Model D2015L† in silver-brown vinyl, \$249.95*.

First time ever! Space Command® remote TV control in Zenith portable TV. Relax, don't get up. Tune TV from across the room with silent sound—no wires, no cords, no batteries. Just touch a button on the control unit you hold in your hand—to change channels, turn set on and off, adjust volume, mute sound. Not an extra-cost accessory—it's built right in to all Space Command models. And only Zenith has it!



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fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios
and hearing aids. 41 years of leadership in
radionics exclusively. *Manufacturer's sug-
gested retail price. Slightly higher in the
Southwest and West Coast. Prices and speci-
fications subject to change without notice.

ZENITH®

*The quality goes in
before the name goes on*

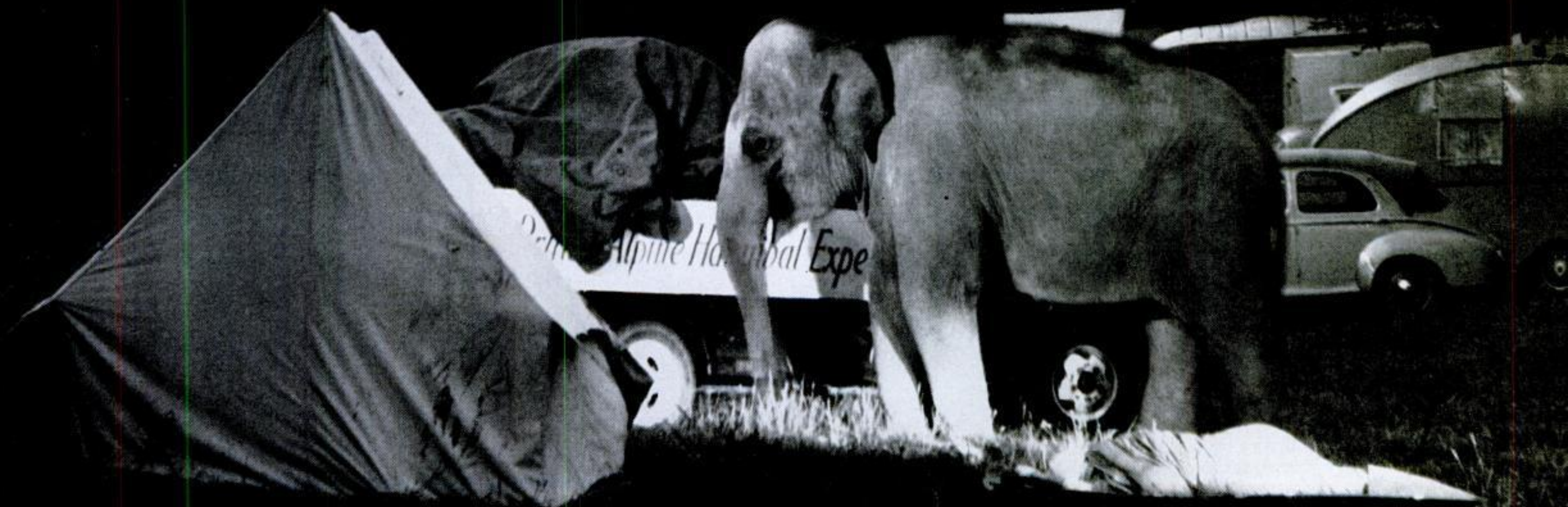


Walker's DeLuxe – good as all outdoors! Golden grain. Sparkling limestone water. Fragrance of good, clean wood. These, aged together 8 years in charred cask, create the unforgettable flavor of this great straight bourbon. Assuredly, no bourbon anywhere is more deluxe than Walker's DeLuxe!

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Alpine Elephant Without Hannibal

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE
BY DAVID LEES AND PIERRE BOULAT



CONTINUED

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FASHION PLATE tries on her Alp outfit—shoes, kneepads and a coat meant to protect her in chilly,

scratchy mountains. Clothes quieted the outcries of animal lovers but proved superfluous on march.



POLITE LISTENER hears out a group of folk singers wearing ancient Savoy costumes at Montmélian. The

Jumbo's jaunt

To Jumbo, an obscure she-elephant in a provincial zoo in Turin, Italy, came the chance of an elephant's long lifetime. She was called on to retrace the most daring elephantine trip of all time: Hannibal's march into Italy with 45,000 men and 37 elephants over the wind-swept passes of the Alps. John Hoyte, an English engineer and sometime classicist, borrowed Jumbo from the zoo to back his views in a controversy over Hannibal's route which has raged since Roman times. Hoyte thought Clapier Pass in the Alps tallied best with the early histories. But he wanted Jumbo to prove that the high, hard pass was passable for a pachyderm.

From the start Jumbo's progress was distinctly more royal than Hannibal's. She was attended by a party of eight, including Hoyte, a veterinarian, two pretty English girls (who signed on as cook and muleteer), a Burmese student and an Italian mahout. She was met at French villages by costumed peasants and speechmaking mayors. Once she was followed for miles by children singing—to the tune of *Alouette*—"Eléphante, gentille éléphante."

In spite of all the goodwill, Jumbo kept up with Hannibal's forced marches, but in the Alps, Hoyte got sad news: the path up the mountain to Clapier Pass had been made so narrow by landslides that the Italian mahout insisted Jumbo might fall off.

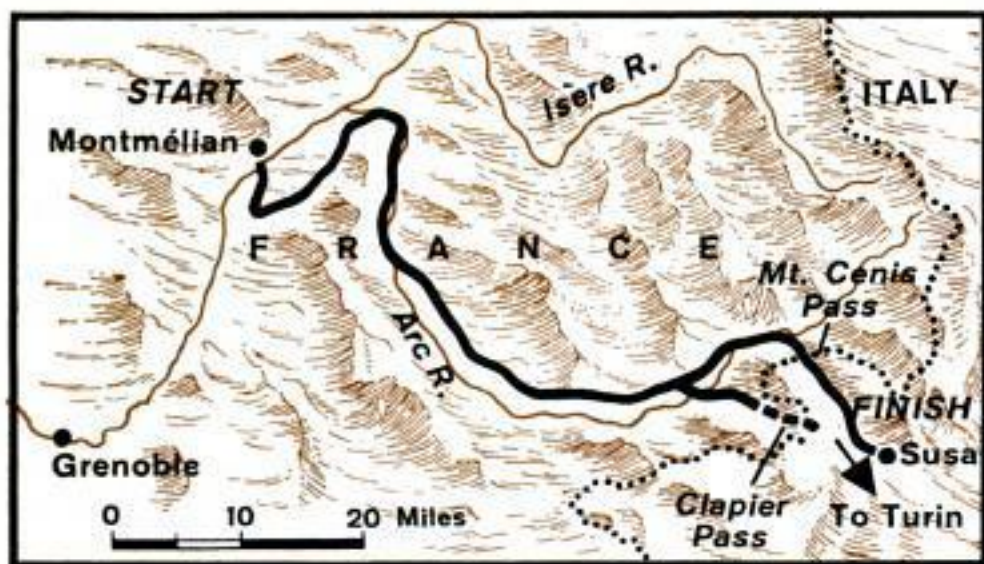
GAY ENTERTAINER dances in street and accompanies herself on harmonica for delighted crowd in village





song being sung has same name *Allobroges*, as the tribe which harassed Hannibal when he went through the area.

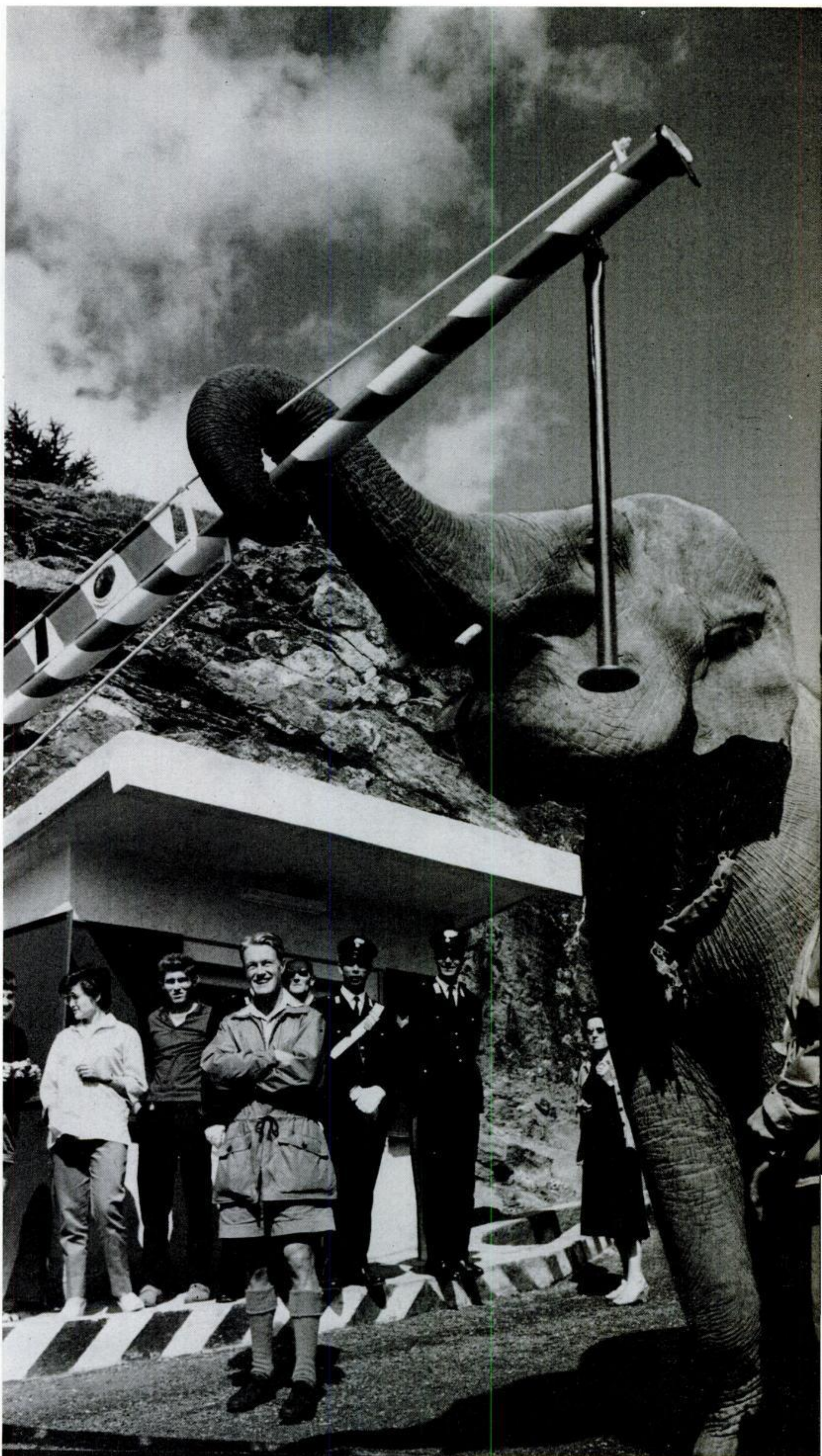
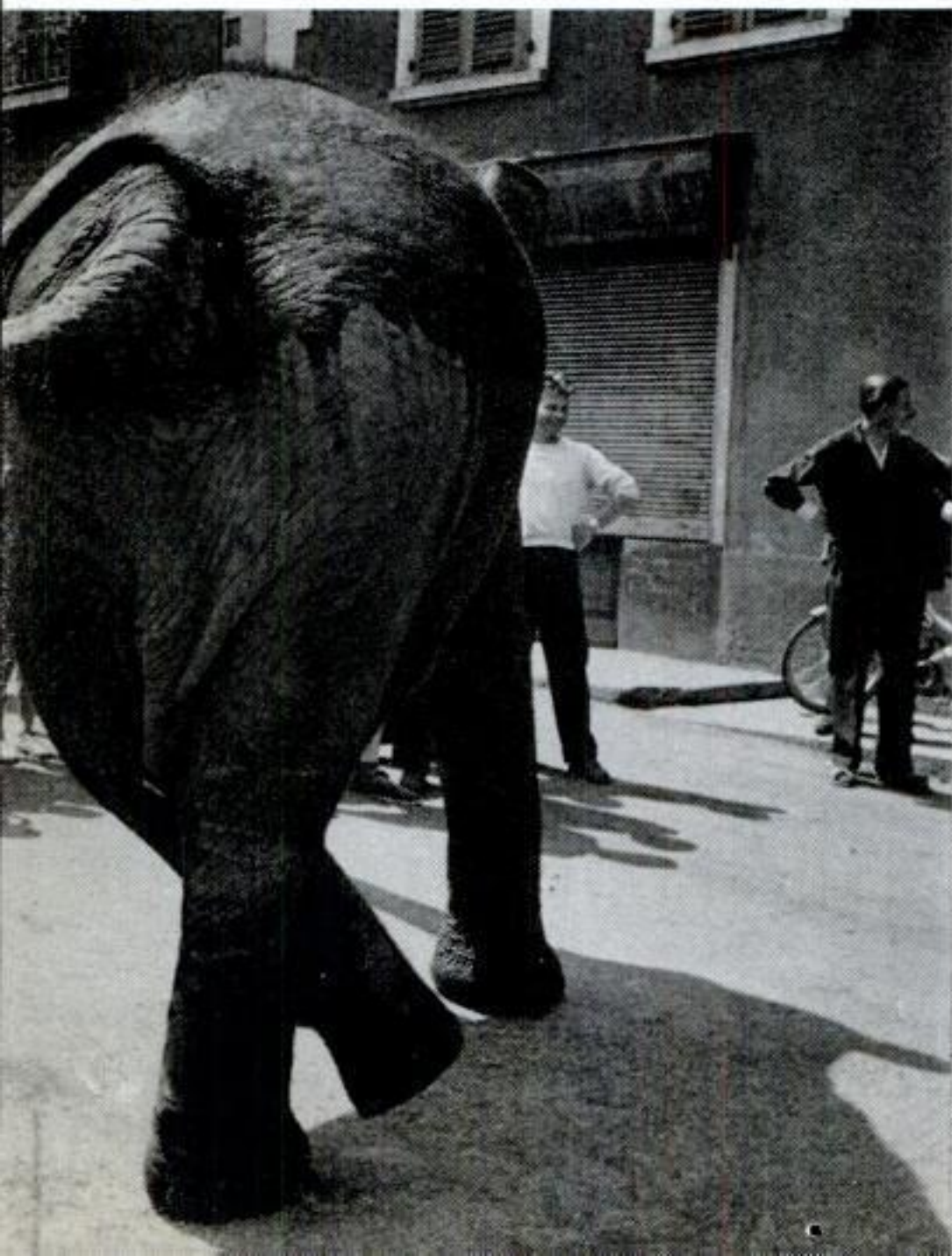
across the top



JUMBO'S ROUTE begins (*left*), follows Arc River toward Clapier Pass, then doubles back to Mt. Cenis Pass.

Crestfallen, Hoyte had to turn back, abandoning a plaque which he had had engraved atop the pass to solemnize Jumbo's passing. Instead, he led Jumbo around to Mt. Cenis Pass which Napoleon had favored for Hannibal and used himself to invade Italy. Proving Napoleon a practical man, Jumbo negotiated Mt. Cenis with ease and pushed on to the Italian frontier for the warm welcome (*pp. 86, 87*) awaiting her. If historians could prove little from her exploit, there was no doubt that an elephant in the Alps is just as astonishing to today's mountain folk as it was in Hannibal's day—2,177 years ago.

of Chamoux. Her Italian handler (*left*) gives her instructions in English, which she learned in her native India.



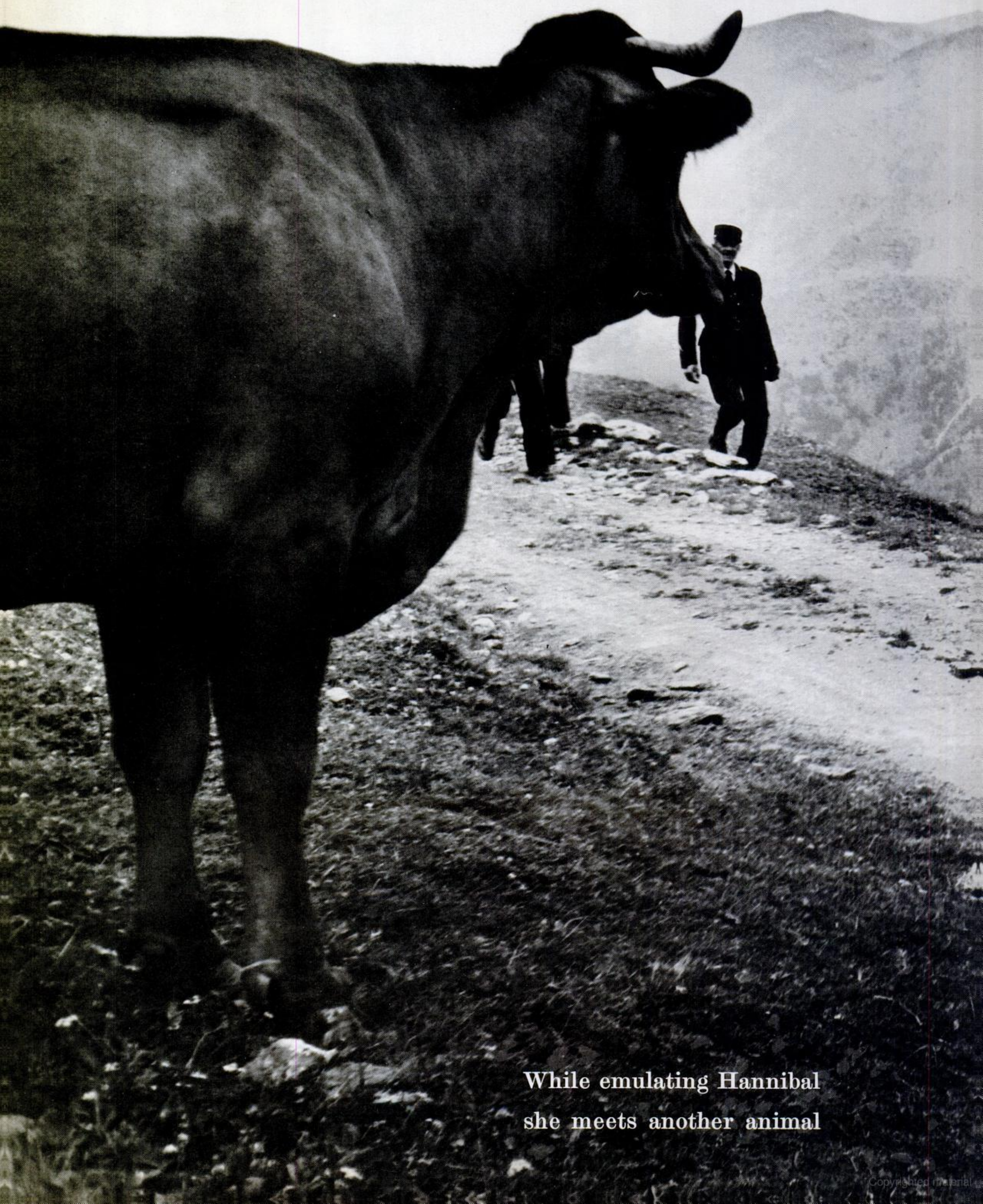
WORLD TRAVELER lifts barrier at the French-Italian frontier after giving officials (*left*) a passport

one foot square which listed her identifying characteristics as "a long nose and partiality for pears."

CONTINUED

83

ALPINE ELEPHANT CONTINUED



While emulating Hannibal
she meets another animal



CONTINUED

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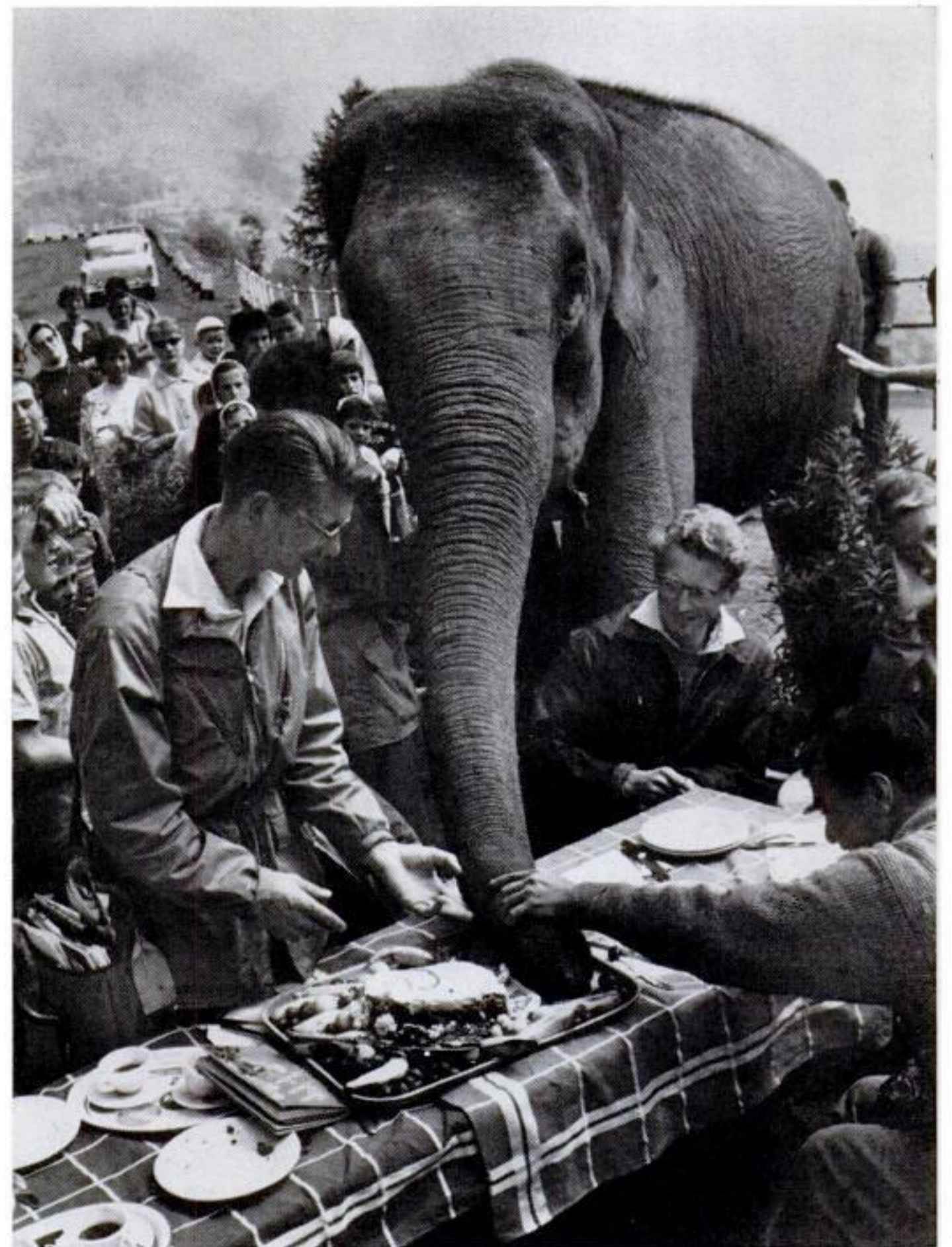
NARROW BRIDGE over mountain stream is not marked with tonnage limits, but nearing end of trek, two-ton Jumbo and handler cross it without a thought.

Cheers and Chianti for a heroine

The Allobroges and other early tribes of Celtic mountaineers hurled spears and behaved in an unfriendly way toward Hannibal's elephants. So when Jumbo appeared, their descendants tried to make up for past unkindnesses. Near the Italian border they spread her an elegant elephant buffet, and farther along in Susa they gave her one of the best parties since Caesar Augustus, including street dancing and a triumphant stroll through Augustus' own victory arch. Having lost nearly 500 pounds on her walking tour, Jumbo ate the goodies gladly, swigged a magnum of Chianti and even danced a little. Only her Italian mahout seemed really disgruntled. He swore he would try to sneak back with Jumbo later and cross Clapier Pass without so many distractions. If he did, he might not be alone. Even as Jumbo was enjoying her welcome back at the zoo, a Turin circus man announced he would make a try at the pass with *three* elephants. "They enjoy themselves more," he said, "if they have company."



TRIUMPHAL ARCH at Susa, built in honor of victorious Caesar Augustus, is threaded by Jumbo and Italian admirers after passage through Mt. Cenis Pass.



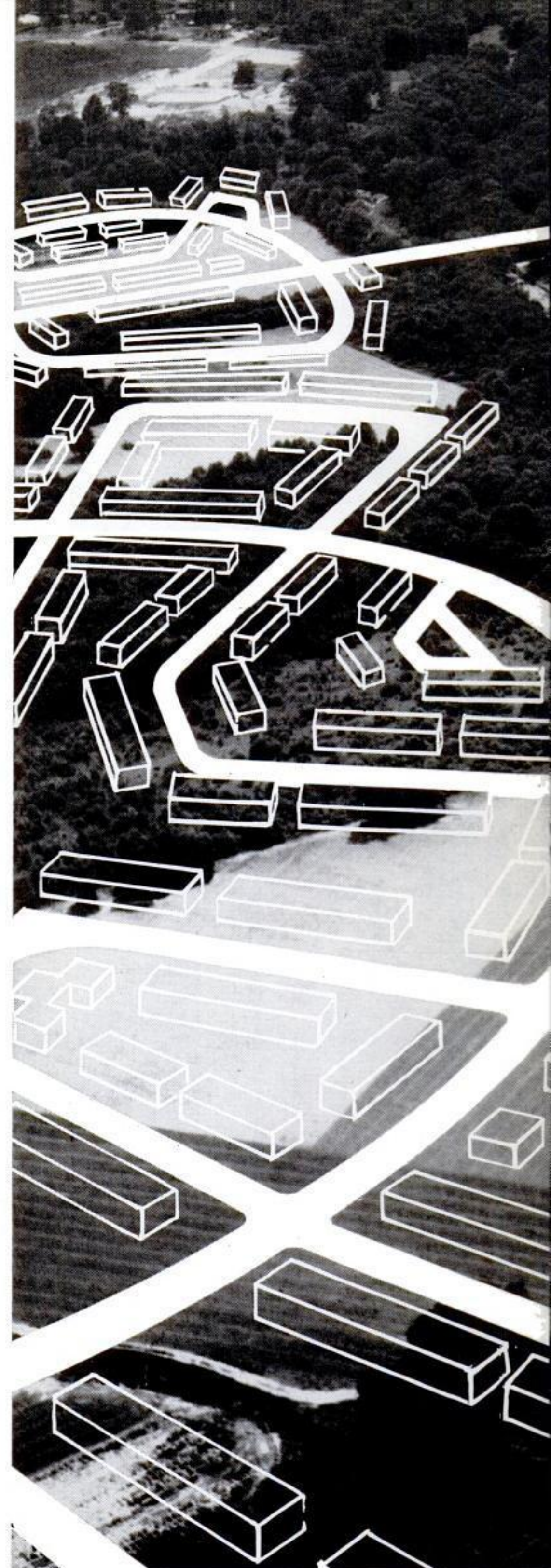
SECOND HELPING of victory cake is refused Jumbo by John Hoyte (left). After eating first portion, she reached for more before others had had theirs.





BULLDOZING, here slicing away at hills in Los Angeles, is consuming U.S. scenery at growing rate.

In the week ahead, if the weather happens to be good, another 10,000 acres will go under scrapers.



CLUSTERS of houses, here shown in planners' design for neighborhood being built in Philadelphia,

A PLAN TO SAVE VANISHING

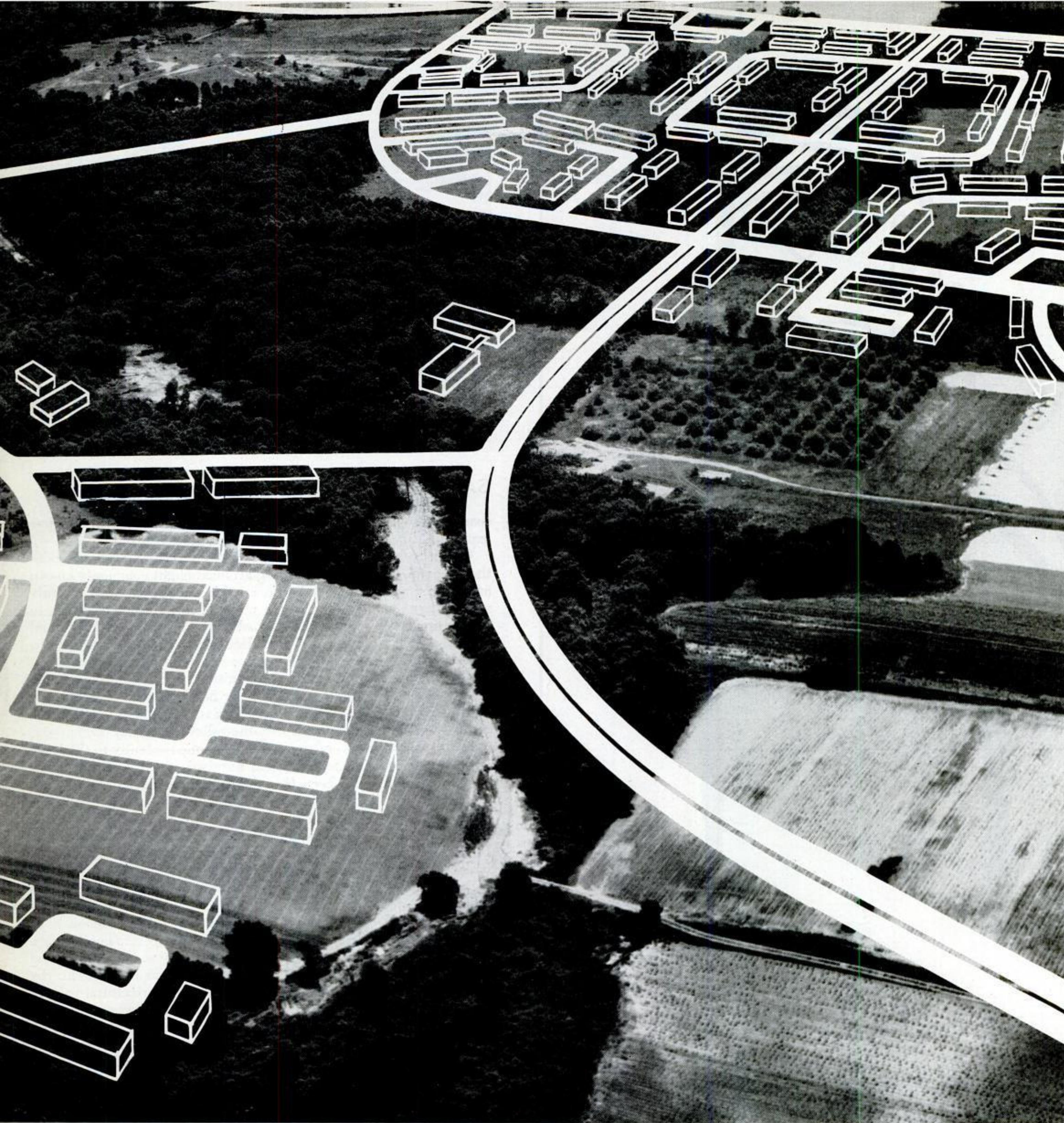
An expert observer tells how to protect our open spaces and halt the land-killing

TAKE a last look. Some summer's morning drive past the golf club on the edge of town, turn off onto a back road and go for a short trip through the open countryside. Look well at the meadows, the wooded draws, the stands of pine, the creeks and streams, and fix them in your memory. If the American standard of living goes up another notch, this is about the last chance you will have.

Go back toward the city five or 10 miles. Here, in what was pleasant countryside only a year ago, is the sight of what is to come. No more sweep of green—across the hills are splattered scores of random subdivisions, each laid out in the same dreary asphalt curves. Gone are the streams, brooks, woods and forests that the subdivisions' signs talked about. The streams are largely buried in concrete culverts.

Where one flows briefly through a patch of weeds and tin cans it is fetid with the ooze of septic tanks.

A row of stumps marks the place where sycamores used to shade the road and if a stand of maple or walnut still exists the men with power saws will soon be at it. Here and there a farm remains, but the "For Sale" signs are up and now even the golf course is to be chopped into



show one way to save space and scenery. Instead of covering whole area with identical plots, this plan

groups housing, thus providing system of parks and greenways. Being within the city limits, these will

be row houses but the basic idea is just as applicable to one-family subdivisions out in suburbia.

U.S. COUNTRYSIDE

disease of urban sprawl

by WILLIAM H. WHYTE JR.

lots. What open space remains you can no longer see. To the eye it is all a jumble, an endless succession of driving ranges, open-air theaters, billboards, neon signs, frozen custard spas, TV aeriads and pink plaster flamingos.

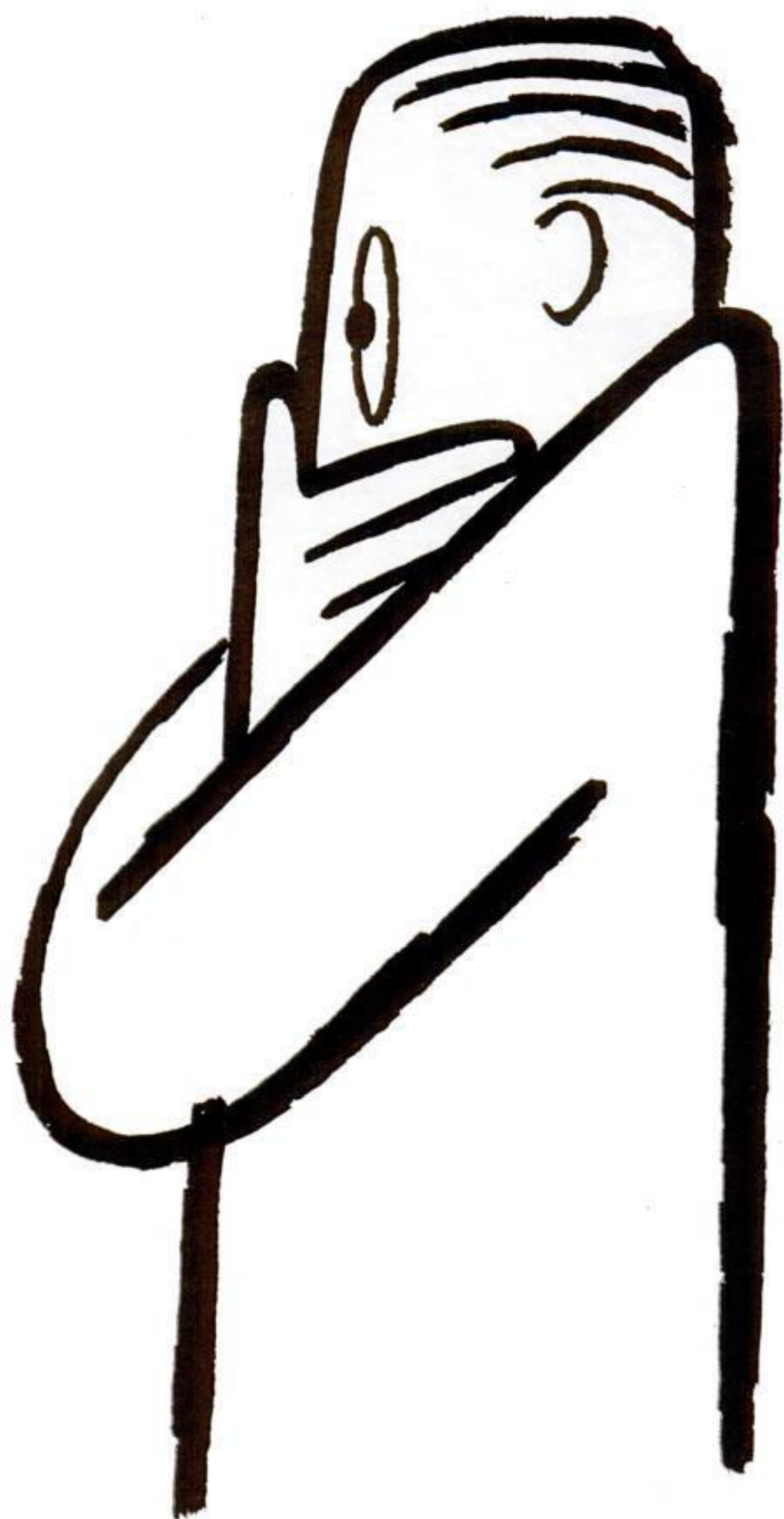
This is only a foretaste of the future. The mess we have made so far has been achieved with a population reaching 175 million. By 1970 there will be 35 million more Americans.

Most of the housing to take care of the increase will be built on the edges of our metropolitan areas. And long before that the pattern will have been set. The new federal highway program, just now getting into gear, will visibly accelerate the exploitation of outlying areas. With each new interchange will come a speculative land rush the like of which few communities are prepared to resist. If any open

THE AUTHOR

William H. Whyte Jr. edited the book *The Exploding Metropolis* which dealt with the rapid growth of U.S. cities. He previously wrote the 1957 best-seller about American corporation life, *The Organization Man*. For the past year Whyte has been touring the country on leave of absence from FORTUNE, where he is assistant managing editor, analyzing and seeking solutions to the problem of urban sprawl as it encroaches on the U.S. countryside. A fuller and more technical version of this article, which resulted from his research, will be available this fall from the Urban Land Institute of Washington, D.C.

CONTINUED



lobry

I'm in a jam
I forgot to get her
seamless stockings

by *Stanes*

best way out, bud, sweeten her up with a dozen pairs.



CHECKERBOARD DEVELOPMENTS like this one squandering California's Santa Clara Valley are costly to service, waste the land left in between.

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

spaces are to be saved they must be saved now. The options are fast expiring. At best most communities have only a year of grace.

Which is fortunate. For years planners have been warning about the economic evils of the creeping artificial blight commonly known as urban sprawl, but nobody did anything about it. Until recently most citizens assumed that there was probably no practical way to halt its progress—some have even had a sneaking feeling that it would be anti-people to try to find one. But there is no substitute for a good outrage—the kind people can see or smell. This year, thanks in part to the highway program, community after community is finally having the devil scared out of it. Never before has suburbia seethed with so many protest meetings—whether rerouting petitioners, save-our-trees groups or stop-the-rape-of-the-valley emergency committees.

In Pennsylvania several communities applied recently to the legislature for permission to start land acquisition schemes that a few years ago would have been thought wildly socialistic. In mid-New Jersey, where bulldozer drivers advancing down from New York may soon clasp hands with bulldozer drivers coming up from Philadelphia, farm groups are agitating for a green belt to keep the two cities apart. In Illinois, Rockford County has approved a plan that will ban any builder's subdivision on land bordering a river or stream.

But it is in California that the most significant experiments are under way—notably in the counties around San Francisco. This has happened partly because the area was desecrated so prodigiously so early—even loyal citizens are now openly comparing it to Los Angeles. Residents of Santa Clara County, for example, have been pioneering the concept of zoning areas exclusively for farm land. In nearby Alameda County they are considering "planned agricultural parks." In San Mateo County a running battle between the tax assessor and the golf clubs has led to the idea of exclusive recreational zoning.

Often such experimentation shows only how *not* to fight sprawl or dodge taxes, but it is no less valuable for that. In finding out what does not work, the Californians have been led to something that may work very well indeed. This June, through the initiative of Monterey

CONTINUED



OPEN-SPACE CAMPAIGN was started by owners of coast plot next to Point Lobos, Calif. They pledged an easement to keep the land from subdivision.

Why are people buying Volkswagens faster than they can be made?

Here are some of the reasons:

(1) Air-cooled engine can't freeze or overheat

The VW engine is in the back. Unusual? One auto expert considers its location the *least* unorthodox feature of the Volkswagen engine. To begin with, it is air-cooled, an astonishing advantage when you think about it. No water to boil over in summer, or to freeze in winter. No anti-freeze needed. No radiator problems.

The engine is ingeniously cast of aluminum and magnesium alloys, and is very light and powerful, the toughest 198 lbs. going. It is beautifully machined for minimum friction; you will probably never need



oil between changes. A rear engine, of course, means direct power to the wheels. It is the most economical design (no heavy, power-consuming drive shaft), and so efficient that top and cruising speeds are the same. Your VW runs at 70 mph all day without strain. As for endurance, we have heard from VW owners who are still going strong at over 100,000 miles.

(2) Good control in ice and snow

The engine in the back gives superior traction to the rear wheels. In mud, sand, ice, snow, where other cars skid, you go.

Naturally, with the engine in the rear, you feel the difference at the wheel of a VW. The car is sure and responsive. Very nimble in traffic.

(3) Torsion-bar suspension holds the road

We read with interest the recent advertisement of a major automotive firm regarding its new torsion-bar ride. It heralded torsion-bar suspension as one of the great engineering achievements — available up to now in many \$10,000 to \$15,000 sports car imports.

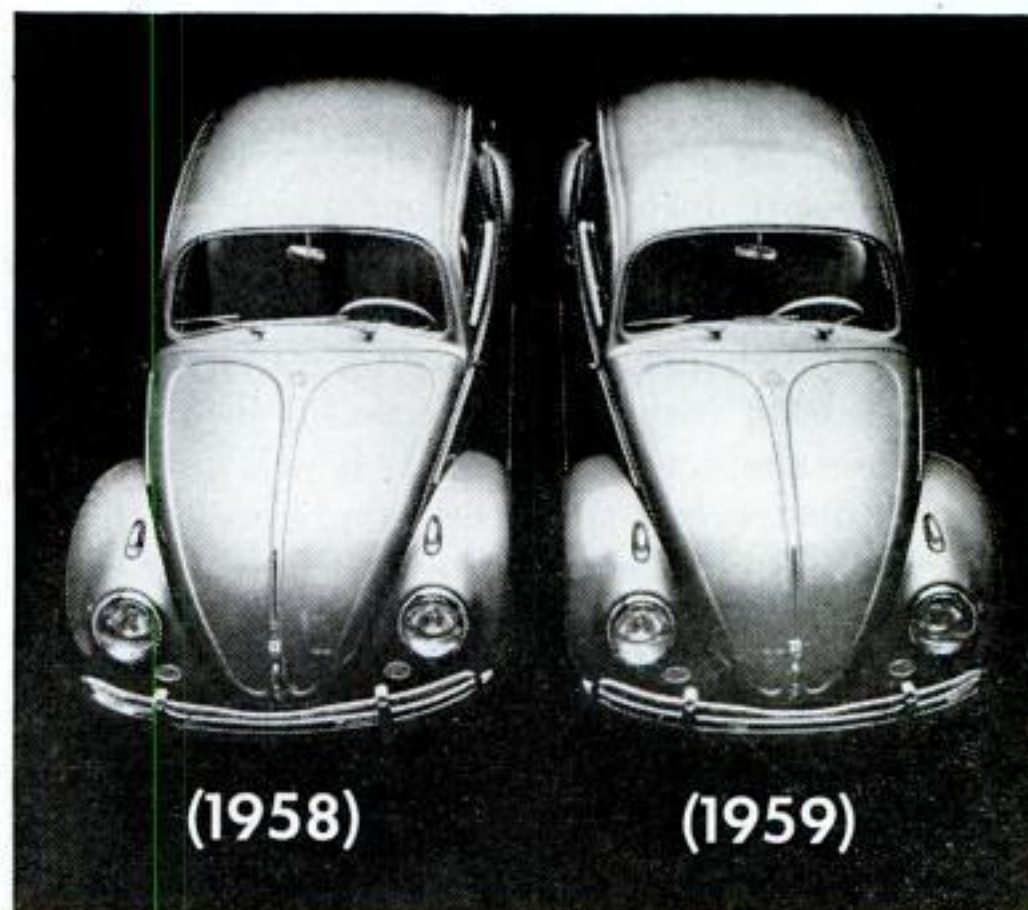
All true — with one omission. Volkswagen introduced torsion-bar springs with individual wheel suspension. It gives uncanny control over rough roads (no bump-bump-bump), eliminates swing and sway on curves and needn't cost \$10,000 to \$15,000. Only \$1565.*

(4) Doesn't go out of style

Do the two cars below look the same? Actually

there are 80 changes in the '59 VW, for Volkswagen is changing continually. But they are not changes you merely see.

We have never believed in changing a car to make last year's obsolete, only to make it better.



In '59, for example, we put 3 automatic magnets in the oil drain plugs for purer filtering. Steel springs were added to the clutch plate to make shifting even smoother. The VW has changed completely over the past ten years, but not its heart or face. (Frankly, we couldn't change its looks if we wanted to. A few years ago we gave the problem to a great Italian body designer. He studied and studied and said, "Enlarge the rear window." We did.)

(5) The meaning of craftsmanship

Benjamin Franklin once watched a cabinetmaker decorating the inside of a table. "Why bother," asked Franklin, "no one will know it's there." "I will know," replied the cabinetmaker.

At Wolfsburg, at the Volkswagen factory, VWs are rejected every day because of surface scratches that are invisible to the naked eye. It stems from a tradition of craftsmanship that does things business sense might consider unnecessary. The VW, for example, has more color than it needs: three coats of lacquer are used, and the car is not merely sprayed. It is first submerged in paint, bathed in it until a coat builds up on inner surfaces you never see, and that spraying cannot reach. It is a shield against corrosion. (A few of the most expensive cars are also painted this way.)

The VW is made with such close tolerances that it is airtight; you will open a window to shut the door. So tight indeed that it floats on water. Try that on your present car.

There are more than 3000 men at Wolfsburg with only one job: to inspect VWs at each stage of production. (2500 VWs are produced daily; there are more inspectors than cars.)

(6) 32 mpg and fun to drive

Volkswagen economy is, of course, well known. At 50 miles an hour you get an honest 32 miles to the

gallon — regular gas. (Most mileage claims are based on economy runs by professional drivers. Under those conditions, you could get close to 50 mpg with Volkswagen. But 32 is a more accurate average for everyday use.)

It is a very easy car to handle. Women who shy away from the old-fashioned stick shift are surprised at the way Volkswagen floats from gear to gear. One critic considers the VW stick shift almost unparalleled in ease and smoothness.

The car is agile in traffic and parks where other cars can't fit. It is 4 feet shorter than conventional cars. It holds 5 adults (there is actually longer leg room in the front seat than in big cars) and a surprising amount of luggage.

Above all, if you like driving, the VW gives you a sense of personal control and pleasure that is almost lost in this push-button era.

(7) Service is fast, economical, everywhere

Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, the automotive genius, designed the Volkswagen to hold up. It needs less service on the average than other cars and costs are small. A new front fender is \$21.75.* A new cylinder head \$19.95.* The car is so well-conceived, its engine can be removed and replaced in 90 minutes.

VW service is available in all 50 states, Canada and Mexico. It is excellent. All technicians are factory-trained; no amateurs work on your VW in an authorized service center. If you could tell how old a VW was just by looking at it, you'd find vintage VWs still rolling merrily along, good as new.

(8) The price of a VW is \$1565 * complete

White walls and radio are optional and so is a side mirror. We can't think of anything else you might want that the VW doesn't deliver at \$1565.*



It is an honest car; we put as much as we can into it and we think it the best car for your money in the world. Millionaires drive it, so do college kids and working people. It is a second car and a first car, depending on what you want. You can choose the sedan, sedan with sliding sun-roof (\$1655*) or the convertible (\$2055*).

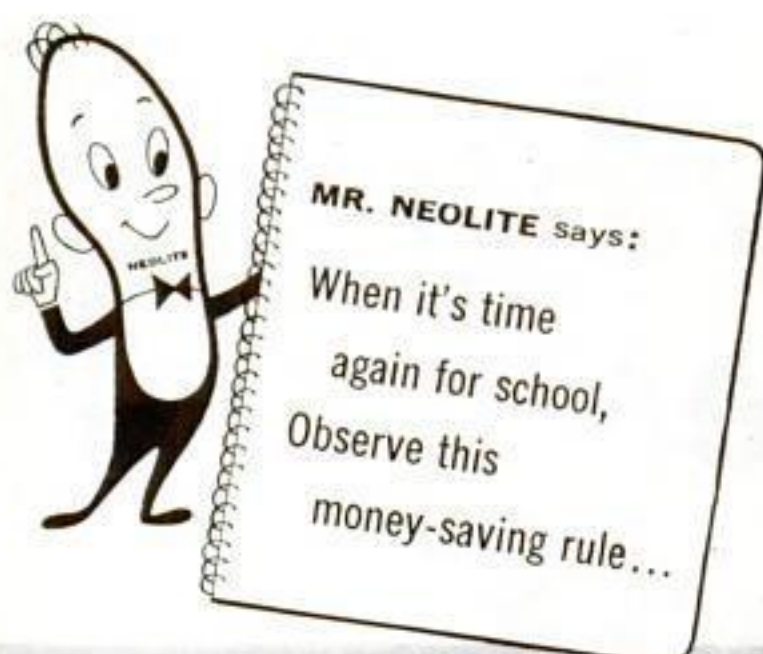
The pleasant thing is, a used VW sells for almost as much as a new one. Your phone book lists your authorized VW dealers. Nice people all.

In 1948, we produced 19,244 VWs. In 1958, 553,399.

This year, the total will be even higher. Why are people still buying Volkswagens faster than they can be made? Now you know.

*Suggested retail price, East Coast, P.O.E.





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NEOLITE SOLES



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wear better... help keep the
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SPACE IN SUBURBIA too often represents unusable or discarded land. Long after the developer's trucks have moved on, these battlefield scars will remain.

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

County, the California legislature passed the first general "open-space bill" in the U.S. It gives the states, counties and towns the chance to make a new use of an ancient legal tool: the "easement."

With an easement, instead of buying a man's property, the way land is bought for parks, the community buys only a *right* in the property. The property still belongs to the owner but he cannot sell it for subdivision. Although now almost forgotten in the eastern U.S., easements have been historically successful in protecting highway rights of way, and their constitutionality is well tested. They are only one weapon against urban sprawl—zoning and subdivision control are necessary too—but easements do what they cannot do: preserve the big spaces of natural countryside and do it right now. For communities all over the country this opens up exciting possibilities.

The causes of urban sprawl

A GOOD way to appreciate the potential of the easement principle is to examine the causes of urban sprawl. Many of our past difficulties in dealing with sprawl come from some very mistaken if widely held assumptions. One is that sprawl is due to too many people and not enough land. A second is that the best way to save open space is to provide more of it for each homestead. A third, following from the others, is that zoning is therefore the main antisprawl safeguard.

But a shortage of land is *not* the problem. Indeed, many communities that have become sprawling messes could have accommodated up to half again as many people and had more usable open space to boot. Most people assume that the area close to a city is "filled up." If they were to look closely they would be surprised at how much vacant space there really is—even on the city's very edge. It looks terrible, of course—a vacant lot here, an automobile graveyard there—but if you add it all up you have quite a lot of space. The problem, simply, is that you cannot add it up. It is scattered.

There is not a shortage of land. There is a shortage of space. Ten acres have been used to do the work of one, for the pattern of suburban growth has been left almost entirely up to the speculative builder. The builder is not the villain of the piece. He is understandably interested in making money, and he can hardly be expected to double as a volunteer city planner. Where development might be best for orderly growth is generally just the place where landowners are holding out for a killing. So the builder leapfrogs, leaving behind many an unrequited cupidity, and goes out where the land is cheap.

In one year the total amount of land in an area that he and other developers finally build on may be only a fraction of the whole, but the presence of the model homes and the bulldozers has a tremendous pre-emptive effect. Because these projects have been scattered, a few casually placed developments rob the community of scores of choices that would be important to it five or 10 years from now—for parks, industrial districts, reservoirs and just plain breathing space. Already the community begins to look filled up—and the new suburbanites are only now beginning to arrive.

At about this point, if the community is a typical one, the elders get to work locking the barn door. They stiffen the zoning, setting from one to three acres as minimum lot size. In some cases this is good. Large-lot zoning does conserve the character of certain residential areas. But it also forces developers to chew up even more open space elsewhere to house a given number of people. Instead of several tightly knit subdivisions there will be a "scatteration" all over the

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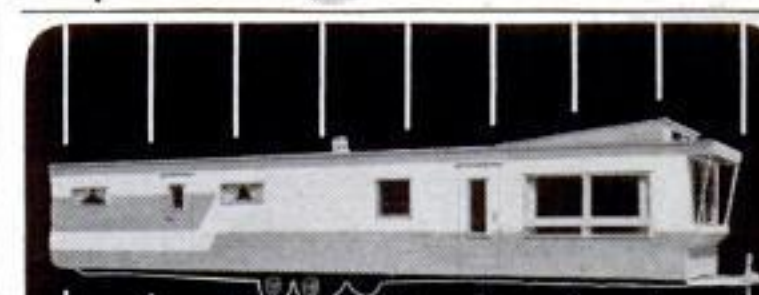
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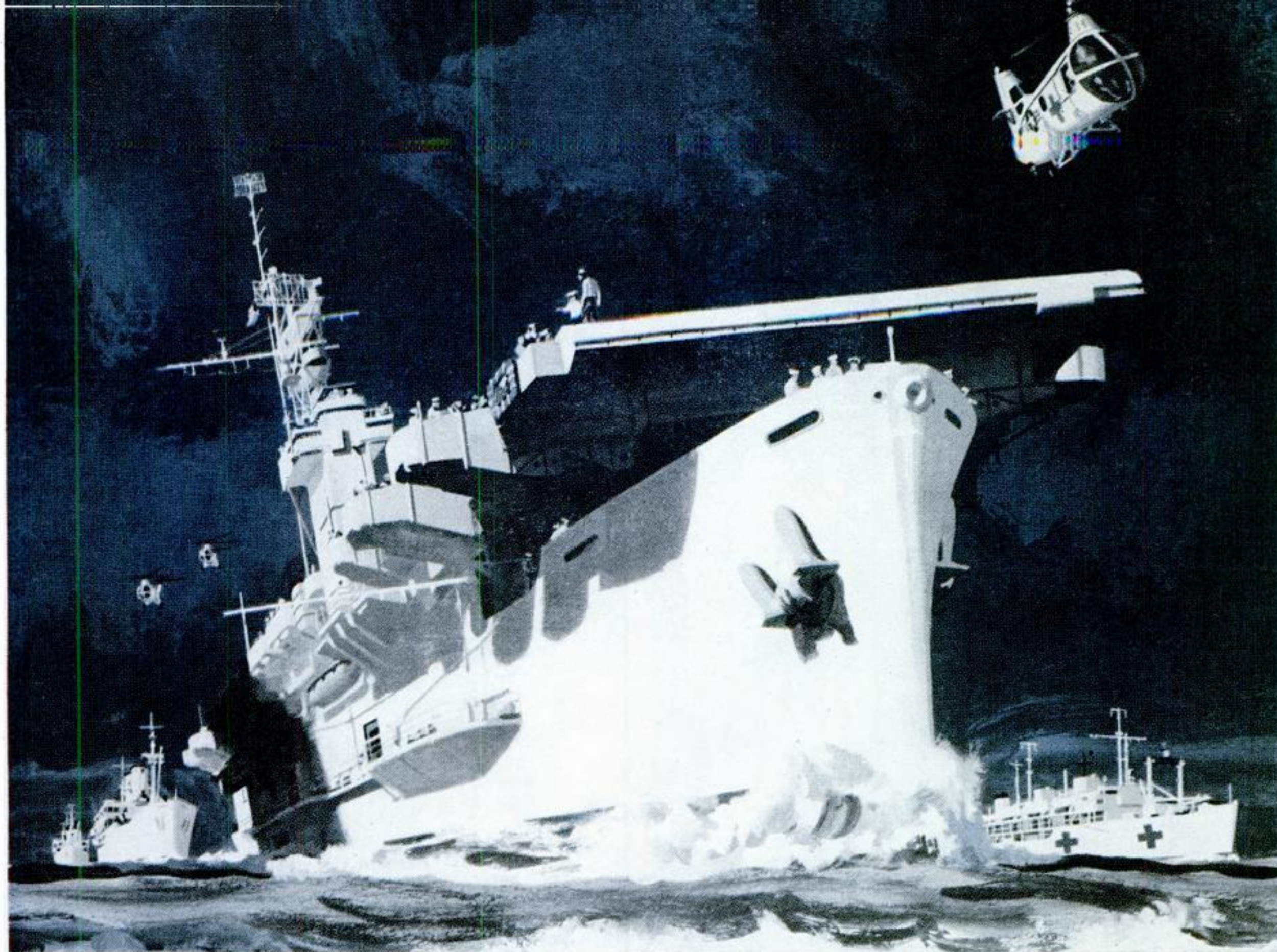
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GREAT WHITE FLEET GATHERS STEAM

A special report from LIFE's Publisher on what you can do to help

YOUR response to the proposal in our July 27 issue—that the U.S. launch a New Great White Fleet to sail the world on missions of mercy—has been swift, positive and overwhelmingly enthusiastic.

Thousands of letters have bombarded our offices and those of your representatives in Congress. Leaders of industry, labor, education and the church have written and wired their approval—see page 10 of this issue. Senators and representatives have gone on record in favor of legislation backing the proposal. President Eisenhower has personally endorsed the idea as an excellent way of implementing his people-to-people program.

Praise has also come from the officials of many foreign countries where the New White Fleet would operate.

The major flag steamship companies have offered to lend their shipping know-how to run the Fleet on a non-profit basis. Both The Diner's Club and The American Express Company have extended credit card facilities and waived any service fees to members who wish to make contributions—an unprecedented arrangement.

LIFE is naturally proud that an idea launched in its pages should so fire the public imagination in just three weeks. But now begins the work of translating a "great idea" into a firm reality.

Here's what you can do to help.

Project Hope's hospital ship is to be the prototype of the New White Fleet. With strong and immediate backing, it can be launched this fall. After that, more money will be needed to equip and operate the hospital ship and to launch the other ships needed to complete the New White Fleet.

We are running the coupon below as a convenience to the many LIFE readers who will want to make a contribution now. Please make your donation as large as you can—millions are needed. But no contribution is too small.

For the future, LIFE pledges its continuing editorial support to the New White Fleet project. We will do all we can to marshal the resources and the good will of the public, with a view to benefiting distressed peoples in all parts of the world at the earliest possible moment. We deeply appreciate your expressions of enthusiasm and the willingness that so many of you have already demonstrated to share in this effort.

Nautically speaking, the breeze is fair. Now, full steam ahead.

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SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

landscape. The community won't be penetrated; it will be enveloped.

For the moment, however, the community leaders are very pleased with themselves. They have also tightened up regulations for builders' subdivisions, e.g., many now make a developer dedicate 3% to 4% of his subdivision to public open space. As far as the big open spaces are concerned, the elders tell the newcomer, there is nothing to worry about: "the landowners there would never dream of selling out to a developer," "too strong a feeling for tradition," "family ties," "love for the land..."

But the new subdivisions have set up an inexorable chain of consequences. Being scattered, they soon prove expensive to service, and as the spring rains flush the septic tanks the high cost of decent sewage plants becomes the leading community topic. The taxes the community collects from new people turn out to be nowhere near enough to pay for the services they want, and the new people, meanwhile, are breeding a great many more new people for the schools. Up go the taxes, not only on the subdivisions but also on the open land surrounding them.

The spiral ascends. The higher assessments to pay for scatteration begin to force more land into scatteration. Farmers, who only a year ago were protesting their fealty to husbandry, begin to toy with the idea of selling out and retiring to Florida. That big landowner who "wouldn't dream of selling" begins to wonder if his neighbors might not be thinking of making a fast buck. If they do, why shouldn't he? The owner of an estate dies, and the heirs, who always seem to live somewhere else, sometimes do not even wait for the developer—they go looking for one. Here and there the omens of capitulation appear: the meadow no longer in pasture, a field of weeds, a hillside abandoned to second growth and poison ivy—140 ACRES, WILL SUBDIVIDE.

For a while the illusion of open space lingers on. There is very little within the subdivisions—if the developer did dedicate some land to the public, it is likely to be an eroded gully or a patch of swamp he couldn't do anything with. But at first the people do not mind. There are open valleys and hills around, and like parasites the subdivisions have been feeding on them.

Then one fine day residents of the Bonnie Crest Farms development look out their picture windows in horror. But they *can't* do that! The orange bulldozers are slicing into the hill, the tree killers are advancing on the woods. Fool's paradise is over.

A plan of action

WHAT can be done about it? Instead of fighting a rear-guard action, the community can decide in advance what kind of pattern it wants. This does not mean one of those routinely perfect master plans, the kind that arouse little opposition because they are so abstract—and get little support for the same reason. It means forcing choices beginning right now, and for actual, specific spaces.

First there is the space *within* the subdivision. A number of communities have come to the conclusion that it is not enough simply to make the developer dedicate a portion of his land for playgrounds and parks. They are trying a new tack. They say, in effect:

"We are the ones who have to live with these subdivisions, and instead of leaving the layout up to passing developers, we are the ones who should decide the basic street pattern. In so doing we will make a deal with the developer. We won't force him to split his 100-acre tract into, say, 80 one-acre lots—which will need 20 acres of asphalt road. Instead, we'll let him group his houses into a tighter pattern that will be easier to service and will require far less road space. Sure, lot sizes will be smaller, but this will mean more usable open space. If a stream gully runs through the property, for example, it will not be chopped up into a patch of back lots that will only be a headache for the owners to keep up. Instead it will be left as a whole so that all the residents can use it. The density of the development will be the same as under the conventional pattern, but a lot more *space* will be created—and at less cost to the community, to the developer and to the residents themselves."

In the Far Northeast section of Philadelphia this pattern has been pioneered. Planner Edmund Bacon and his staff, working with 20 private builders, have started work on a community that will fit no less than 68,000 people into 2,500 acres, leaving plenty of open space within it. Compare this with the average development which has only half as many families per acre but no open space for any of them.

Even more important for a community is the problem of conserving open space *between* various developments. The most obvious step is to buy the land, and for such specific public needs as parks and reservoir sites this had better be done quickly. But for the more general task of preserving the natural countryside, there is another way which can be much more useful, not to say cheaper: the easement.

In the building of our national parkways "scenic easements" have

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CENTRAL PARK, real estate men once said, was a ridiculous idea. New Yorkers could always go out to the country—up by Harlem, say, or the Bronx.

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

been bought for a nominal fee from landowners of adjacent property. This cuts down land acquisition costs, it protects the parkway from billboards and it provides a natural landscape, rather than the monotonous tree-nursery green of so many parkways. Air safety easements operate on the same principle. In California, for example, authorities have been buying easement from farmers to prohibit both subdivision and tall structures around airfields (cost: about \$15 an acre).

The easement device could be equally well applied to the problem of urban sprawl. The community, for example, decides that top priority should go to preserving a particular creek valley. The valley is small—about three miles long by a quarter of a mile wide—but it sets the character for an area of some 20 square miles. Mainly, residents of the area want to save it because it is beautiful, but it is also valuable for other reasons. Its soil is rich and deep and it has been well farmed. It is the heart of the watershed's drainage system: the streams that flow into it from the surrounding hills are a magnificent storm sewer network, and its flood plains act as a huge sponge to temper the flow in rainy weather and to mete it out slowly in dry. The community wants new developments too, but by saving this valley, the kind of developments it attracts will be all the better.

The community looks at the open space, in short, not as a mere buffer but as *functional* space—and functional right now. By doing so, the community also reserves for itself future choices. If at some future time, for example, it wants to buy part of the valley for a park, it has guaranteed itself that the choice will be there to make. But this is incidental. The open space is a present benefit in its own right. The watershed aspects alone of most scenic spaces are quite enough to justify the question of public purpose in any court test.

To the valley's landowners, the community officials say something like this: we know you would like to keep this land open, but we also know that you have taxes to think about, and we can't ask you to turn down a developer's bid just to make us happy. So we want to offer you something in return. We want to pay you for giving up the right to put up billboards or chop this land into a subdivision. You keep title to the land. You continue to enjoy all reasonable uses of the land. The easement "runs with the land" and applies to any future owners, but subject to that you can pass it on to your heirs or sell it to anyone you like. The cost? The usual rule of thumb is to pay the difference between what the land would fetch on the market with an easement and what it would fetch without it. In an area where developers are waving \$1,000 bills around, the spread might be too high. In open country, however, it would be very little.

In such areas, indeed, it would *pay* the landowner to give an easement: he gets the protection on his flank that he wants and he gets assurance against the unfair tax assessments that often accompany poorly planned developments. In some cases, furthermore, only a part of a man's property would fall in the easement area. The remainder would be even more valuable for subsequent development.

But what about the community's tax base? An open-space program would raise it. The owner affected would pay less than he would if his land were subdivided, but because the community would then be free of the expensively scattered services that a subdivision needs, it would probably net more money. The very existence of an amenity such as a park or an open space almost always raises adjacent land values—a fact some of the biggest developers keep very much in mind when looking for sites. The postwar Illinois development of

CONTINUED

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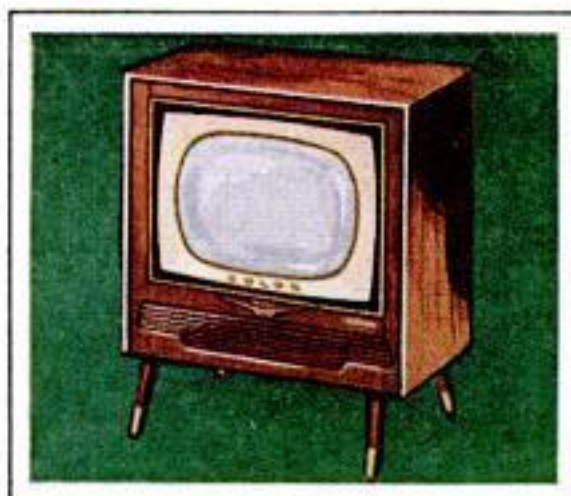
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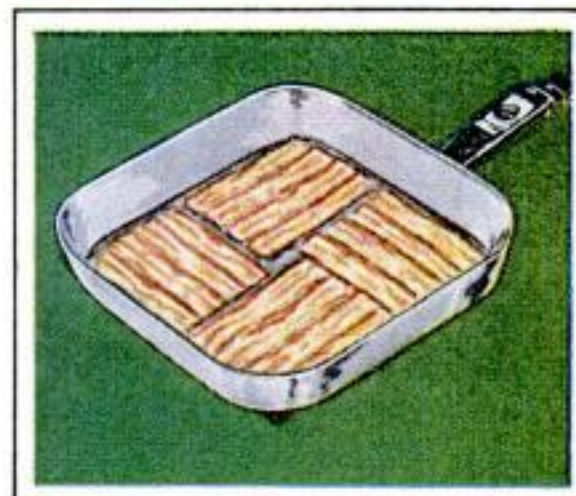
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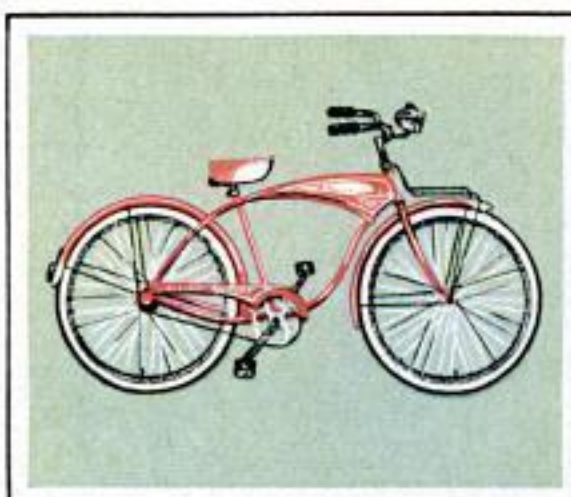
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EXPERIMENTERS who have saved key open spaces are Karl Belser (left) of Santa Clara County, Calif. and Edmund Bacon of Philadelphia, both professional planners. Belser has pioneered agricultural zoning between subdivisions; Bacon has provided spaces within them by designing new street pattern.

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

Park Forest, for example, was backed up against one of Cook County's forest preserves.

But why go to the trouble of an easement program? Why not simply zone certain areas against development? Zoning costs nothing, it does not involve a lot of haggling with individual landowners, and it is generally accepted by the public.

It is true that sound zoning is a prerequisite of good planning, but zoning cannot do the job alone. Zoning is a police power and there is a point beyond which its use can be quite unfair. It is one thing to tell a man he cannot build on a flood plain or a similarly impractical location. It is quite another thing to use the zoning power to forbid a man to build on property fit for development.

Here we come to the all-important distinction between the police power and the power of eminent domain. What does the public really want: to prevent something harmful—or to secure a benefit? The distinction may seem hazy, but a distinction there is, and it is one the courts are well aware of. In seeking to preserve open space the public really wants a benefit. Using the police power of zoning to compel an owner to provide this benefit is a shortsighted way to get out of paying for it.

Where the landowners themselves want open-space zoning, it can work for a while. Santa Clara County in California is a case in point. Several years ago, appalled at the way scattered subdivisions were wrecking the rich valley floor for agriculture, the farmers and the county planning commission pioneered the idea of "exclusive agricultural zones." They set up several zones forbidden to developers—and to the cities and towns which had been annexing farms so vigorously. For good measure, county planner Karl Belser placed several golf clubs and a private airport under the protection of exclusive agricultural zoning. "The uses," he says, with only a flicker of a smile, "are compatible with agriculture."

The farmers are glad they did the zoning—there would not be much farmland left otherwise—but they now foresee some fatal weaknesses in the scheme. As surrounding land prices have soared—to as much as \$5,000 an acre—the temptation to sell out has become very strong, and it is not too hard to get a farm de-zoned. To make the agricultural zones really permanent, Belser and the farmers have decided to apply the easement principle.

The most important defect of all zoning is that it gives the landowner no real protection from the tax assessor. For as growth continues there is tremendous pressure on the assessor to raise more money.

Golf clubs' dilemma

CONSIDER the plight of the nine golf clubs of San Mateo County, the great bedroom community south of San Francisco. Several years ago when one of the clubs sold a portion of its land for a good price, the tax assessor promptly raised the assessment on the rest of the club's acreage. On the general principle that the other eight clubs had been getting away with murder too, he raised their assessments up to the current market value of the surrounding land. The golf clubs complained that they didn't want to sell out to developers. That, said the assessor—who did not play golf—was what they said, but

CONTINUED

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A PLAN using easements and flood plain zoning saves the open land along the streams, thus raising the value of surrounding land for development. Above, at top, is land that can be developed. Below is land that should be conserved by easements. At bottom is the prohibited flood plain around a stream.

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

they could sell out and therefore should be taxed on that possibility.

The golf clubs had an idea. Why not have their properties set up as "exclusive recreational zones"? They then got a bill through the state legislature which directed the assessor to tax such land only on the basis of its present use.

Sorry, said the assessor; he took his orders from the state constitution, and it told him to tax the land at fair market value. In fact, he raised the assessments another notch. (Current basis: up to \$10,000 an acre market value.) The clubs are still in the rough on this one.

In contrast to this sort of thing, an easement is binding. The fair market value of land covered by an easement is its value as open land. Its worth cannot be based on the going price of subdivision land for the simple reason that it cannot be subdivided. There must, of course, be a public benefit involved. A person could not give up an easement just to keep his taxes low, for there could not be any easement unless a public agency were willing to negotiate it. In the case of golf clubs, there is presumably a clear benefit to the whole community in the continued existence of such open spaces.

State-county programs

WHO would run an easement program? Many planners maintain that to deal with a metropolitan problem you need a metropolitan government or a metropolitan agency. Anything less, they hold, would be a piecemeal solution.

This big-picture view has much to commend it. Unfortunately, however, there are few metropolitan agencies empowered to deal with the problem and not much likelihood of any more for some years. While we await the millennium, then, open spaces will have to be secured where they exist—out in the counties. While county governments are imperfect, they—and their parent state governments—are what we have to work with.

A state-county program is politically realistic. In Pennsylvania, for example, a bill has been drafted under which the state's department of forests and waters would work with counties in selecting "conservation areas" and securing easements from the owners. Eventually the program could be turned over to regional agencies, but the state already has the money for getting things started.

It is significant that most of the initiative for such legislation has been coming from communities that want to do something themselves. California's Monterey County is the outstanding example. Monterey County happens to be unusually beautiful, but it is beautiful because the citizenry has already done a lot to keep it that way. For example, the county has a flat ban on any new billboards by its roads.

This spring, when the sight of a hill being chopped up for an interchange aroused local angers to a high pitch, a group of civic leaders pushed for the easement plan. On May 4 State Senator Fred Farr introduced an enabling act in the state legislature. On June 18 the bill was passed by the unanimous vote of both houses.

Thus for the first time a state legislature declared that it is a public policy for a city or a county to secure land or easements on the land to conserve the natural landscape. This declaration may prove critical in working out subsequent tax and legal questions, not only for California but for other states as well. Leaders in Monterey County are

CONTINUED

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SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE CONTINUED

now raising money for the purchase of easements, and doing it so adroitly that the biggest developer in the area has just been moved to announce that he will donate some money for each lot that he subdivides. More important, the county leaders are soliciting gifts of easements from the big landowners. Within the last few weeks easements for some 4,000 acres have been pledged—including 600 of the most scenic acres in America: the mouth of the Bixby Canyon on the Big Sur coastline.

A surprising amount of land can be obtained outright through gifts. Most property owners have never been asked to give land for a public-spirited purpose, and even when they get the idea themselves they often have a hard time finding an agency to give it to. Conservation easements, however, open up even more gift possibilities. Characteristically, big landowners on the outer fringes of suburbs have a strong gentry feeling for the landscape as it is and a corresponding distaste for "manicured" parks and playgrounds. Occasionally a landowner will offer to leave his land to a park commission—if he can be guaranteed it will never be developed with benches and multiple seesaws. Park people seldom go along with such a request, and many cannot understand the feeling that promoted it.

Easements, however, capitalize on just this feeling. They save what the owners want saved, and for those in high tax brackets the advantages can easily outweigh the money they could make selling to a developer. There is a federal income tax deduction for the gift, and for local taxes there is protection against unfair assessment.

Harnessing the support of big landowners is only a start. The big job is to bring together the many other groups who want the same end result. Because each has somewhat different reasons for wanting it, they have failed to see each other as allies. As a matter of fact, each is likely to assume that the others are the enemy. The farmers, who couldn't care less about providing amenities for unborn generations of city people, see open space as a defense against the city. The city people, who are skeptical of the farmers' cropland argument, want the land saved, but with urban motives and needs in mind. Park officers, most of whom still think only of conventional land requisition, have yet to see that the bias of land-heavy gentry is better exploited than deplored. Utilities, which suffer heavily from urban sprawl, remain too ideologically musclebound to display any initiative. With rare exceptions, golf clubs have not even thought of it.

Education is not going to bring these groups together. A good fight may, and the best way to get one going is to start the controversial job of selecting actual open spaces. Those planners who say we need more study can go off and study. They have been saying that for 10 years. Meanwhile the assessors are not laying down their transits, the developers are not stopping their bulldozers.

And what is so difficult about selecting land? Any planner who cannot point now to at least one area worth saving should get into other work. Long-range planning is necessary, but what we need most is some *retroactive* planning: get the good land first and then, at leisure, rationalize with studies how right we were to have done it.

Let us trust our instincts. Esthetics is the driving force for action, but it is not something separate from economics. Look again at the desecration of a countryside—the buried streams, the jumble of neon signs and driving ranges, the abandoned beauty spots with those tell-tale signs, WILL SUBDIVIDE. Your instincts will tell you that anything that looks this terrible cannot be good economics, that it is not progress, that it is not inevitable. And that we had better get cracking.



EVERYONE'S VIEW depends on Stuyvesant Fish ranch. Monterey County Commissioner Tom Hudson (left) asks owners to give an easement on a part.



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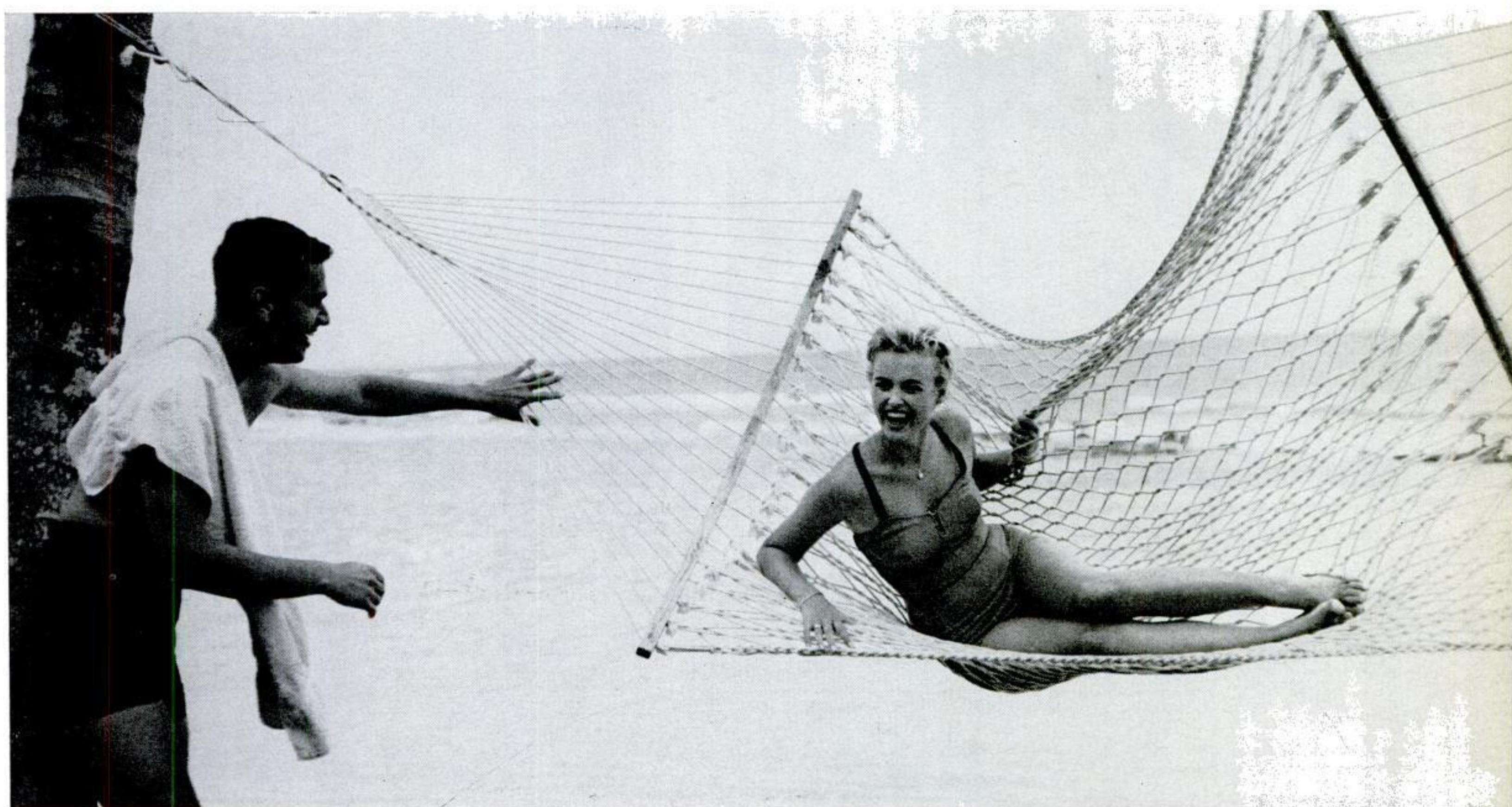
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Island Idyl for Governors



BOUNCING into hammock at Dorado Beach Hotel, Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams finds

Puerto Rico a happy change of scene from his home state. The hammocks soon attracted other devotees.

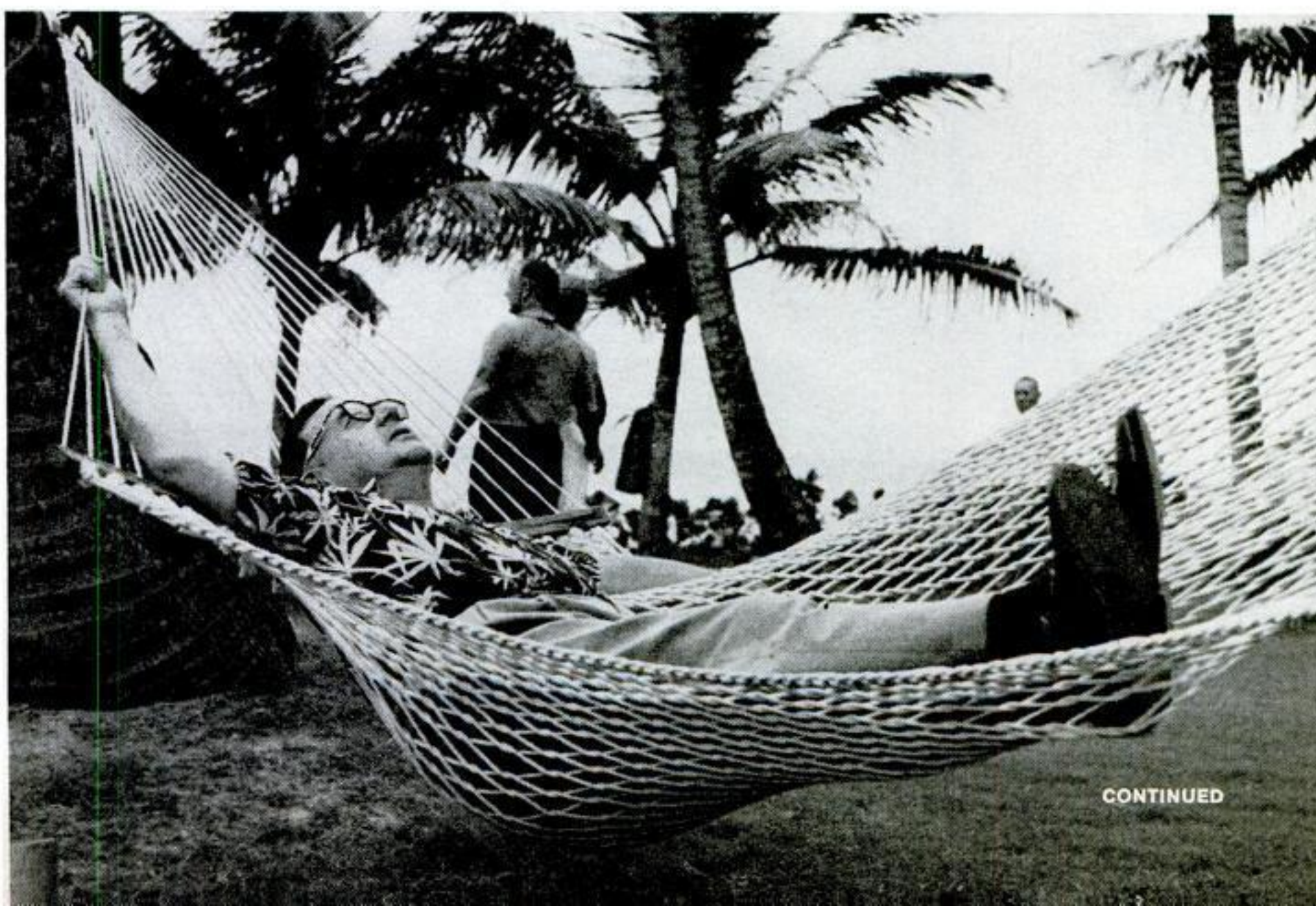


SWINGING nicely, Ann Ellington, 18, daughter of Tennessee governor, is pushed by José T. Moscoso.

STEADY in repose, California Governor Pat Brown, Democratic presidential dark horse, keeps even keel.

While one of their members was busy making political and social news (pp. 16-23), most of the 45 governors present at their annual meeting last week in Puerto Rico were content to slump pleasurably into the delights of their convention site. It was their first conference outside the U.S. mainland and the governors found attractions they could only dream about back in the mansion at the capital. They put on palm hats at a roast pig *jira* or barbecue.

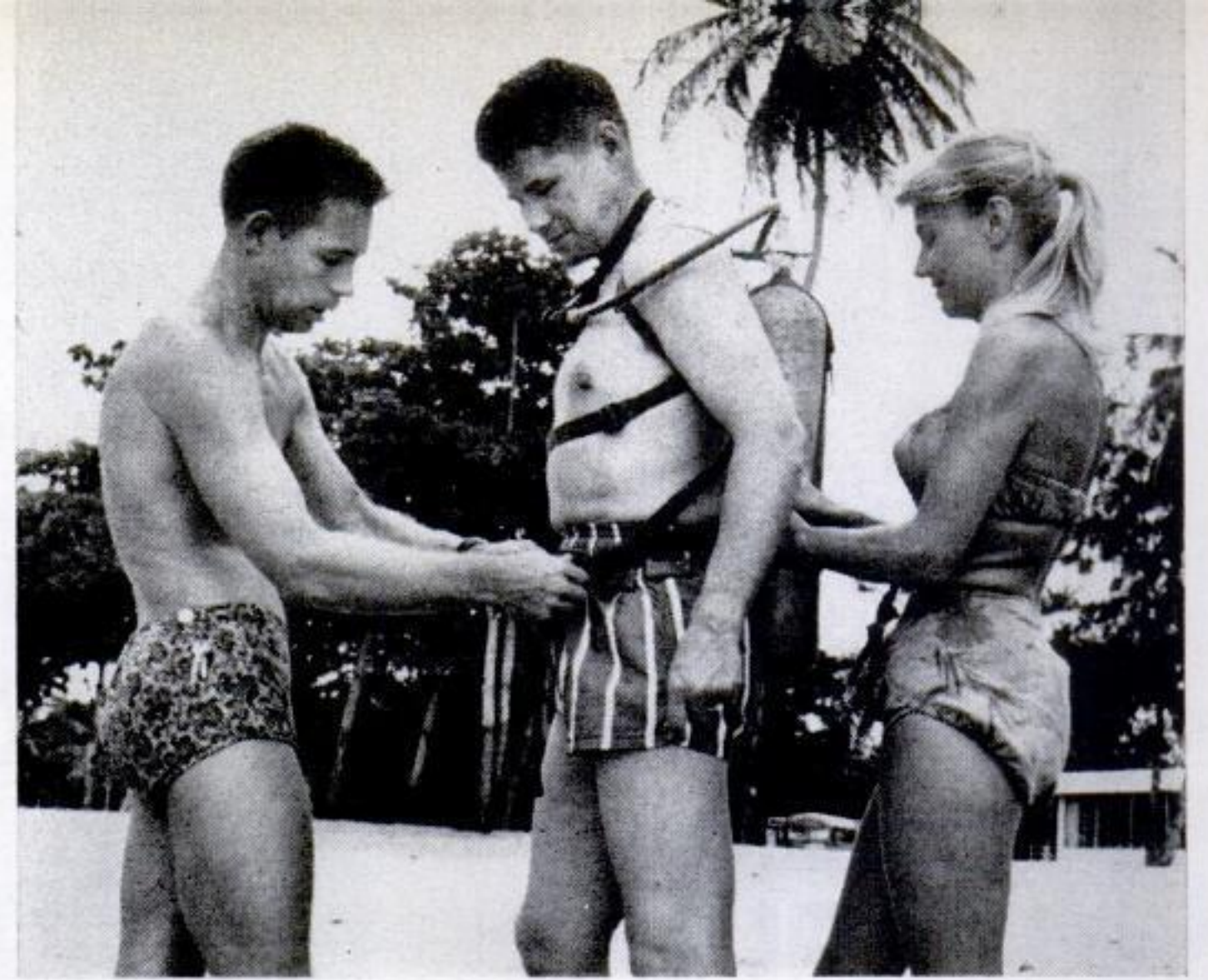
With wives and children they were luncheon guests at the Dorado Beach Hotel, developed by Laurance Rockefeller, brother of the governor. They sipped drinks from coconuts and danced to Latin-American music. The conference schedule also left plenty of time for intramural politicking. Stretched under a palm or paddling around the soft surf, a governor had all the leisure in the world for thoughtfully digesting a colleague's presidential pitch.



CONTINUED



SUBSTITUTE DRUMMER, Governor Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina pounds conga drum at a barbecue given by the government of Puerto Rico.



SKINDIVING BEGINNER, Governor Orville L. Freeman of Minnesota, a Humphrey man, is helped with gear by Instructors Bill and Shirley Brown.



BARBECUE HELPERS, Governors J. Lindsay Almond Jr. of Virginia (left) and William Quinn of Hawaii wear native *pava* hats, which were uniform at picnic.



BEAUTY AT PARTY is provided by Ann Ellington, as popular on the dance floor as on beach, here dancing with Frank Warmath at Puerto Rico fiesta dinner.

POLITICKING OFFSHORE. GOVERNOR BROWN PLEASANTLY REBUTS SENATOR EDMUND MUSKIE OF MAINE WHO TRIES TO SELL HIM ON THE KENNEDY CAUSE



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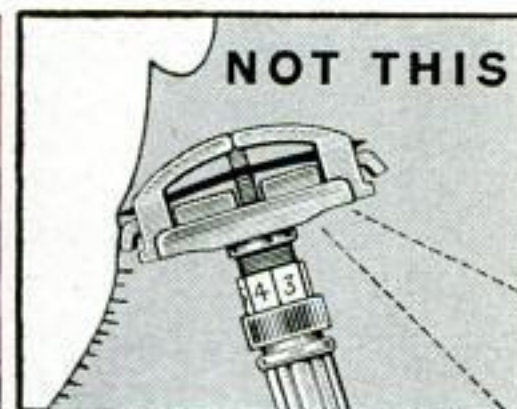
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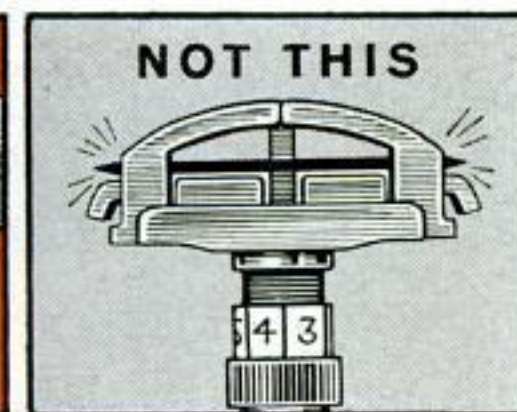
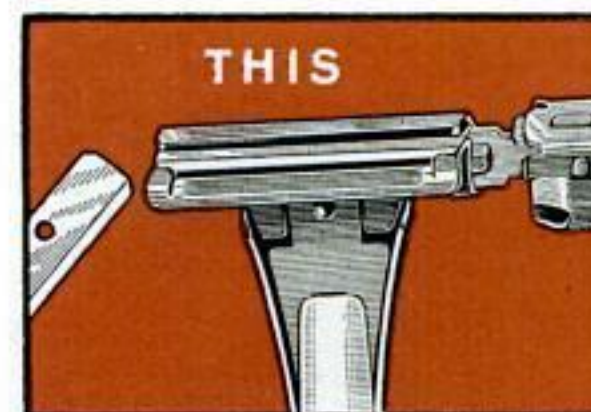
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FIREMAN GETS HIS FILL

Long before he gets to his first fire the rookie fireman receives intensive training in the ABCs of his job. He rehearses such fundamentals as sliding down the firemen's pole, getting a good two-hand grip on the engine, unwinding the hose without tangling himself up in it. At the training class of the Beverly Hills (Calif.) Fire Department the instructor always

draws a laugh when he points out one of the basic cautions of hose handling: don't look into the nozzle to see when the water is coming out. Recently Fireman Harvey Adair repeated the sure-fire joke for a class of rookies—and got an uproarious response. As Adair bent over the hose, a fellow fireman turned the dry-run demonstration into a boffo drenching.

It removes all doubt

Even if you do not know the individual whiskey preferences of your guests, you can be sure to compliment their good taste with bottled in bond Old Grand-Dad. This leaves no room for doubt, as Old Grand-Dad is universally recognized as the finest of all Kentucky straight bourbon whiskies. Old Grand-Dad is now also available in 86 proof, for friends who prefer a milder bourbon of the same high quality. *The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Ky.*

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